PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
MAY 1979 **$2.00**

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: PETE ROSE

LAST TANGLE WITH MARLON BRANDO'S EX-WIFE

BILLY JOEL: ROCK'S NO. 1 PUNK

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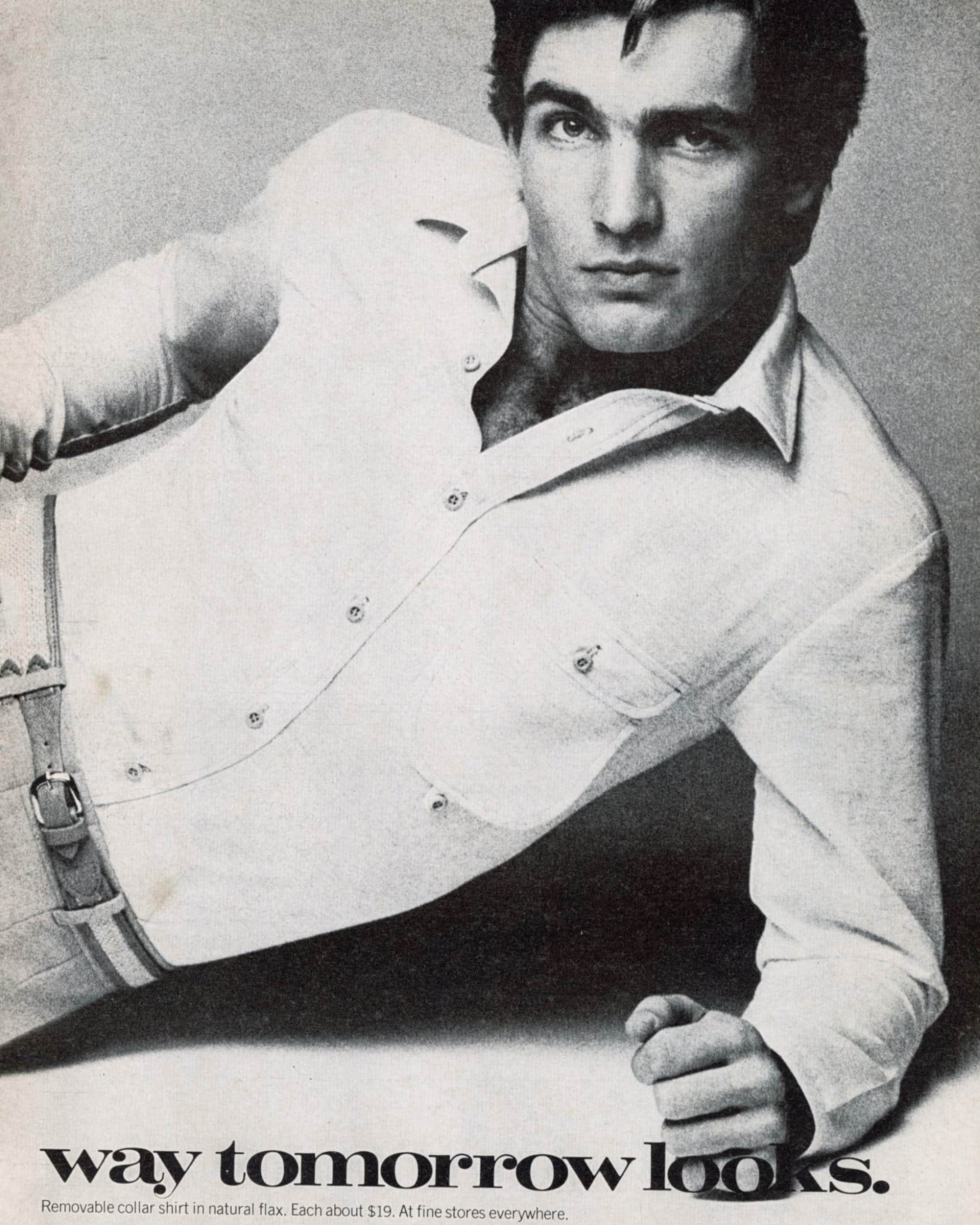

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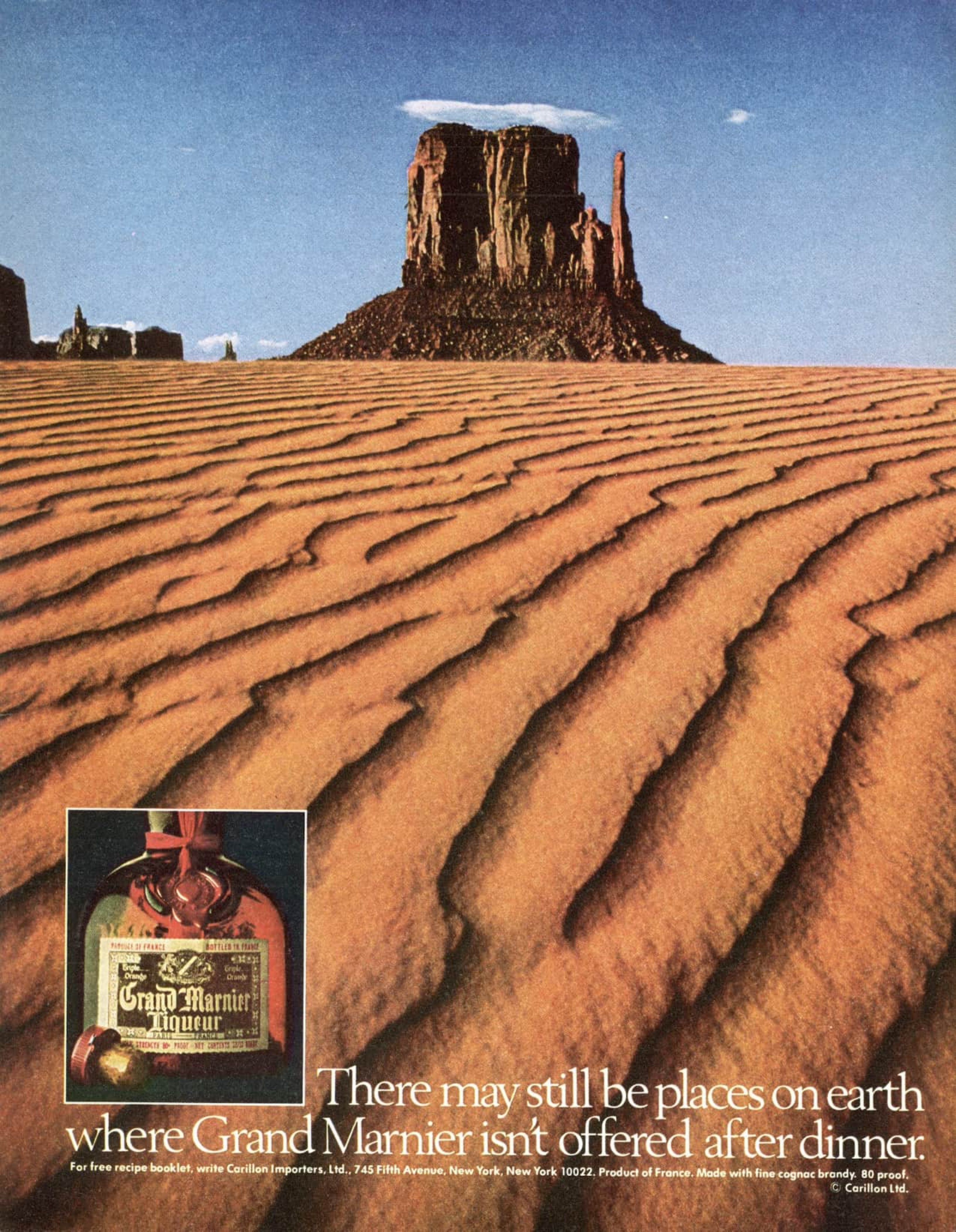
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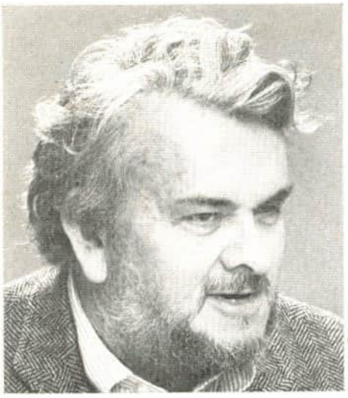
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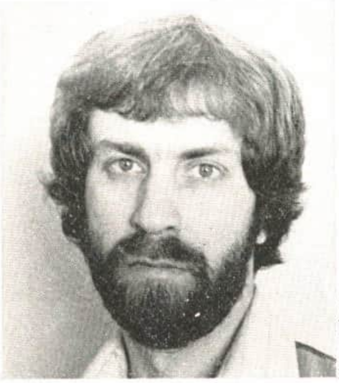
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HOUSECALL

The flagrant exploitation by northern corporations of the abundance of land, minerals, and human resources in the South is a continuation of the Civil War, according to journalist **Fred Powledge**. In "The South Will Fall Again" (page 72), he reports that Sherman's march through Georgia 100 years ago was hardly more devastating than the present pillaging of the South by business and industry. Northerners are systematically stripping, polluting, and overdeveloping the land and virtually enslaving local workers at sweatshop wages. Moreover, Powledge writes, many southern politicians encourage this despoliation by "parading around like five-dollar hookers, offering anything at any price" to modern-day carpetbaggers. But all is not lost: through the serious organizing efforts of many local activists, a new brand of unionism is emerging, one that will restore pride to southern workers and create a new breed of southern politician who will fight for his homeland instead of selling it out. Powledge, a former *New York Times* reporter, is the author of six books, the most recent of which is *Journeys to the South*, published by Vanguard Press.

The southern grudge against the Yankees pales before the legendary fury of a woman scorned—in this case, **Anna Kashfi Brando**, Marlon Brando's former wife. In "Last Tangle with Brando" (page 94), an exclusive *Penthouse* excerpt from her explosive new book, *Brando for Breakfast* (Crown), America's "greatest" actor is described as "modern Gothic: grotesque, contradictory, impossible." Nor does Brando's "ex" hesitate to air their dirty bed linen: "Marlon's pattern of lovemaking resembled a well-rehearsed, polished performance. He imparts a selfish type of sex, wanting warmth and naturalness. His scale of emotions lacked the grace notes. Physically, Marlon is not well appointed. He screens that deficiency by undue devotion to his sex organ. 'My noble tool,' he characterizes it, with some puffery."

While Anna Kashfi Brando is kissing and telling, singer-songwriter Billy Joel is listening and telling. "People say the most profound things without realizing it. A lot of the ideas I get for songs are just from what other people say," he explained to writer **William Kowinski**, author of "Talk Back to Television" (*Penthouse*, March 1979) and of this month's profile of the country's hottest singer: "Rock Punk," page 102. Apparently, Joel's interpretative "reporting" has paid off; his insouciant brand of street-smart lyrics and rock melodies has turned him into a modern phenomenon. It has also earned him millions of fans—and dollars, with his two spectacularly best-selling albums, *52nd Street* and *The Stranger*. Kowinski also found Joel to be uncommonly contented for a social-critic musician, a state of equilibrium Joel attributes to his motto, "Don't take shit from anybody."

Pete Rose, our interview subject this month (page 134), is another successful, strong-willed but good-natured maverick. His aggressive, reckless ball-playing style has earned the Philadelphia Phillies' star the nickname "Charlie Hustle." And the hustling paid off: last year Rose landed an unprecedented $3.4 million contract, which makes him the highest-paid baseball player to date. Sports writer and veteran interviewer **Larry Linderman**, who has taken on such sports giants as Walt Frazier and Ken Norton in the past, found Rose to be a candid, easygoing teller of bad jokes and good stories. "Rose's success formula," reports Linderman, "dates back to his early childhood, when his semipro father told him, 'If you don't win, you don't accomplish anything.'" Adds Rose, rather unnecessarily, "I believed him."

Our fiction this month is by Memphis writer **John Fergus Ryan**, whose stories have appeared in dozens of periodicals, including *Evergreen Review*, *Esquire*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, of course, *Penthouse*, where he last appeared in June 1978 with "A Hot Afternoon in the Quarry." Ryan writes, he says, "to settle old scores." In this outrageously funny but stunningly unsentimental view of good ole hometown folks, "Jade McGowan and the Dog Squad Man" (page 124), Ryan is as good as his word. The tale is about a cynical missing-persons sleuth who helps a trigger-happy cop, Blacky Kingsnake Malino, locate his missing partner, Sonny Junior Bumpas. The three of them, along with Attila the Honey, the outsized lady owner of a gentleman's whipping parlor, are so shamelessly self-serving that they make most of the "Me" generation seem like altruists.

Back here in real life, some honeys are perfectly proportioned, with the kind of nymphlike grace and beauty that makes the rites of spring something to write home about. Our Pet of the Month and her comely companions make it easy to understand how the merry month of May got its happy reputation . . . and we're here to see that it keeps it!

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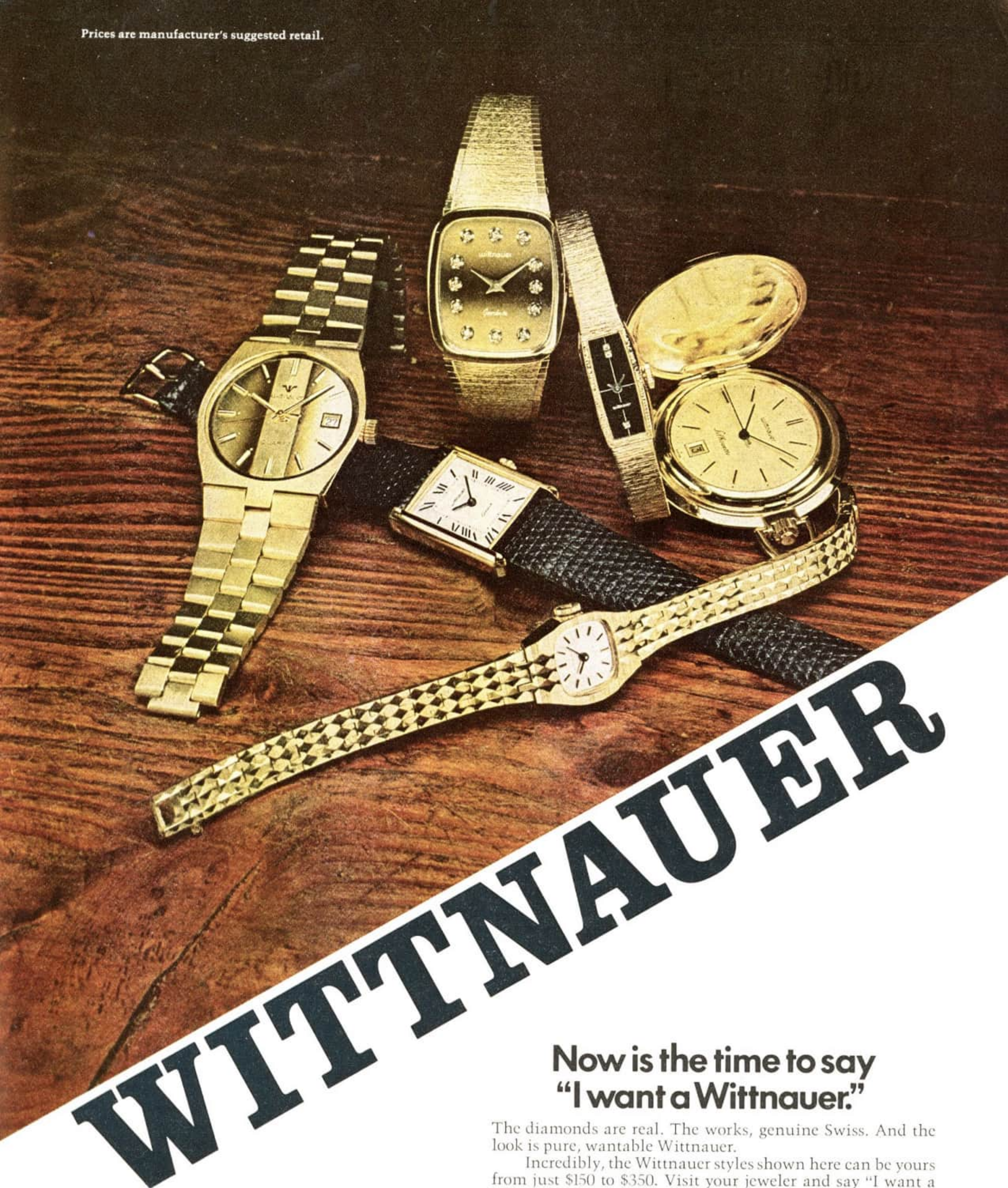

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Rock-hard mountain high

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I was working on a feature motion picture called *The Dog That Saved Peoria* when the girl with the perfect gams came along. She and her two sisters were just sitting there, checking it out. Soon Terri and her sisters, Patti and Donna, and I went outside to do the alleged number. They were from eighteen to twenty-one years old and very cute, but Terri had won my heart. She looked like someone . . . I couldn't put my finger on it for a minute, and then I realized she resembled my wife.

There was a feeling growing inside my mind and throbbing dick, screaming, "Fuck, fuck . . . please let me have her!" Terri's boobs were firm 34Bs, and really, not one of the three of them was wearing a bra. As we walked outside and proceeded to get loaded, I couldn't help noticing that Terri kept scratching her very exposed inner thigh. Believe me, I kept right on looking in her direction, trying to give her every indication that I was more than interested. Was she doing it on purpose, and did she know what she was doing to me or not?

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We were both shaking with excitement until we were in each other's arms. Then she spoke her first words since we left the others: "I'm so glad you wanted me instead of them." "I wanted you the moment I first saw you" was my response. "This is what I want now," she softly whispered as she touched my dork, bulging through the jeans. All I could say was "Great!" I began kissing her all over the face. Our bodies were close together as we fell into the back of the car, and her gyrating hips caused my hips to begin a dry fuck.

Then in the middle of a long French kiss she slid my zipper down and began stroking my cock. Finally, she lowly begged, "Please, dude! I wanna suck your cock so bad I feel like I'm gonna explode in my head if I don't!" With one hand she pulled my cutoffs down, and with the other hand she grabbed my member as if she needed a fix. She looked up at me, and I smiled as if I had taken acid. I was in seventh heaven. My dick never felt so hard or responded with such screaming virility. I had the same feeling I had when I was at all those free-love rock concerts in the sixties and early seventies that we all miss so much. She cooed and giggled and lifted her closed eyelids as she licked the droplets of come that were oozing out of my favorite eye. She grabbed it in both hands and said, "It's the most beautiful cock I've ever blown!" "You made it that way, doll," I said. It was a cliché, but it came right from the heart. "I love a big cock," she continued. "I want it to explode in my lungs!" Her ass was swaying back and forth, and I began undoing her tight denim hot pants. She stopped her sucking and just held onto the base and kept me from coming as she quickly whisped her flower-print, almost transparent top off, and I got my first real glimpse of her full, young boobs.

Her tan seemed to be all over her. I grabbed her jeans and undid them as we both worked frantically to get them off. They seemed as if they were painted on, and every curve took on a different skin color. Her mound was clearly visible through the transparent crotch of her slim bikini black panties. How I still kept it together I don't know—I thought I'd blow my load just feasting my eyes on her. She was more than perfect, and I told her so: "You're perfectly beautiful!" "So are you!" she answered. So far, everything was so letter perfect and really going my way. I thought I was dreaming!

Then she pulled away and started to re-

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There was a feeling growing inside my mind and throbbing dick, screaming, "Fuck, fuck ... please let me have her!" Terri's boobs were firm 34Bs, and really, not one of the three of them was wearing a bra. As we walked outside and proceeded to get loaded, I couldn't help noticing that Terri kept scratching her very exposed inner thigh. Believe me, I kept right on looking in her direction, trying to give her every indication that I was more than interested. Was she doing it on purpose, and did she know what she was doing to me or not?

After finishing two joints and taking several pictures of them, I singled Terri out for a few shots alone. She was so beautiful, man! She took the hint instantly and began scratching her thigh, smiling seductively. Finally, as if time wouldn't pass soon enough, she told her sisters, "I'll see you later!" And the two of us walked off toward the car in the second parking lot. She said, "What are you drivin'?" I told her I had a station wagon, and she said "Good. We don't have to go to a motel!" I knew then that I had it made. I walked right to the back door, swung it open, and proceeded to put the backseat down, hardly knowing what I was doing. The bulge in my pants felt as if it would break the zipper at any second. I somehow remembered to check my watch and realized that the five-o'clock workers who parked in the parking lot would be getting off work in ten minutes. I really didn't care at that point. The empty, waiting cars heightened (if that was possible) my sexual desire beyond all possible control.

We were both shaking with excitement until we were in each other's arms. Then she spoke her first words since we left the others: "I'm so glad you wanted me instead of them." "I wanted you the moment I first saw you" was my response. "This is what I want now," she softly whispered as she touched my dork, bulging through the jeans. All I could say was "Great!" I began kissing her all over the face. Our bodies were close together as we fell into the back of the car, and her gyrating hips caused my hips to begin a dry fuck.

Then in the middle of a long French kiss she slid my zipper down and began stroking my cock. Finally, she lowly begged, "Please, dude! I wanna suck your cock so bad I feel like I'm gonna explode in my head if I don't!" With one hand she pulled my cutoffs down, and with the other hand she grabbed my member as if she needed a fix. She looked up at me, and I smiled as if I had taken acid. I was in seventh heaven. My dick never felt so hard or responded with such screaming virility. I had the same feeling I had when I was at all those free-love rock concerts in the sixties and early seventies that we all miss so much. She cooed and giggled and lifted her closed eyelids as she licked the droplets of come that were oozing out of my favorite eye. She grabbed it in both hands and said, "It's the most beautiful cock I've ever blown!" "You made it that way, doll," I said. It was a cliché, but it came right from the heart. "I love a big cock," she continued. "I want it to explode in my lungs!" Her ass was swaying back and forth, and I began undoing her tight denim hot pants. She stopped her sucking and just held onto the base and kept me from coming as she quickly whisped her flower-print, almost transparent top off, and I got my first real glimpse of her full, young boobs.

Her tan seemed to be all over her. I grabbed her jeans and undid them as we both worked frantically to get them off. They seemed as if they were painted on, and every curve took on a different skin color. Her mound was clearly visible through the transparent crotch of her slim bikini black panties. How I still kept it together I don't know—I thought I'd blow my load just feasting my eyes on her. She was more than perfect, and I told her so: "You're perfectly beautiful!" "So are you!" she answered. So far, everything was so letter perfect and really going my way. I thought I was dreaming!

Then she pulled away and started to re-

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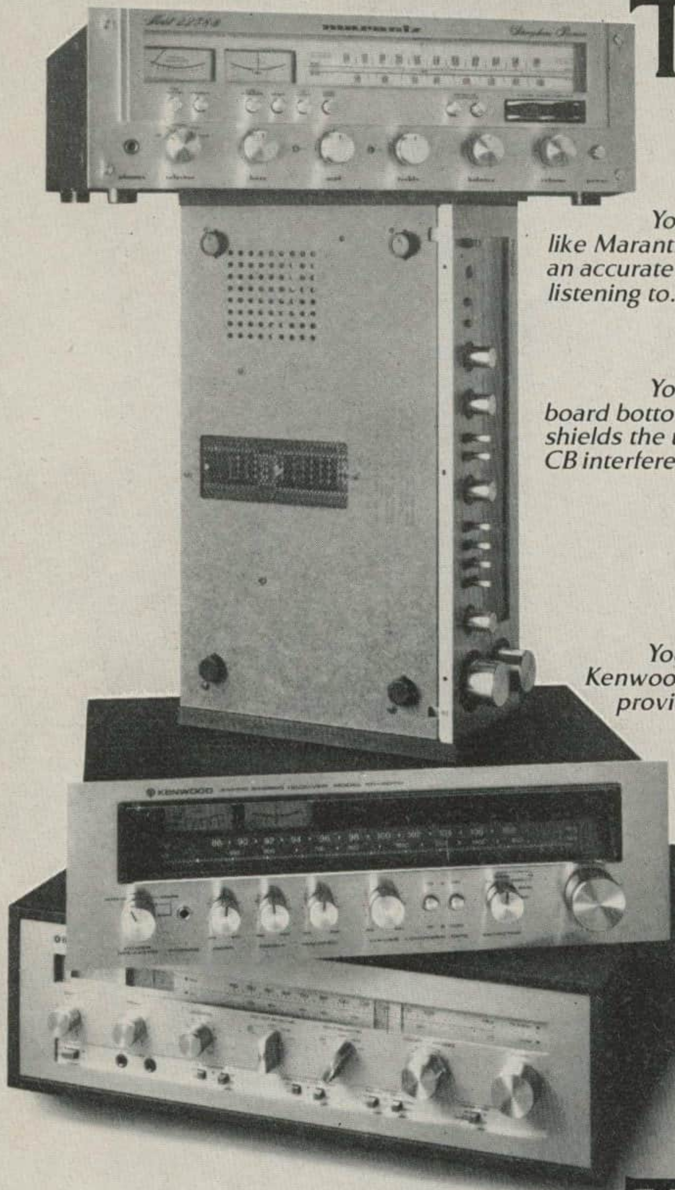

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Suck it!" she answered. It all seemed like seconds, or had it been years? I put one, then two, then three fingers into her warm and juicy love machine. I never wanted it to end, and it seemed as if it wouldn't.

Then she came bucking like a wild stallion. "Jack me off! Fuck my hungry pussy with your long, long finger fuckers!" I began sucking her toes. I tongued my way in and out of her toes and then in a long, slow, curvy trail up one leg to her honey pot, which I continued eating. Her foot again began massaging my still-hard dong. "Eat me! Eat it! Lick it! Su-uuck my hungry cu-uuuunttt!!!!" Then almost sadly begging, she said, "Please!! Please, dude, fuck me!" She was so overwhelmed with the pleasure that she began crying. "Take me!! Break me! Make me like I've never been! Please, man! Don't wait any longer! Do it!" I was in her in a fraction of seconds. "I want you so bad!" She said, looking me square in the eyes in desperation as I gave it to her.

Amidst moans and groans of pleasure, she rode me like a fifty-year-old virgin. Over and over she pined, "Fuck! fuck, fuck! Fuck! Fuck it! Do it! Cock! I love your cock! Screw me! Screw! All the way through." Then she said, "Make it come! Make it come!" She began her climb, and her peak seemed to last for minutes and minutes. My dick was beyond feeling. I was numb. "Good, baby, good!" I whispered in her ear, putting my tongue in, biting the lobe. I then lapped down her neck to her hard nipples. "Bite them again!" she commanded, somehow breathing between words. The rush of her love juices on my dick made me soon have another orgasm. Then she started to slow down, and I began to hold off. She realized what I was doing and said, "I want it! Terri wants your big, thick dick. All the way, lover. Up inside my juicy quim!" Thirty seconds after I had sprayed her insides, I realized that another orgasm was about to send me into orbit! She licked out my ear as we slowed down a little and said, "Talk dirty to me! Tell me how you want it!" "Baby, you're doin' fine," I countered. "Please. Please. Please! Command me, darling! I need you to . . . tell me!"

I was beginning to feel the strength of five men and realized that ten men wouldn't be enough for this cock-hungry bitch in heat. "I love your velvety pussy, the way it moves and wraps up my hungry dick. Fuck me, cunt!" "Yeah!" she added. "Your boobs are great. I love 'em!" I said and began biting them. "Harder! Harder! Bite them! Eat them! Chew them off!" I did, too! I bit them lovingly, and she said, "In my ass! Fuck me up the ass!" That was all I needed. I rolled her over, and she said, "Do it hard. Fuck me hard. All of your dick!" "Take it, bitch," I said "I'm gonna screw these lovely cheeks right off! You fuckin' whore. Take it! Hump my dick!" "It hurts, she said. It hu-uuur-rrts!" Then we found a mutual rhythm, and she continued, "But it feels so good! Do It! I'm gonna come."

Rockola
Rockola

"Sure you can get a water cooler, but you have to take the jukebox, too!"

Man, I thought they'd hear us back at the Arena. The car rocked and rolled, and we came together. We were exhausted. Love and pleasure pains began to return, and my cock felt a tinge of pain as I pulled out.

Later, after another fine Colombian joint, we dressed and I rode her home. Halfway there she took out my sore cock, and I said, "No more. Please!" "I just wanna kiss it!" she said. With that she opened my pants and began to do just that. "I doubt if it will get hard again!" I joked. "I don't care! I love it!" she said. With that she sucked and licked me the whole way to her neighborhood. When we arrived, she kissed me good night. Finally, the light came on in her house, and she said, "It's my old man; you better split." I did just that, but not before she planted another good-night smack right on my sore organ. I drove away with a smile all the way home. I know where she works, but I don't know how long it will take me to recover so that I can give her another try! —*Name and address withheld*

Mommy dearest

I am a nineteen-year-old reader of *Penthouse* and thought that I would tell you about the incredible experience I had last summer.

I'd been dating this girl (whom I'll call Cindy) for about two months, and we had had a fair amount of sex. Her parents were pretty wealthy and had a big house and a swimming pool. Since it was so hot outside every day, we spent a lot of time around the swimming pool. When we swam, we would usually kiss and feel each other up a little. Since her father was usually working and Cindy had no brothers and sisters, her mother and we were the only ones around the house. A number of times Cindy and I sneaked off to isolated parts of the house for a quick fuck, thinking that her mother wouldn't know.

Her mother, a woman in her late thirties, would usually join us when we were at the pool, and she always wore a very skimpy bikini. She has a figure even more stunning than her daughter's and nice, firm tits. I would usually get a hard-on from looking at her, and more than once I think she noticed.

One day, the three of us were lying around the pool, relaxing. Cindy fell asleep on a lounge chair, but her mother and I continued to talk. She asked me if I was thirsty, and I said yes. We walked inside to the kitchen, and she asked me to go upstairs and get some suntan lotion. I did; and when I looked out the upstairs window, I saw that my girl was still sound asleep by the pool. Then I heard a sound and looked up to see her mother standing there, a very stern expression on her face.

"I've been meaning to talk to you. I know you're fucking my daughter," she said. My heart started pounding, and my cock started to swell because of the way she was talking. I started to deny her accusation, but she cut me off by saying, "I've seen you two feeling each other up in the pool. Don't lie to me!" At first, I thought she was angry, but then she said something I

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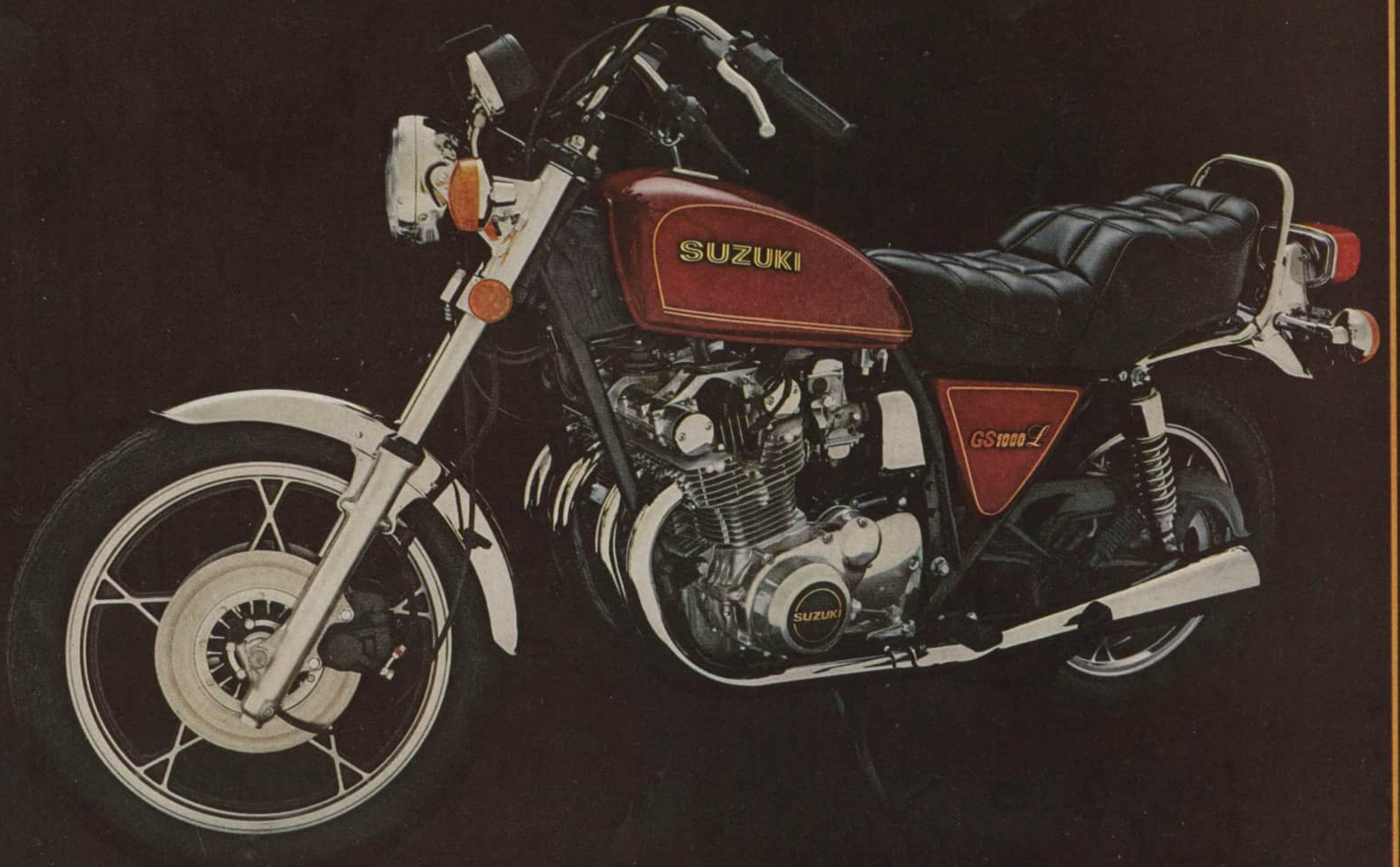
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1. To enter, complete the official entry form. Your entry form must be completed in full to be valid. If you do not use an official entry form, print your name, address and telephone number on a sheet of paper or postcard no larger than 3" x 5". **2.** Mail your entry to: "Skoal Dash For Cash Quarter Horse Sweepstakes," P.O. Box 1979, Garnerville, N.Y. 10923. Entries must be postmarked by May 15, 1979 and received by May 31, 1979. Enter as often as you like; however, each entry must be mailed separately. No household may win more than one prize. **3.** NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash except where specified. No substitution of prizes is permitted. **One Grand Prize:** Racing-bred AMERICAN QUARTER HORSE two-year old stallion named Skoal Rocket, plus all entry fees, training fees, room and board for the horse paid in full up to and during the Skoal Dash For Cash Futurity trials. Winner of horse also receives a free trip for two to Los Alamitos, California for the running of the Skoal Dash For Cash Futurity on July 28, 1979, hotel accommodations and seats at the Futurity. Winner may elect to receive $20,000 in cash in lieu of title to the horse, and if so must notify TRG Communications, Inc. of this decision no later than July 10, 1979 or prior to the running of the Dash For Cash Futurity trials, whichever comes first. **One First Prize:** A 1979 Coachmen 22' Leprechaun Mini Motor Home (approximate retail value $16,000). **One Second Prize:** A 1979 Coachmen Modelcee Van Camper (approximate retail value $13,500). **One Third Prize:** A 1979 Coachmen TRV-I Travel Van (approximate retail value $10,500). **10 Fourth Prizes:** A Bally Strikes and Spares pinball machine (approximate retail value $1,600 each). **50 Fifth Prizes:** A Rolleiflex SL 35E camera outfit including lens, case and flash (approximate retail value $450 each). **300 Sixth Prizes:** A quartz electronic chronograph watch from National Semiconductor (approximate retail value $80 each). **715 Seventh Prizes:** A five album collection of country western artists from ABC Records (approximate retail value $35.00 each). **4.** Winners will be randomly selected from all entries received by TRG Communications, Inc., an independent organization, whose decision will be final. Winners will be selected by June 15, 1979, and will be notified by mail. **5.** The Sweepstakes is open to all residents of the United States except employees of U.S. Tobacco and their immediate families, its affiliated companies, its advertising agencies, and TRG Communications, Inc. The Sweepstakes is void in Utah and in all other jurisdictions where prohibited by law. **6.** ALL FEDERAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TAXES ON PRIZES ARE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WINNER. On the Grand Prize of Skoal Rocket, if for some reason the horse dies prior to the awarding of this prize, the winner will automatically receive $20,000 in cash. Winners of the Coachmen vehicles are also responsible for the appropriate sales and use tax, dealer registration tax and any other taxes or fees applicable on the prize. If the winner is not a licensed driver he/she must sign a release and transfer title to a designated licensed driver. If the winner is a minor and not a licensed driver, a parent or guardian must co-sign this release. **7.** The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. A list of winners can be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: "Skoal Dash For Cash Sweepstakes"—Winners List, c/o TRG Communications, Inc., 1140 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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Entry blank must be completed in full to be valid.

couldn't believe. "I've watched you fuck Cindy more than once, and I got so hot that I had to rub my pussy each time." She then started rubbing her tits through her flimsy bikini and said, "Take off those shorts. I want to suck that cock my daughter craves so much." Not being one to pass up an adventure like this, I quickly stepped out of my trunks. My prick was standing at attention and ready to go. "Now lie on the bed," she commanded, "and rub your prick for me."

I obediently did as she said and watched fascinated as she did a slow striptease in front of me. She started removing her bikini and licked her lips. "You didn't know I'd been watching you fuck my Cindy's sweet cunt with your big, circumcised dick, did you?" Then she told me, in incredible detail, about three different times she had seen us screwing. She really seemed to get off on talking about Cindy and me fucking! By then she had her bikini off, and I could see her cunt was dripping wet. Her body was as voluptuous as a Penthouse Pet's!

By then I was about ready to come, and so I started grabbing her and pulling her head toward my crotch. Suddenly, I was the one in command. She started hungrily sucking my cock, and I came in just a few minutes. Then she swallowed most of my come and rubbed some of it over her face and lips, driving me nearly crazy. I started to suck her perfect breasts and gradually worked my way down to her cunt. Soon she was moaning loudly and pressing her cunt rhythmically against my tongue. She said, "Lick my cunt like you lick Cindy's. Lick it, you prick!" Then I lifted her legs over my shoulders and rammed my cock into her swollen snatch. She started jerking her hips wildly and continued to moan about how Cindy and I fucked. She came as I continued to pound away at her pussy.

When I came, I pulled my prick out and spurted my load all over her snatch and tits. As I lay on top of her, exhausted, she was still breathing heavily and still twitching a little. I had never seen a woman so hot before. She then surprised me even more by stating, "Anytime you want to fuck me, you can. My husband doesn't pack a pistol like yours."

We finally got dressed and went back down to the pool. I woke Cindy and jumped into the water in order to keep her from noticing the after-sex smell. As we swam, I looked over at her mother and saw her furtively rubbing her pussy through her bikini.

Many times since, when Cindy and I are busily fucking, I have looked up to see her mother watching us through the window or door. Needless to say, I take care of her every chance I get, and we have even spent the night together on several occasions when Cindy was away. She has confessed a desire to have three-way sex with her daughter and me, but I feel that might be too much for Cindy. However, I'm wondering if keeping it all in the family is a pretty good way to go!—*J.R., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Remembrance of flings past

For the last four years, I have been having a terrific relationship with a beautiful, exciting woman named June. We were both virgins when we met and started dating. Shortly afterward we began to teach each other the fine art of lovemaking. We both learned quickly, although it took June more than two years to achieve her first orgasm. After she did, however, all her previous inhibitions were cast to the wind. Our love scenes would put Valentino to shame if he were alive to see them.

Recently, I took a job in Virginia. I'd assumed that June would accompany me and get a job in the courts down here (she's a court clerk). Sad to say, however, she decided to remain in New Jersey. On New Year's Eve I grabbed a flight north, and she met me at the airport. It was then that she told me that she was seeing another guy, a coworker. Totally devastated, I did the only thing I could. I found a New Year's party and proceeded to get drunk.

Now that it's over, I still like to look back at some of the memories. One of my favorite experiences with June occurred last October, when I visited Virginia to attend a one-week brush-up course in electronics. I finished on Friday night, and June came down that night for the weekend. I met her in Washington, D.C., and then I whisked her off to my motel for two days of lovemaking. Friday night was incredible, but, much to my surprise and great pleasure, the following Saturday afternoon was even better. Outside it was raining, and we had just returned from a friend's place, where we'd smoked a few joints and watched an old movie. We were feeling mellow; so I took off my clothes and stretched out on the bed while June browsed through a new copy of *Penthouse*. She was reading "Forum," which usually got her pretty hot.

After a while, I began to stroke her body. As I worked my hand down the back of her tight jeans, she casually reached under herself, and I heard the snap as she opened her pants. She never stopped reading. I slowly eased her jeans off, stopping now and then to touch, kiss, and smell each inch of her smooth, soft behind. At last, her jeans came off. June paused in her reading just long enough to pull her T-shirt over her head and discard it on the carpet. As usual, she wore no bra. Her perfect 35s were very tender and tanned, because she often sunbathed topless.

I began to stroke her delicious figure. Her breathing soon became heavy. I wasn't sure whether that was because of me or the *Penthouse* she was reading, but she stopped reading it and closed her eyes, spread her legs, and rolled over on her stomach.

I began to taste every inch of her with my tongue. Slowly, I edged down to her behind. Spreading her cheeks, I gently tongued down her crack. I skimmed past her behind and suddenly buried my tongue into her dripping cunt. I kept flicking my tongue over her clit until she began to moan softly. I eased back up to her bum, which I gave a licking that she'll remember for quite a while. I shoved my tongue up her hole and then quickly ran it back down to her clit. She arched herself up, and with one hand I reached around to her tit. At the same time I inserted my forefinger into her behind and another finger into her warm, slippery box.

Her breathing became heavier, and so did mine when I removed my hands and spread her cheeks as wide as I could, exposing her beautiful, tight bum. I ran my hard cock across her wet snatch, and then slowly, carefully, I guided it to her crack. I entered her about an inch and a half while she continued stroking herself, suddenly faster and harder, until she suddenly stiffened and gasped. I pulled out and rammed my cock into her steaming cunt as I shot my load. Then we just lay there for a long time, catching our breath. June then rolled over, and we made love all over again, holding each other tightly and sharing long, deep kisses.

The rest of the weekend was fantastic, but it's that rainy afternoon I'll always think about. I only hope that if June reads this, she'll remember, too, and come back to me. At least, if her new lover reads this, he'll realize how lucky he is. Whatever happens, I'll treasure my memories.—*Name and address withheld*

Duplicate parts

Being a twin has its ups and downs. My sister, Patty, and I are both nineteen and are identical. Our parents are practically the only ones who can tell us apart.

Patty has been going out for about six months with a guy named Mike, but she is getting tired of the relationship. When another guy asked her out last Saturday, she accepted, even though she had already made a date with Mike. Since Mike didn't know I was home from college on vacation, she suggested we could get away with pulling a switch on him. I was reluctant at first, but the more I thought about this well-hung stud, the more interested I became. I am old enough to know that the main purpose of any girl's life is to find a humdinger dick.

After taking a long, warm bubble bath, I went to Patty's room to dress. (I obviously had to wear her clothes as part of the charade.) She handed me a pair of pale-blue bikini panties to wear, saying that she always wore that color, and anything else would make him suspicious. "What makes you think he'll see them?" I asked, grinning. "Because" she said laughing, "I know you, and you can't resist a good-looking guy."

She was right: I *do* have a reputation for being easy. I put on her panties and her jeans. I'm about four pounds heavier than she is; so they fit like a layer of second skin. She then handed me a beige turtleneck jersey. After sliding it on, I looked in the mirror. I went braless, of course. My breasts are high and taut, and my nipples were protruding very noticeably. "How's this?" I asked Patty, as I gave a model's turn. "That outfit will have Mike hard in about three seconds," she answered.

Mike was at the door at eight o'clock, and we immediately left. He suggested that we go to his apartment to listen to his stereo and have a few drinks. It sounded good to me. After I entered his apartment, I slipped off my jacket. He glanced quickly at my breasts. It was a very cold night; so my nipples were stiff and erect and even more noticeable than usual.

We sat side by side on the couch, listening to Donna Summer and drinking Scotch. Mike happens to be tall and well built. He is sexy enough to make a nun forget her vows. He also happens to be handsome as hell. I really liked him and was glad I wore Patty's panties, because I knew Mike would be seeing them for sure now. After a few more drinks, I lost my nervousness about pretending to be my twin. Soon he looked down at me with an almost shy smile and said, "Patty, I never noticed that your nipples were so large." I didn't know what to say. Patty's nipples *aren't* as long as mine when erect.

Although Mike is very observant, he didn't realize that I wasn't Patty. He put his arm around me and turned my face toward his, gently kissing me. His tongue searched my mouth, and his kiss made me tingle all over. Then his hand found its way to my breast. He fondled it gently. Then he reached behind me, unzipped my jersey, and pulled it off. Sitting there naked from the waist up, with my bare breasts exposed, didn't bother me at all, thanks to the Scotch. I knew I was about to get laid, and I just hoped that he was as good as the huge bulge in his pants promised he would be.

Then he took a nipple in his mouth and sucked on it, driving me crazy with passion. Mike sensed my need, withdrew his mouth from my tit, and carried me into the bedroom. He unsnapped Patty's jeans and peeled them off along with her panties, which were quite soaked with my love juice. (I keep my bush trimmed so that my pussy is like a baby's. That makes it more sensitive to a man's tongue.) Well, he licked, sucked, and chewed me so passionately that you would almost have thought he knew I wasn't Patty.

I came with a shudder in about five minutes; so I took his sweet cock in my mouth to reciprocate. I must say it was a beauty: long and thick with a big, mushroom head. I blew him, and he shot come all over my face and breasts. Then I desperately wanted his cock in my cunt and told him so, but he began teasing me. He started sucking on my nipples again while his hand softly caressed my inner thighs. I begged him to enter me—which was just what he wanted to hear—and when he stuck it in me, I came on the very first stroke.

We rested for a few minutes, and then I started sucking him until he came in my mouth a second time. Needless to say, he'd about had it. His cock had gone limp, and nothing I could do could get it up again. Then he rolled me over on my back and

Glasbergen

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Original manuscript sketch for the first movement of Gustav Mahler's Fourth Symphony. Courtesy of The Newberry Library, Chicago.

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licked my butt. I felt another orgasm coming; so I reached down and played with my rather sore clit and brought myself off while Mike was busily licking my behind. By now, we'd both had enough.

Luckily, when we dressed and drove back to my house, my parents had gone to bed. He kissed me good night at the front door and said, "You sure were a tiger tonight, honey." I smiled and went in. I literally crawled up the stairs to my room. Patty had just gotten home, and when she saw me, she laughed. I must have looked wasted. My hair was all damp, and I had her jersey on inside out. "A tough night?" she asked, grinning. "Just get me to bed," I mumbled. I fell on the covers and passed out immediately.

The next morning Patty told me that the new guy wasn't worth a damn in bed—and he certainly couldn't throw a fuck like Mike's. So she wanted to remain with Mike. I was disapointed, but after all, she had found him first. I like one-nighters, and it made me feel even closer to my twin to know that we now had something besides our looks in common!—*Name and address withheld*

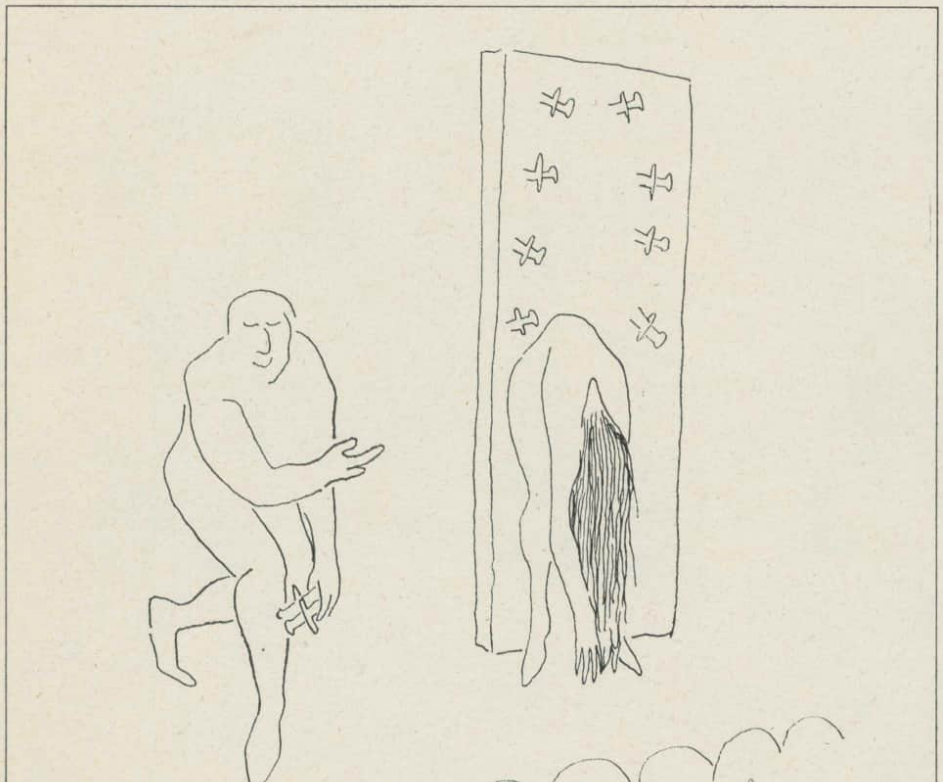
Hot to trot

I had a recent experience that I'd like to share with *Penthouse* readers when I took my kids—I'm a married woman—and went to visit my folks in Dallas. My sister, Lee, and I had plans for spending lunch with some of her friends. Anyway, I was feeling tops—so alive, ready for anything. If you knew me, you'd know I'm always horny. Well, Lee, one of the guys, Merl, and I finished lunch. We decided to go to a few bars. As always, I talked about sex, and they talked business, and as the day wore on, the more I drank, the more I talked about sex. At this point, Lee excused herself. At first, that seemed strange to me, but it left me alone with Merl. Well, after 7:00 P.M., I was so damned horny, and I couldn't reach my husband by phone and really didn't want to. Lee came back and suggested we go somewhere else.

So we went to a small bar with live entertainment, and the lady singer had marvelous tits. I have this thing about women, especially about their breasts. I can't stop thinking about them. You can imagine what a turn-on it was to everyone in that bar when Lee would snuggle Merl on one side, draping her long, lanky legs all over him, while I pressed my butt against his other side. He had his arms around us, and I held his hand on my breast and accidently rubbed his crotch just to see how fast he'd get hard. I can tell you now: he had control. After Lee became totally drunk, the three of us headed for her home. Once we arrived, Lee ran into her room, leaving sweet, gentle Merl all to me.

I was wet down to my knees, without a husband, without a vibrator, just this six-foot-two-inch, slim-waisted young man. He got a beer, and I went to the john. Then, from midnight to seven in the morning, I proceeded to work myself up to one of the most fantastic hornies I have ever had. He would look at me and touch my breasts gently, and my breathing would become so rapid that you would have thought I was expiring. I would kiss his little nipples and his soft, hairy chest and stomach. I love that spot right above the crotch line—you know, that magic spot that quivers and has spastic jerks when you run your tongue across it. I was pussy wet and snapping. This was the first time in my married life that I had ever gone this far. I mean, I don't believe I could have handled my guilt if we had screwed, but I know myself, and I can handle petting without feeling a guilty twinge at all.

Merl could touch my ear or cheek and put that long tongue down my throat and get me to such a pitch of excitement that I'd break away after only a few moments. I had told Lee that when I drink, I get horny. I asked her not to let her friends take advantage of me in my condition. I guess Merl wanted her friendship more than he needed a piece of ass, because he never did try to make me. But that gentle, charming young man has to be one of the best lovers in the world, because he could touch me the right way. He could kiss and lick my lips, the tip of my nose, my ears, and neck to such perfection that I never slept at all that night.



We finally made a pallet on the floor, and he drifted off to sleep. That didn't stop me from rubbing his bulge and licking his stomach and chest. I had to lie there, finger-fucking myself, wondering why I was so hung up that I couldn't screw just once. Oh, I even went to the bathroom and rubbed around on a curling iron, but a finger or a curling iron can't take the place of a long, thick penis. And Merl had what I needed.

By seven in the morning I had to taste him or go mad. I simply unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock, and sucked the circumcised, eight-inch wonder. I believe this was the best part of the whole evening. He let a gasp out, and I did feel guilty that I hadn't sucked him off before. It took him only a few minutes to come.

My husband called at eight o'clock, and I told him what I had been doing. My Don said that everything was all right and that he was glad I'd had a great time. He just wanted me to come home. What a man, and to think he's not only my husband but also the best pussy eater in the world!

Well, in less than twenty-four hours I was home, and Don showed me his dick as soon as I walked in the door. He screwed me until I fell asleep. Still, I wonder: if I had given in to Merl, would it have been as good as I thought it would be?—*Name and address withheld*

Breast stroke

I never thought that I would have a collegiate experience exciting enough to write *Penthouse* about. When I came to this church-affiliated school, I soon despaired

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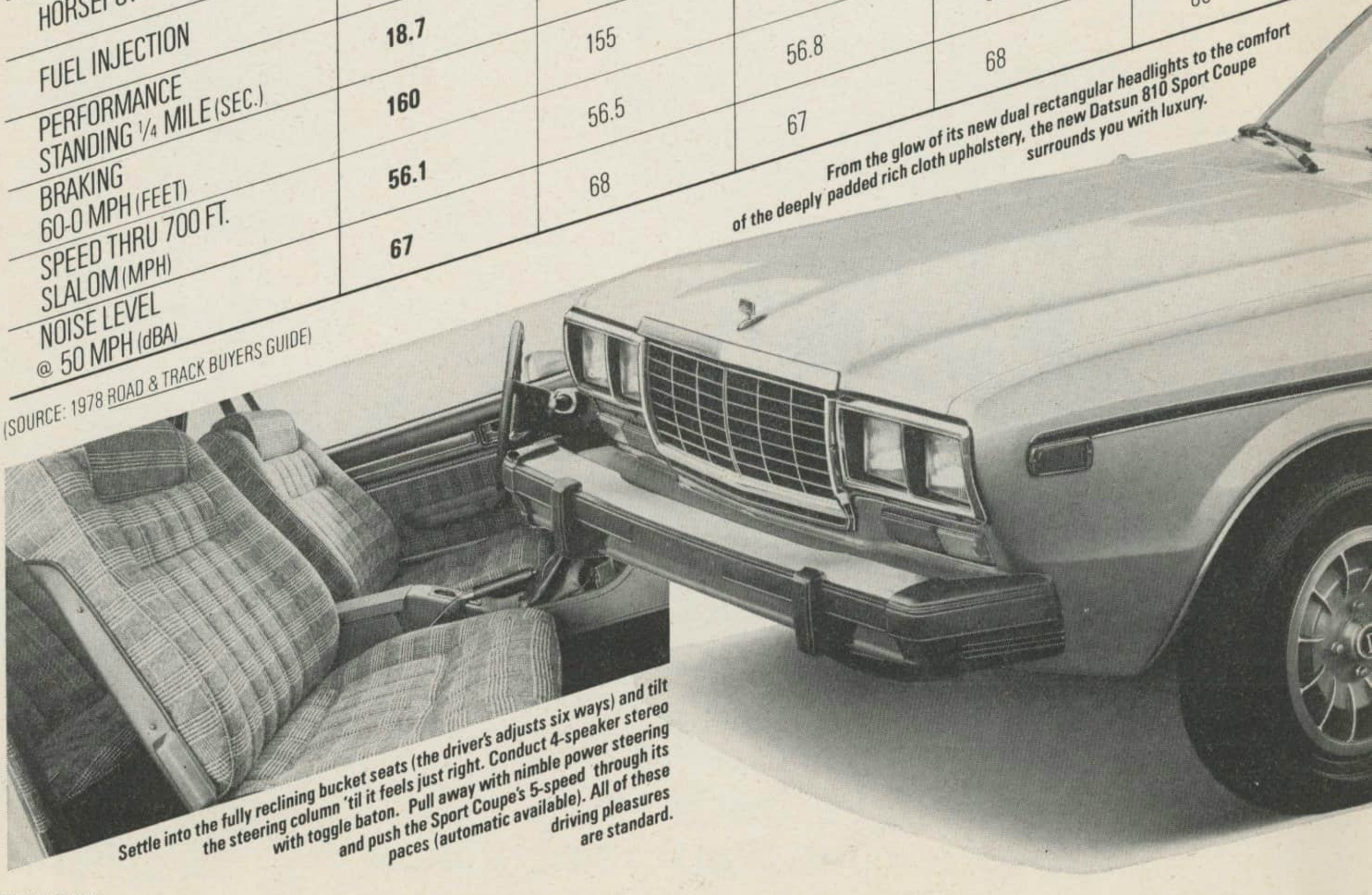
DATSUN ASKS: WHY PAY THE DIFFERENCE IF YOU CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE?

	DATSUN 810	**MERCEDES-BENZ 280-E**	**AUDI 5000**	**BMW 320i**	**VOLVO 244 DL**
CONFIGURATION	**F/ENGINE R/DRIVE**	F/ENGINE R/DRIVE	F/ENGINE F/DRIVE	F/ENGINE R/DRIVE	F/ENGINE R/DRIVE
WHEELBASE (INCHES)	**104.3**	110.0	105.7	100.9	104.0
BRAKES	**DISC/DRUM**	DISC/DISC	DISC/DRUM	DISC/DRUM	DISC/DISC
SUSPENSION	**IND/IND**	IND/IND	IND/BEAM	IND/IND	IND/LIVE
ENGINE	**SOHC 6**	DOHC 6	SOHC 5	SOHC 4	SOHC 4
HORSEPOWER (BHP)	**127**	137	103	112	114
FUEL INJECTION	**BOSCH**	BOSCH	BOSCH	BOSCH	BOSCH
PERFORMANCE STANDING ¼ MILE (SEC.)	**18.7**	18.6	19.5	18.7	19.8
BRAKING 60-0 MPH (FEET)	**160**	155	148	167	180
SPEED THRU 700 FT. SLALOM (MPH)	**56.1**	56.5	56.8	55.1	53.0
NOISE LEVEL @ 50 MPH (dBA)	**67**	68	67	68	65

(SOURCE: 1978 ROAD & TRACK BUYERS GUIDE)



From the glow of its new dual rectangular headlights to the comfort of the deeply padded rich cloth upholstery, the new Datsun 810 Sport Coupe surrounds you with luxury.

Settle into the fully reclining bucket seats (the driver's adjusts six ways) and tilt the steering column 'til it feels just right. Conduct 4-speaker stereo with toggle baton. Pull away with nimble power steering and push the Sport Coupe's 5-speed through its paces (automatic available). All of these driving pleasures are standard.

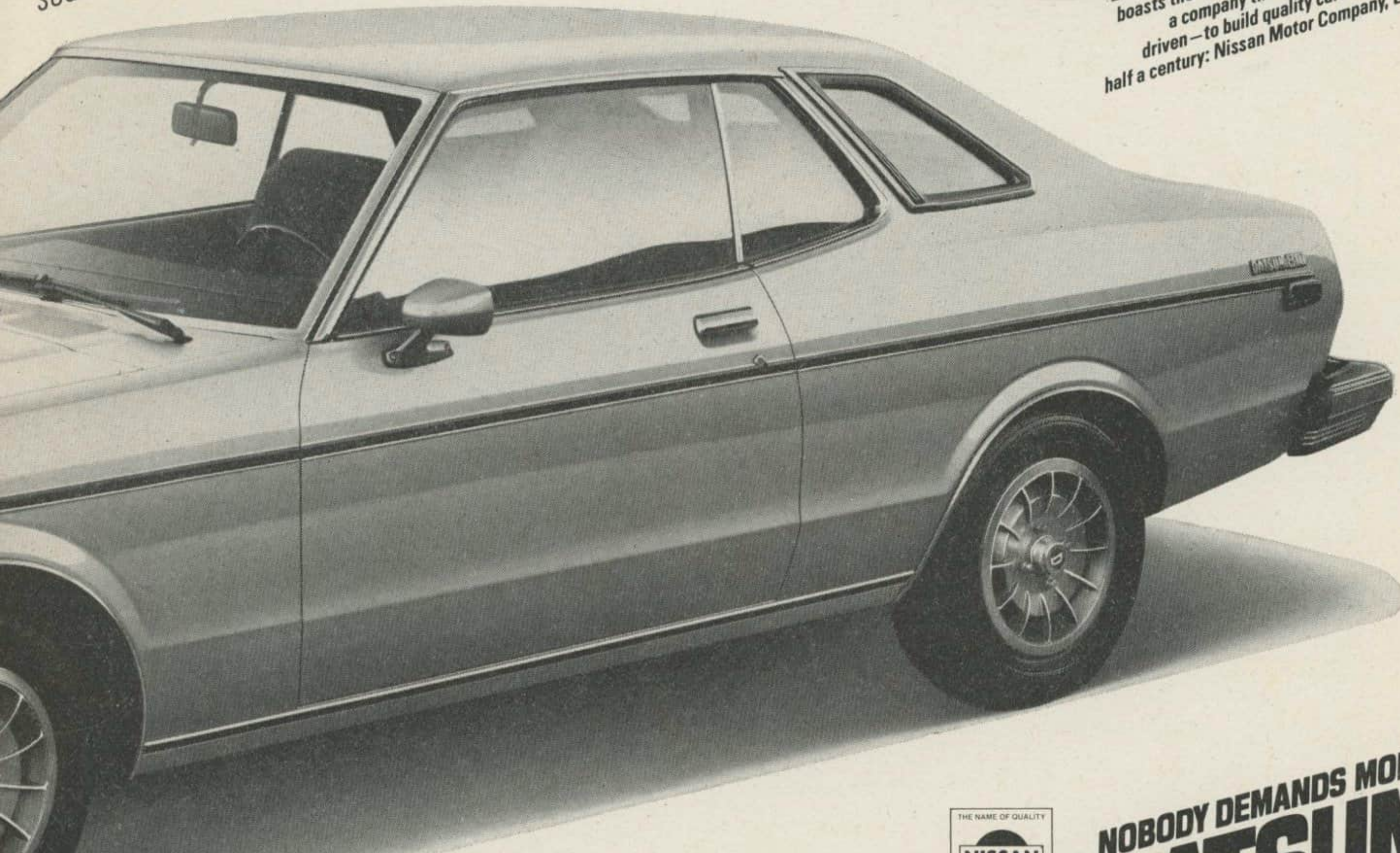
Compare the luxurious new Datsun 810 to the other luxury sedans on the chart. Surprise! You can hardly tell one from the other. Many key engineering and performance features are virtually identical.

In fact, in some respects, the Datsun 810 is actually a lot more car than some of these famous European sedans. The Datsun 810 sports a powerful fuel-injected 6-cylinder engine and fully independent suspension. Some of the others don't. Look again at the braking and acceleration figures. The 810 outperforms some of the others there, too.

Now for the most startling comparison of all: the price. You can buy a Datsun 810 for up to $10,000 less than the other luxury sedans. Hard to believe? Test drive the new 810. Then price the new 810. And believe.

Another luxury most of those other cars don't offer: the cavernous cargo capacity of a 5-door station wagon. Its split fold-down rear seat accommodates both skis and a skier.

Like the other new 810's, the 4-door sedan boasts the fit and finish you'd expect from a company that's been dedicated—driven—to build quality cars for nearly half a century: Nissan Motor Company, Ltd.



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NISSAN MOTORS

NOBODY DEMANDS MORE
DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

of finding any sex at all, except with myself. Fortunately, luck has ruled otherwise.

My roommate, Jay, and I discovered in our first week of swimming class that our swimming instructor was more interested in sinning than in swimming. We found this to be true one Friday night after class. As he and I were leaving, she called us back to her office. (We were a little uptight, because we had been fooling around with a couple of nice-looking girls in the pool that day, even though our actions were distracting to the rest of the class.)

She sat down and looked at the clock. As she did, she spread her long, well-tanned, well-shaped legs just a little. Our eyes almost popped out of our heads. For there, sticking out of her skimpy, black bikini, were a number of beautiful, curly-blonde cunt hairs. She turned back in time to catch our glance, and said she had to reprimand us for being naughty during class. Her hair was still wet, and the water was dripping down her full, thirty-seven-inch tits. Her glance fell upon our bulging crotches. Then she smiled provocatively and asked if we would like to sit down. She got up, reached behind her, and untied her bikini top. When she let the top down, we nearly came in our pants.

She next asked us if we would like to suck on her boobs. Needless to say, she didn't have to ask twice. Within a matter of seconds she had removed our bathing suits and was stroking Jay's nine-inch cock and sucking on mine. (My cock is not as long as Jay's, but the head is very large.) We were both about ready to explode when she stopped, stood up, and pulled her bikini bottoms down. She jumped onto her desk and spread her legs. Jay stuck three fingers up her dripping cunt, then removed his fingers, and began licking and sucking her wet pussy.

While all this was going on, I moved around to her chair. She immediately did a swan dive onto my beaver poker. I looked up and saw that Jay was ramming her ass with his entire rod. I then decided that after a very juicy blowjob I should screw her pussy hairs off! Suddenly, she shouted to me, "Fuck me!" So I did. She squirmed and jerked her ass in as many different directions as she could.

When we finally all came, Jay lifted us all off the floor. It was over as quickly as it had begun. We all dressed and parted. She smiled and added, "I enjoyed having you both in class; we'll have to do it again some time." We have been seeing this teacher on a regular basis of about once a week to satisfy her needs. Our test grades have been high, and we have taught her a few new strokes in our naughty swimming sessions.—*Name and address withheld*

Jolly green giant

Tom and I have been lovers for more than four years. Every time we make it, it is just as exciting as the first. When we discover something we both especially like, we make it a regular part of our lovemaking.

"... And in this corner, from Atlantic City New Jersey, wearing Yves St. Laurent shorts and color-coordinated robe from Bill Blass, gloves by Gucci ..."

This is my favorite game. It started about a year ago. I was lying on my back, and Tom was kissing my inner leg, nibbling now and then and getting closer and closer to my pussy. Finally, he touched my clit with the tip of his tongue, drew little circles, and sucked. Just when I felt I could stand no more, he reached under the pillow and brought out a beautifully shaped, six-inch cucumber! He pushed it into me ever so slowly and then worked it in and out in long, slow strokes. Then he went back to my clit with his tongue: licking, biting, and sucking it into his mouth, where he'd hold it and flick his tongue over the tip of the captured treasure. I started to feel a chain of small orgasms. Finally, after about ten minutes I felt such a massive orgasm that it almost jerked me straight up. Wow!

I was a little sore the next day but had enjoyed it all so much that I wanted to do it again. This time Tom put baby oil on the cucumber and squirted some of it all over my pussy. The rest of the game was the same, except that I may have had an even stronger orgasm.

The next time we did it, the procedure was the same, except that just before I came, Tom put his finger in my butt! Wow again! I wouldn't have believed it could get better, but it did.

Was that the last of it? No. This is how it goes now. Tom still starts with the soft, little kisses, nips, and licks. (Now it's all the more exciting because I know what's next.) The oil is such a delight. He spends some time spreading it and massaging my stomach, breasts, and legs. We play with the cucumber for a while. (I'm amazed at the variety of shapes and sizes he's found.) At this point I've begun to have those sweet spasms, and he hands me my electric vibrator. Then I climb onto a cloud all my own while I work it up and down and around my clit.

Tom always starts saying sweet and sexy things when I reach this point. He gets terribly hard watching me; so just as he puts the small vibrator in my behind, he swings around so that his cock is in front of my mouth. I try to suck it and lick it gently so that he won't come too fast. Sometimes I go into such spasms that I just can't contain myself. I take it as far down my throat as I can. Every orifice in my body is full, and sensations are coming at me from every direction. Within a minute or two we have both come with such force that all we can do is to lie spent in each other's arms.

I guess the moral of this story is progress. If you've got a good thing going, make it great. I wonder what we can add next.—*Name and address withheld*

Twinkle toes

I'm a nineteen-year-old female with a kinky kind of turn-on. I adore girls' bare feet. My best friend, Sue, and I have shared an apartment since we both moved away from home nearly a year ago.

We have been reading your magazine

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with great interest for the past two years. Since she and I are both bisexual, we really enjoy the photo layouts of two or more girls together. We think your photos on page 60 of the April issue were really the ultimate. Let's see more of them, please!

Sue and I became lovers when we were both fifteen, sleeping over at each other's home pretty regularly. We had experimented with boys, but all they knew how to do was to satisfy themselves and leave us hanging. Sue and I act out all our fantasies on each other, and with our various dildos and vibrators we really please each other.

I work in a women's shoe store in a large shopping center, and once every several weeks I will come on to another girl. If she is willing and flirts back, I invite her to our apartment for some smoke and wine. After the talk gets around to sex, either Sue or I will suggest a group shower, moving on to oil and a massage by candlelight. After we rub each other's soft, silky body into a state of deep, indescribable excitement, we go onto the water bed. Burning candles eroticize the room.

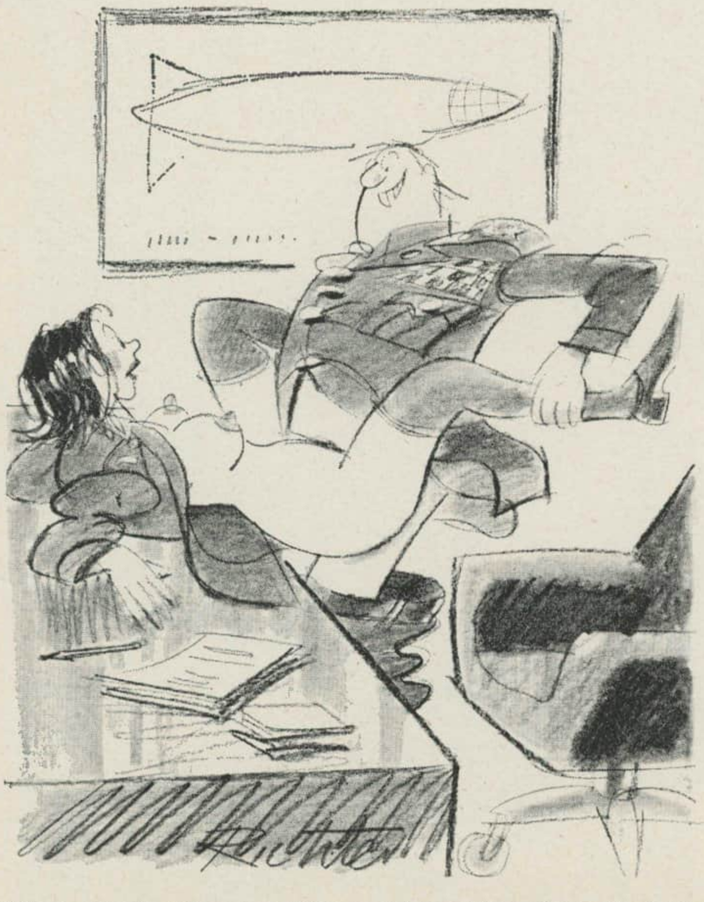
Usually, I wait until Sue and our guest are in a sixty-nine before I begin my real joy. I will, of course, be participating wholeheartedly with my hands, but I position myself so that I can first lick our guest's toes and feet and then bring myself off by rubbing my clit against her toes. With the oil on our bodies and the small flames from the candle urging us on, I've had some mind-blowing orgasms. Twice so far we've had four of us in a daisy chain. We had dildos and vibrators going along with four eager tongues lapping at four sweet, dripping cunts. I thought I'd just die from pleasure.

At first, it was surprising to learn how many girls our age have fantasies about being with another girl. Usually, they don't have the nerve to flirt. If only women realized that all it takes is some eye contact and the nerve to come right out and say what they want, I'm sure more girls would be getting it on and finding out how soft and sensational the female skin and body is. I mean, who needs those hairy bodies and hard pricks all the time? A woman's body is so much softer.

Sue works in a woman's clothing store and dresses like a real sex kitten. Naturally, she gets propositioned by some of the men who come in to buy presents for their wives. When she sees one she digs, she lets him know it's okay to come over to our place. When he finds out that both of us will go to bed with him and put on a show for him, his eyes really pop. We go through the whole routine for him and make him feel like a prince.

Both of us are attracted to men in their forties or early fifties. Boys are too elfish and can't provide us with all the nice gifts that an older man will, especially the married ones! Men seem to go crazy when they have two girls working on them. We have a rule that we don't accept money, but if a man offers to buy us a little clothing or something we need, we do accept.

Still, our main pleasure and kicks come from initiating some supposedly straight girl into realizing the joys of Sapphic love. So, for all you girls who are wondering what it's like, give the next pretty girl you see a wink, and you may find out. —*B.Y., Milwaukee, Wisc.*



"*Why not think of it as one of the moral inequities of war, Lieutenant.*"

Thanksgiving feast

As avid readers of "Forum," my friend and I have decided to write to you about an experience we had here at school. I'm Dave, a hotel student, and Doug is a physics major. Both of us are from Oregon. Last Thanksgiving break it was impossible for us to get home. We headed to the only open bar to down a few brews before having what looked like a bad dinner at the co-op. While we were having our beers, we noticed three beautiful coeds sitting down nearby. Doug and I talked for a while longer and then resigned ourselves to our fate at the co-op. When we got up to leave, one of the girls, Kim, introduced herself and the others. The other girls were named Cheryl and Barbara. They invited us to share dinner with them at home that night. Doug and I jumped at the chance to spend the evening with these three suntanned beauties.

A description of the three is warranted here. Kim, a blonde, suntanned, and well-stacked young lady, stands about five feet six and has not one ounce of fat on her luscious body. Cheryl and Barbara are identical, well-built twins. Their hair is a light brown, which matches their tan complexion. Although not as well stacked as Kim, they have firm, pert tits. They were both on the school's gym team.

By the time we got to the girls' off-campus apartment, we were all freezing. So, while the girls prepared dinner and something hot to drink, we started a fire in the living room. Soon the twins came out with hot chocolate to warm us up. Doug produced a joint, and soon everyone was relaxed and mellow. The girls started talking about how they missed their Florida home and the sun and sand. I asked why. A look of shock appeared on the twins' faces when they heard this, and they then told us that they would show us what was so great about it. With that they ran into their bedroom.

When they came out, we almost came in our pants. They were both in black-mesh string bikinis and soaking wet. Their perky tits and hardened nipples stood out magnificently. Barbara threw us a couple of towels and asked us to dry them off. They sat down next to us, and we began to fondle their supple, firm young bodies through the heavy beach towels. It wasn't long before their flimsy bikini tops popped off, and we were drying the "twins" with our tongues, much to their pleasure and ours. It wasn't long before the bikini bottoms came off, and roommate Kim joined us. In another five minutes our clothes were off, and we had started an orgy.

I began by sucking on Barbara's taut

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nipples while Kim began licking and kissing my prick. Doug began his Thanksgiving feast by licking Kim's blonde pussy, while Cheryl's delicate mouth nibbled on his colossal cock. When Kim began quaking with orgasm, all of us soon followed in what was truly an earth-shattering experiences. While Doug and I relaxed for a minute, the girls went into their room for a few minutes. Finally, Kim emerged, carrying a ten-inch dildo. She told us that since we were such good boys, we were going to see a good show. All we had to do was to close our eyes and wait until she told us to open them. It wasn't long before she told us to look.

At first, we thought that our eyes were deceiving us: we saw the twins slowly coming together in a lesbian embrace. They began to kiss and fondle each other's bodies, fingering their cunts and licking their hard nipples. We were about to attack these two when we realized Kim was lying between us, frigging herself with her ten-inch dildo. Doug and I then decided on a "double pummel," which is what we call simultaneous anal and vaginal fucking.

We told Kim of our intentions, and at first she balked. After a little foreplay, however, she decided to go along with it.

We got into position. I pushed my uncut six inches into her pussy, and Doug began penetrating her ass with his circumcised nine inches. She was coming almost as soon as we started pummeling her. Barb and Cheryl put their muffs against our faces as we fucked with no holds barred. We couldn't hold out much longer, and our jism blew off with cunt-blistering speed in Kim's ass and cunt, while our faces were flooded with steamy pussy juices from the twin's violent orgasms. We slowed our pace for the rest of the night and made love until we were worn out. We all fell asleep in each other's arms and didn't wake up until late morning.

Doug and I are both going off the co-op food. We have been happily stuffing bird since that Thanksgiving night.—*D.W. and D.S., Ithaca, N.Y.*

All together now, one two three!

I am a senior at Cornell University. Because I am an engineer, it is often said that I spend more time with my books than with people. However, for the past two years I have been fortunate enough to be a resident adviser in the freshman dormitories. This makes it easy for me to meet many people. Nevertheless, for one in my position, life here was not so sexually exciting as you might expect—until recently. The situation changed, curiously enough, when I was assigned to an all-male dorm.

The dorm is one of the oldest on the Cornell campus. In the evenings I am responsible for locking up both my own section and a separate, Gothic-like tower nearby, which also houses only men. This nightly event was without incident until a blustery evening in late November.

Before locking the tower door on this particular evening, I went upstairs to visit friends. Nobody was awake. As I had had a few beers earlier, I wandered into a bathroom to relieve myself. Apparently, not everyone was asleep. Sprawled out on the bathroom floor was a couple humping away most perfervidly. After staring a few moments without being noticed, I sarcastically asked if they wanted a third. The bulge in my pants must have indicated my qualifications, for the blonde nymphet looked up and shocked me by consenting. By the time I took my clothes off, the guy had shot his wad, leaving a well-lubricated sheath for my piston. It took no coaxing to get me to ram my engorged organ into her eager opening.

Sex is great, and I've always enjoyed it. But it had never been this fantastic until the moment that recharged penis began probing my heaving buttocks. It had never occurred to me that if something big could get out, something big could go in. It took some struggle, but my virgin behind accepted his seven inches. Involuntarily, my body convulsed, and I exploded with such force that I wondered if she was hurt. To her delight and to my surprise, I remained hard. The three of us rode together with the rhythm of a storm-tossed sea. After what seemed like eternal ecstasy, we all screamed with abandon as his ejaculation started an orgasmic chain reaction.

I now realize that others may have missed this pinnacle of sexual pleasure. While I have not seen either of my companions since that momentous evening, I still obtain satisfaction by thinking about it while masturbating in the stall inches from that well-remembered spot.—*W.K., Ithaca, N.Y.*

Three strikes and you're in

My friends and I enjoy *Penthouse* immensely, and our favorite feature, after the pictorials, is "Forum." We never took the stories seriously until an experience happened that made all of us true believers.

Norm, Damien, and I went bowling this January in Erie. The temperature was in the low teens, and there were more than three feet of snow covering the ground. As we entered the bowling alley, we spied three good-looking foxes bowling on lane twenty-four. Luckily, lane twenty-three was open; so we quickly scrambled over there to get a closer look at the chicks.

We all did a double take as we got closer. One girl was tall, about five feet ten, and her long, blonde hair cascaded down her back, touching her well-rounded ass, which was covered by tight jeans. She was wearing a thick lavender sweater that emphasized her jiggling breasts. The girl keeping score was another wet dream come true. She had coal-black, shoulder-length hair that framed deep-brown eyes and full, moist lips. Her tits were firm and round, jutting defiantly against the white turtleneck she wore. The third girl was just beginning to bowl. I watched as she sashayed up to the line, her ass cheeks

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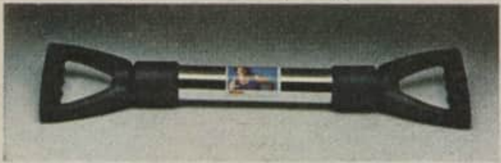

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bobbing like melons in an earthquake and her black hair flowing out from her head.

Norm whispered to me, "Lee, we've hit the jackpot!" And I agreed. Then the three of us deposited our bowling balls in the return circle, and I overheard the blonde say, "Oh, good, here come some balls." I thought she meant our bowling balls, but as I looked at her, I realized that her gaze was riveted on my crotch! There was no mistaking that horny look in her blue eyes; so I walked over to where she sat and began making small talk.

I learned that her name was Chris and that she and her friends,—Sue, the one keeping score, and Jill, the one who had been bowling—were up from Kentucky, visiting friends over the holidays. She said that they were returning to Kentucky tomorrow and that their plane would leave at seven in the morning.

"That doesn't give us much time to get acquainted," I said.

"Oh, I think we'll manage," she said, smiling, and her hand swiftly reached out and deftly rubbed my crotch. Instantly, my rod began to harden. Not to be outdone, I reached out and massaged her pleasure patch through her jeans. She sighed. "Do you know a more private place?"

"My friend has a van outside, but its cold as hell."

"That's all right," Chris whispered. "I'm hot as hell!"

As we gathered up our coats, I noticed that Damien and Jill were French-kissing and that Norm had his hand nestled beneath Sue's sexy derrière.

"Hey, Damien," I asked. "Why don't you and Jill join us in the van?"

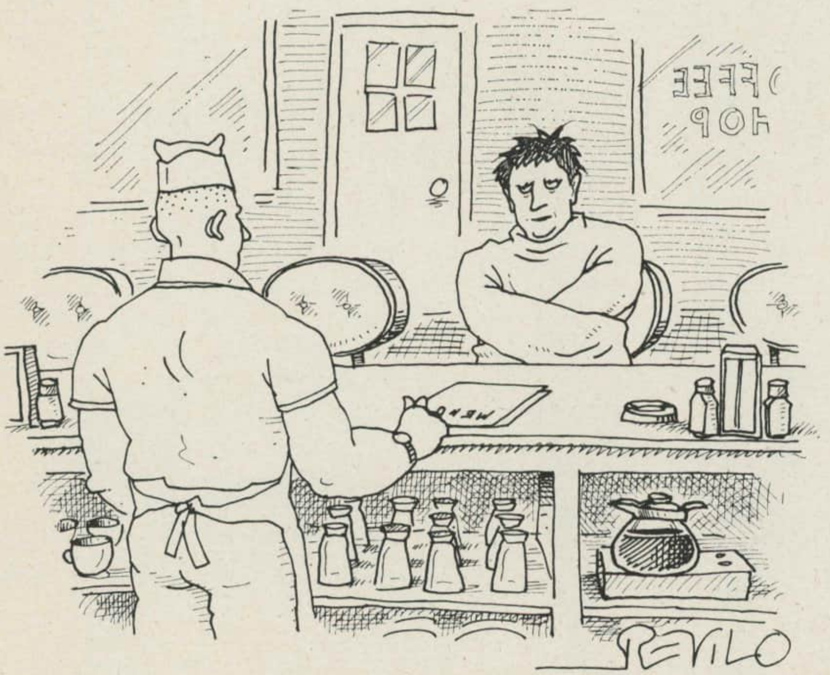
"Okay," he gasped.

Norm and Sue were grabbing for their coats also, and the six of us left together. When we entered the parking lot, the wind was blowing fiercely, and the temperature must have been zero. Holding hands, Chris and I ran to the van before the others. She flung her arms around my neck, and I forgot all about the cold as she plunged her hot tongue down my throat.

Damien unlocked the door, and the six of us rushed in and tumbled onto the mattress and pillows we keep in the van for occasions like this, although this was the first time the three of us were going to fuck together. I heard Damien start the van and turn the heater on full blast, and then I gave my undivided attention to Chris.

I wrapped my arms around her back; and while we probed each other's mouth with our tongues, I slid my hands beneath her sweater and squeezed her full tits. Softly, she broke our kiss and whispered, "Let's get out of these clothes."

She slipped her coat off and began wriggling her sweater up over her head. Illuminated by a streetlight shining through the back windows, her bare breasts bounced heavily, and I started sucking her right tit. I circled her stiffening nipple with my tongue, and I heard her moan sensuously. Licking my way down her firm stomach, I stopped long enough to unsnap her pants and slide them off. She wore no panties, and I could smell the enticing aroma of her steaming pussy as I buried my face between her thighs.



"Never mind the menu. I'll just have a cup of coffee and a straw."

She shivered and wrapped her lithe legs about my neck. I stroked her slit rapidly, and suddenly she clamped her legs tight around my head, and I felt her whole body gyrate as she wildly climaxed. Her love juice flooded my face, and I lapped it up hungrily. When her flow stopped, I raised my head and smiled at her. Chris's face glistened with perspiration, and her hands were clenched at her side, but a blissful smile covered her face.

I rose to my knees, and she quickly knelt down and freed my throbbing cock. It immediately sprang to its full eight inches, and she gently cupped my balls in her hands. She began licking the head and slowly licked the entire length of it. Then she proceeded to suck it into her mouth from head to balls.

Increasing her speed and suction, she passionately deep-throated my dick, stopping only to say that it was the best thing she had had to eat since her last peach melba. I felt a familiar surge of fire begin in my balls and race through my dick, and then I erupted into her mouth. She sucked harder and swallowed, never allowing one drop of jism to escape from her mouth.

I collapsed on top of her, and we began kissing again. I could see Damien lying on his back, his ten-inch cock driving in and out of Jill as she lowered and raised her dripping cunt on and off it. Norm and Sue were engaged in a furious sixty-nine, and I watched Norm's tongue flicking eagerly in and out of Sue's steaming clit.

This pleasure session lasted until everyone was exhausted, and then the girls left—but not before they left their addresses, phone numbers, and an invitation to visit them in the summer. Needless to say, you know where we'll be spending our vacation. Kentucky, here we come!—*R. L., Erie, Pa.*

"Hard Interview"

I am a senior at a small eastern university, and I have recently been trying to obtain employment from some large companies through the school's placement service. It's a big hassle but a very important process unless you want to be pumping gas when you get out of college. Normally, it's all very dull and proper, and you have to be very deferential if the interviewer is going to develop an interest in you. After a few weeks of interviews, I was rapidly becoming disgusted and disillusioned by the farce that the procedure had become.

One day last week, however, completely changed my attitude and altered my viewpoint. I dressed more casually than usual; and as I entered the interview room, I was pleased and surprised to see my first female interviewer. After the routine questions, I decided to become more aggressive and to enjoy the experience, even if it cost me a possible job. So I remarked to Linda (the red-headed interviewer's name) that she was too attractive to be stuck in a dull job like this day in and day out. I also said that if she needed some local recreation after hours, she only had to look me up.

With this remark, a surprised look crossed her face, and she started to look me over from head to toe, as if I were a piece of beef in a supermarket. Then she said, "All these guys I meet in the interviews act like such stuffed shirts. It's really disgusting. Some of them look like such studs, and I only wish they'd relax and act natural. Well, I think it's time I partook of one of your school's really important assets . . . prickhead. You look like you've got a big one."

With this last statement, she quickly locked the door and removed her blouse. Enormous tits spilled out in front of my hungry eyes and appeared to be at least 38Ds! I was still in a state of shock as she peeled off her pants and underwear to reveal a red bush and gorgeous legs. "Now it's time for you to interview me," she said as she tugged off my shirt and pants, tearing them as she hurried.

"Well, don't just sit there with that hard rod, interview me!" she said. I grabbed her and started to suck those massive boobs while I fingered her clit. After about five minutes of this pleasure, she begged me to ram my eight-inch statement of manhood into her juicy, ripe pussy. I gladly obliged and was enveloped in ecstasy for about fifteen minutes until I remembered somebody was outside, waiting for an interview. Therefore, I increased the intensity of my strokes until we both flew into a wild climax. I must have come for about thirty seconds as I pumped her cunt with my juices.

As I hurriedly dressed and prepared to leave, she said, "If more students were studs like you, I'd interview men twenty-four hours a day." With that, she gave me a big wet kiss, her business card, and an appointment to visit her company. (As it is a top Fortune 500 firm, I will not name it here for discretionary reasons.) I came out of the room not only with disheveled clothes but also with a big smile, to the amazement of the next interview candidate, who never did figure out what had gone on inside.

So, all you college men, don't worry about interviews; just enjoy them. And be sure to indicate your most vital statistic on your résumé.—*J. F., Bethlehem, Pa.*

How Swede it is!

I have been one of your avid readers for many years and would like to relate an experience worthy of "Forum."

Approximately two and a half years ago, I was working as a police officer in a famous ski resort in the Colorado Rockies. When I first went to work, I was informed by the "veteran" officers of the fantastic opportunities for sexual adventures. Although most of the officers were married, like me, almost all were involved in various escapades. Even more amazing to me was the realization that so much of the activity took place

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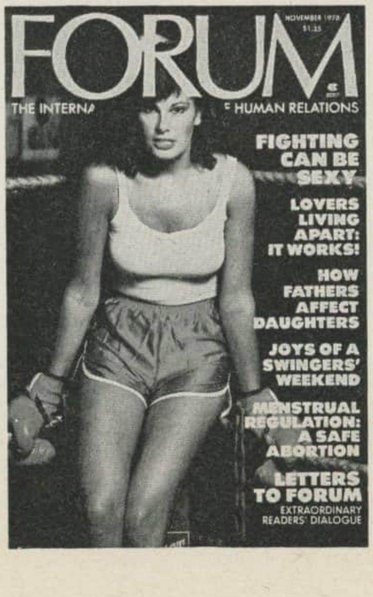
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on duty—unthinkable in my previous department in California. One officer even kept a twenty-foot motor home parked behind the fire station for "emergencies" (apparently, he had had lots of "hot" times in it).

For the first few months I kept my nose clean. I felt I was not the "type" to cheat on my wife. In July the summer season was in full swing, and the bars and nightclubs were alive with activity. I spent much of my patrol time in the evenings doing "bar checks"—which allowed me to talk with friends and check out the hundreds of beautiful women.

On one particular night I was making a "bar check" in my favorite spot, a basement nightclub, when I noticed an attractive lady checking me out. She was blonde, about thirty years old (I was twenty-five at the time), with a great smile and a fantastic pair of tits. I was miffed by her attention, as I consider myself of average looks, though I do have a tall, 200-pound frame. I thought that perhaps I had spilled something on my shirt. Just then she got up from her table and walked up to me. She introduced herself as Janet (not her real name) and asked me if I really was a police officer (that's a common question for tourists, because our uniforms were "low key" in a western style). I replied yes, and we engaged in some small talk.

Realizing I had been in the nightclub too long, I invited Janet to do "foot patrol" with me. I took her on the "nickel" tour, which included the house the president stayed at on his many visits. On the way back to my patrol car, I finally summoned the courage to take her in my arms and kiss her. She responded with an excitement I had not anticipated. She kissed me ravenously, with her tongue probing the recesses of my mouth, and her body grinding against mine with incredible intensity. I suggested that we move our activities to my patrol car, which I drove to a little-used access road high up the mountain and overlooking the town.

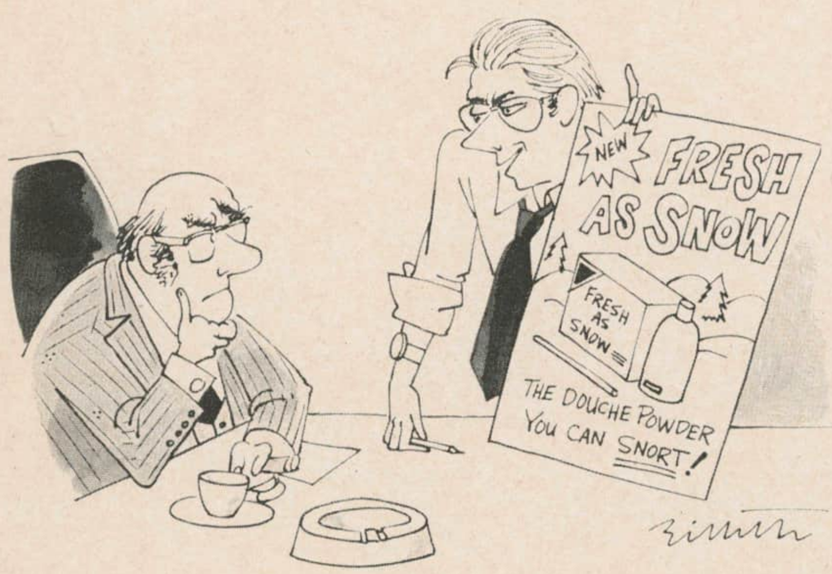
The town government was kind enough to provide its police department with front-wheel drive Swedish cars with fully reclining heated bucket seats, and now for the first time I was to appreciate the town's generosity. I took her in my arms and was immediately consumed in her firestorm of passion. I kept thinking to myself "This can't be real" as we slowly began to remove our clothes, no easy task in the front seat of a small patrol car.

The effort was rewarded, however, when I removed her bra, and her breasts gushed forth surrounding my face with warm, sensuous flesh. Her body quivered and shook as I cupped, fondled, and kissed those luscious mounds. As I nibbled on her enlarged nipples, she began to shudder and moan softly in my ear. I removed her pants, and her breathing became heavy with anticipation. I discarded her panties, which were soaked with her love juices and revealed her exquisite blonde bush, from which emitted the sweet odor that had begun to permeate the interior of the patrol car.

At this time I had the good sense to grab the radio mike and tell the dispatcher I would be on "code seven," and not in radio contact. After I set the mike down, I realized the dispatcher might have heard Janet's excited breathing in the background, but suddenly it didn't seem to matter as I went back to enjoying my "code seven." I could feel the warm nectar oozing from her honey pot and flowing down her legs as we struggled with my gun belt in an effort to pull off my pants. We finally met with success, but my gun and assorted equipment were strewn about the passenger compartment.

Janet had me lie on my back on the passenger seat while she straddled my rigid member with her superb legs and lowered herself on to it. As she guided my cock into her warm and juicy love tunnel, she began to moan softly and move her vaginal muscles in a way I had never before experienced. I felt as if my cock were being massaged with a warm, wet sponge. We slowly began to build up to a strong rhythm while she continued to milk my cock with her cunt. We began to buck wildly, and I could feel her shudder as if struck by an earthquake. I could not hold back any longer, and I shot my wad deep into her.

Needless to say, I took a long "code seven" that night, for we went on for almost two hours. When I returned to the station at the end of my shift, the lady dispatcher took one look at my disheveled appearance and gave me a sly, knowing grin as I hurried to the officer's room to wrap up my activity report (it was hard to explain a two-hour "code seven"). As I left, she gave me a wink, and I waved good night and hurried away, anxious to return to my new lover for some wild lovemaking, which lasted almost to dawn. *—R.B., Orange, Calif.*



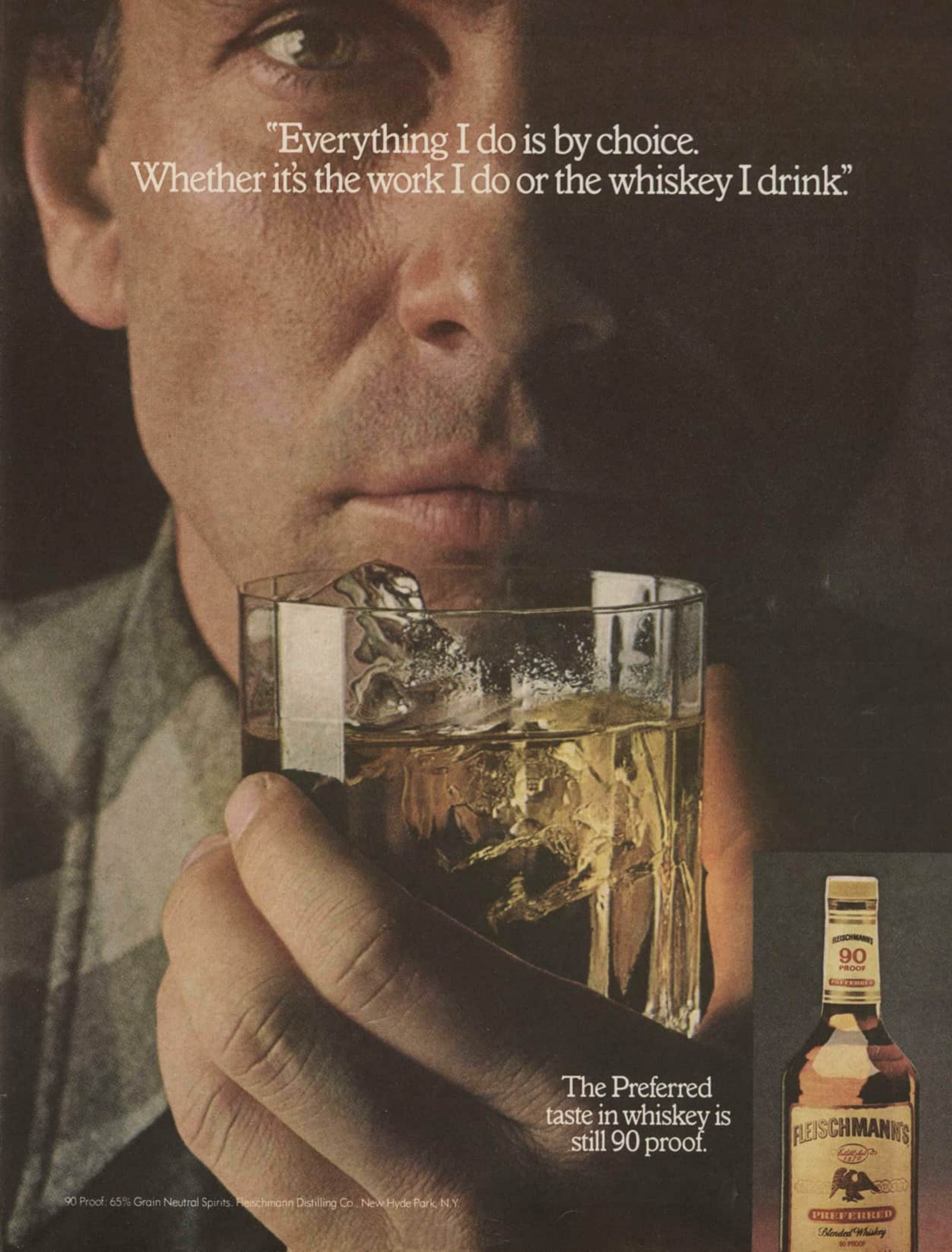
"Go with this, J.R., and you'll sew up the youth market overnight!"

Good golly, Miss Molly!

I have been reading your magazine for several years now, and I never took the letters seriously until a recent incident changed my mind. I don't know how many freshmen at Bowling Green State University have as much fun in the showers as I lately did, when I found a new way of coming clean.

First, let me explain the preliminaries of this adventure. I have been seeing Deb for about two months now, and it seems that every week she has been getting more possessive. She thought that I had roving eyes for Molly, who lives next door to her. Little did I know that Deb had devised one fantastic way of finding out for sure.

Last weekend, when Deb's roommate went home, we decided that I should spend two blissful days alone with Deb in her dormitory room. We had a case of beer and a few joints of Colombian to last us for the duration. We started drinking and smoking early Friday night, and by eleven I had to pee. The only men's room is down on the first floor; and since Deb lives on the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third floor, she said she'd clear out the bathroom so that I could use it.

She went in the door and came out a minute later, saying it was empty. Since this is standard procedure here at B.G.S.U., Deb stood outside to make sure that no one came in. I went in to relieve myself, and in the middle of it I heard a shower being turned on. I thought it was just Deb being playful; so I walked into the shower room. There was Molly in all her gorgeous splendor! I thought Deb had an ample figure; but when I saw Molly standing there under the warm, running water, it was like a dream come true!

Her heavy, white tits were firm and capped with rosebud nipples, and the water dripping off made them glisten. I followed the water down her belly with my eyes and saw that her blonde bush was thick against her pubis. She was running her fingers playfully over her abdomen and sliding her smooth thighs together, while staring at me invitingly.

I momentarily lost my breath and, forgetting that Deb was standing outside the door, walked up to Molly. She put her arms around my neck, kissing me and guiding my hand to her slippery cunt. My fingers slid in, and her hand went down to my rapidly rising cock, rubbing my mound through the soaked jeans.

"These have to come off," she said and started unbuttoning my shirt, kissing and licking as she undid each button. My shirt dropped to the ceramic floor, and she unsnapped my very preppie Levi straights. The zipper needed no coaxing, as it was about to burst from the swelling of my prick. She pulled down my sopping pants and underwear, and her pink tongue went directly to my erect shaft.

I grasped her silky head and sharply pushed it down. She tongued me until I was about to climax and then pulled me down to the floor. I mounted her slick body, and we rolled under the steam shower. I was pumping the hell out of Molly when Deb walked in, clad in her bathrobe. I instantly shot my load into Molly, who came violently.

Without saying a word, Deb untied her robe and let it fall to her feet in a heap. She walked toward us, squeezing her tits. "Let me help," she said and squatted near my head. I pulled out of Molly and started to eat out Deb's love-juice-soaked pussy.

I was lying on my back under Deb, and Molly knelt down and again proceeded to suck me off, fingering my butt in a staccato rhythm. With my limber tongue flicking around her clitoris, Deb shook violently and came in shudders of joy. I followed soon after, and we all rolled around on the slippery floor.

Finally, we got up and soaped each other amidst the steamy hotness. After a sensual rubbing with Molly's towel, we went back to Deb's room and continued drinking and fucking all night. I later found out from Deb that she and Molly had had the whole water show planned (I was wondering what Molly was doing taking a shower at eleven o'clock on a Friday night!), and that they had enjoyed it even more than I had.

We tried again to get the showers to ourselves the next night, but our luck had run out. Today, when I came back to my dorm and took a shower, I wondered if any of the guys noticed the smile on my face. Who knows what new method of lovemaking we will find the next time Deb's roommate leaves for the weekend? —*Name and address withheld*

Beck and call

I am a senior in college, and I decided to spend my last summer vacation doing just that—taking a vacation. I went to visit a friend I have known for many years, Tom. He and his wife, Susan, own a house in a small town in Pennsylvania.

On my second night there they invited their next-door neighbor, Becky, over to play cards. When she walked in, I had all I could do to keep from staring at her. She had on a tight-fitting shirt and no bra. It looked as if her breasts were aching to be released from the confines of her shirt. Needless to say, I was aching to do the releasing. She also wore a pair of very skimpy shorts, which did little to conceal her small, round ass.

As she walked toward me, I gazed at her crotch and could see the crack in her pussy. It was as though she were wearing nothing at all. During the course of the evening, Becky told me that her husband had a job that required him to be away a lot of the time, as he would be for the next six days. As the game was breaking up, Tom mentioned that he and Susan had to go away for the weekend the following day. He asked Becky to make sure that I wasn't bored while they were gone. She then looked at me and gave me a smile and assured him that she would make sure I stayed happy.

I got a call from Becky the next day, inviting me to go for a swim in her pool. When I got there, she had just emerged from it. She lay down on her back and asked me to put suntan oil on her. I started on her shoulders and upper chest and moved my way down to those luscious thirty-six-inch tits. She told me to make sure that I got it all over her so that she wouldn't burn. As she said this, her hand brushed my prick, which was already stretching the confines of my bathing suit.

I started to caress her tits with oil, slowly pulling the top of her bikini down to expose more and more of their creamy whiteness. I could see her nipples becoming erect. As my fingers slipped down to brush against them, she let out a moan and a shiver. I then moved to her legs and slowly started working up to her thighs, which she gently parted as my hands began working in that area. As I rubbed closer and closer to her pussy, her hips started to move up and down. I pushed her suit to the side, revealing a beautiful completely shaven pussy. As I gently caressed her, she said, "Rub oil over my cunt and down my clit."

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I didn't even notice when she took her top off; but when I looked up, her breasts were covered with oil and heaving up and down. Her hands were forcefully squeezing them and pinching her nipples, forcing them to become even more erect. Then I put my head between her legs, and my lips and tongue began to work on that bare, slick pussy. She wrapped her legs around my head, pulling me even closer. Heavily, she said, "Nibble my clit. O God, stick your long tongue inside me. Eat my bare pussy. O God." With that, her back arched, and I could feel the waves of orgasm pulsating through her body.

By now the juices were starting to come out of the end of my prick. I stripped off my suit and straddled her, placing my prick between her large, well-oiled tits. Her hands squeezed her tits around my cock. As I thrust up and down, her mouth was able to reach the head of my cock as it pushed out between her breasts. As my thrusts increased in speed, she said, "Shoot it into my mouth and on my face. I want to feel the come squirt out the end of your stiff rod." Then I started shooting, and it seemed as if I'd never stop. She hungrily sucked my cock dry.

Needless to say, this was the start of the best summer vacation I have ever had.—*Name and address withheld*

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SE-CO1

Continuous power per channel into 8 ohms, 20 Hz ~ 20 kHz	Total Harmonic Distortion	Signal to Noise Ratio
40 watts	0.03%	110 dB

SU-CO1

Total Harmonic Distortion	Phono Signal to Noise Ratio	Frequency Response
0.005% (phono) 0.003% (aux)	94 dB (MM, 5mV) 78 dB (MC, 250 μV)	3Hz~100kHz, −1 dB

ST-CO1

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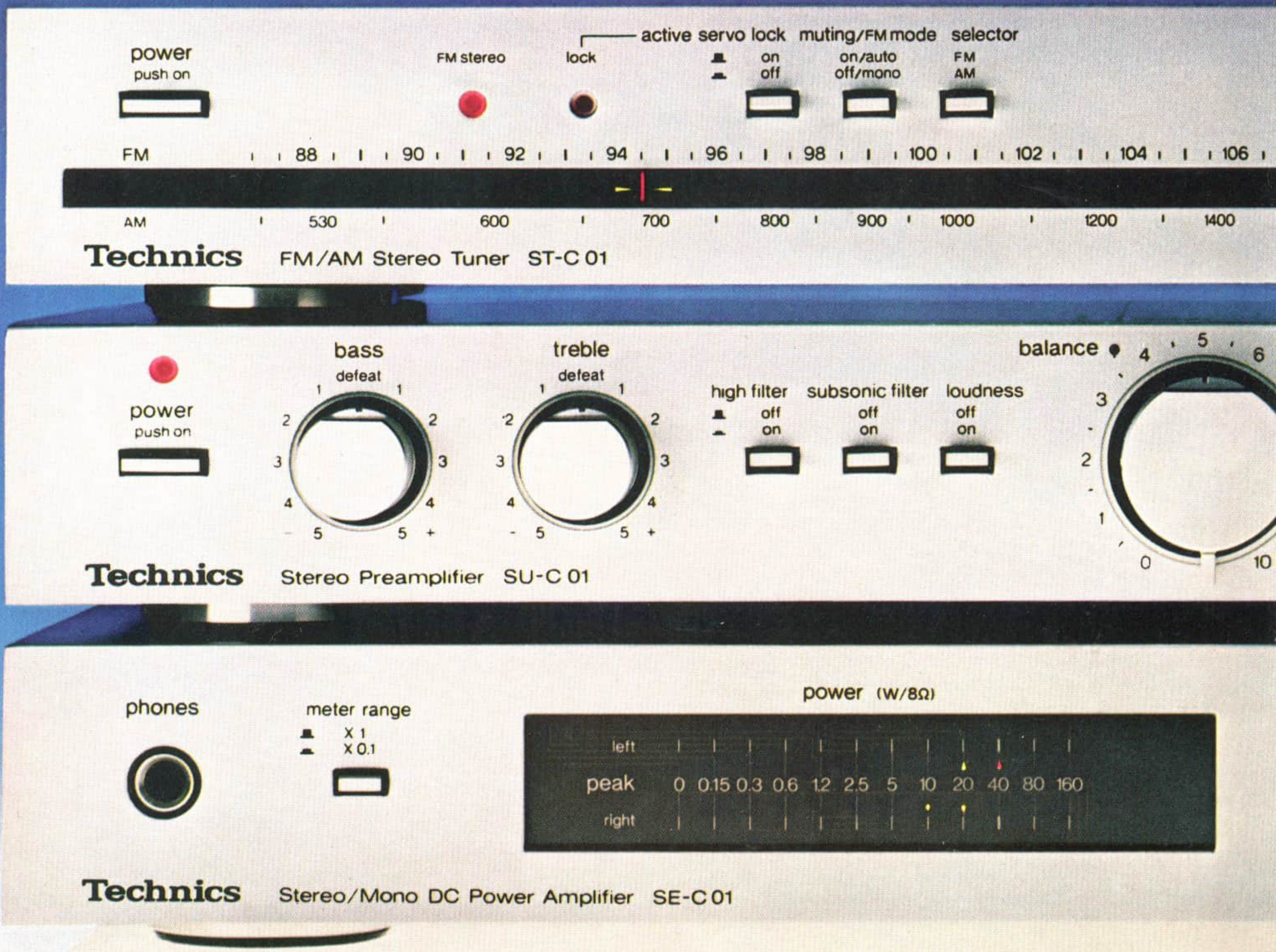
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Experience the Micro Series. Once you do, you'll agree: The big thing about them is definitely not their small size.

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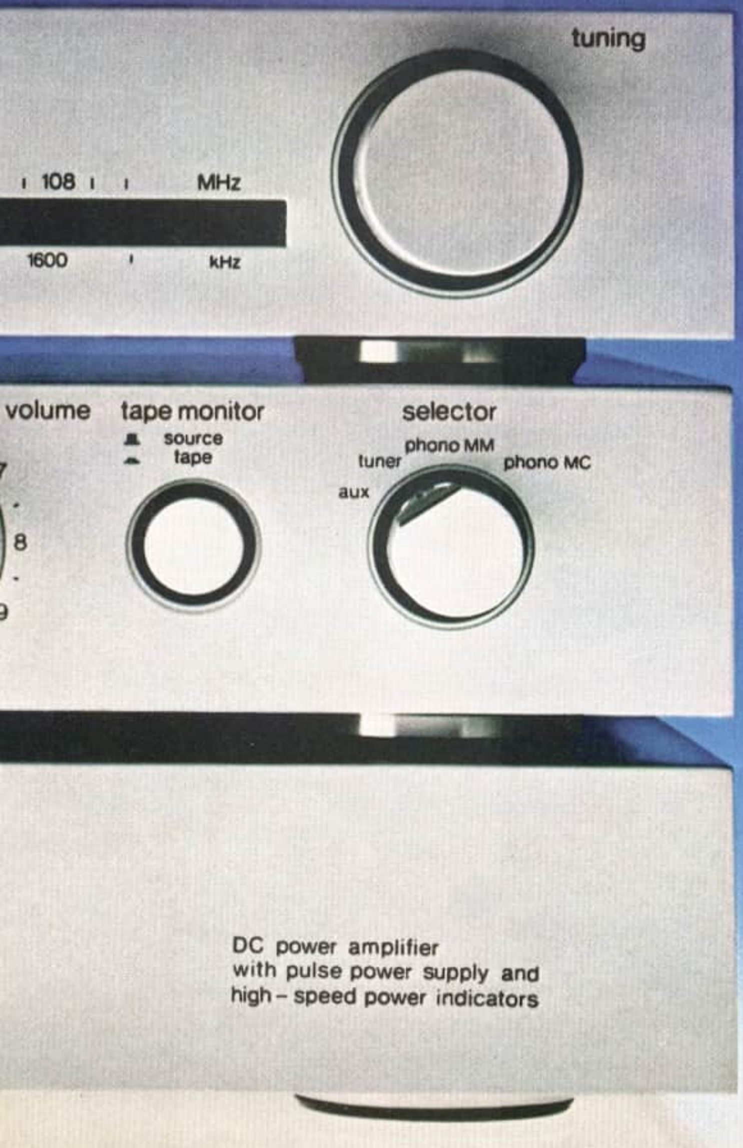
micro series

Actual Size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southern university that I attend.

Sometimes, late in the evening, I study in the study areas of the library, especially in an out-of-the-way corner on the third floor, because it is usually quieter and easier to study there. I'd been hitting the books for quite some time when I noticed a nice-looking blonde wearing gym shorts and a T-shirt. A moment later she walked over to the table where I was working and asked if it would disturb me if she sat down. Naturally, I assured her that she wouldn't bother me a bit. As she sat down, I could tell that she wasn't wearing a bra. While she spread out her books, we both agreed that we could find something else we would rather be doing than studying, but since we were here, we'd better get back at it.

Forty-five minutes later we were the only ones left in the study area. I continued to cram for my exam until I thought I heard a moan. I looked up, and the girl slowly ran her tongue over the most beautiful lips I have ever seen. I continued to watch her as she slid down in her chair and slipped both hands inside her gym shorts. By this time my cock was really beginning to get hard, and I could tell that she was also getting hot. All I had on my mind was getting those shorts off and getting my cock inside her.

I motioned for her to come around to my side of the table and to sit down on the edge. When she sat down, she kicked off her thongs, and we both looked around to be sure that the coast was clear. I guess we both knew what was going to happen next and that it might be risky, but we were all alone—at least for the moment.

She raised herself up on the table, and I helped her slip off her shorts and the tiniest pair of panties I had ever seen. She put her bare feet on the edge and then slid her body up to the very edge of the table and pulled her knees up to her small breasts. I kissed her and reached down and parted her pussy lips with my fingers and then slipped two fingers inside what had to be the wettest, hottest cunt ever. My cock was bulging in my jeans and just begging to get out. After fingering her several times and massaging her clit, I looked around again to make sure that we were not being watched, and then I dropped my jeans to my ankles. She reached down and spread her pussy lips and helped guide my throbbing cock inside her. I pushed in and out until she made a moan that I thought everyone in the library must have heard. Seconds later I began to climax and spurt my hot come deep inside her.

We remained coupled several more seconds, and then I pulled out. She grabbed her shorts and I pulled up my jeans only moments before one of the student library assistants appeared from nowhere. We grabbed our books and were leaving when the library assistant told us the library was closing and we would have to go.

When we got outside, I asked the girl her name, which she said was Suzanne. I got her phone number and said I hoped we could get together soon and study again. Since then we've been pretty steady, but nothing could ever beat the excitement I felt at our first meeting.—*R.B., Birmingham, Ala.*

Jock and Jill

As a first-quarter college student at a California college, I'd like to relate some encounters of late. I'm a virile male, aged eighteen, and hung nearly the same, experiencing the joy and sorrow of first quarter collegiate life.

My sorrow stemmed from the fact that I had been assigned to an all-male dorm. My ecstasy, I soon discovered, lay in the form of the only all-female dorm located next door. The 200 odd females living there provide ample recreation of various forms for the dorm life. I play soccer and enjoy athletics immensely and have, of late begun, to enjoy athletes—as I will now explain.

I met Joanna, a tennis-playing five-feet-nine brunette, over a poor excuse for lunch. However, on her suggestion ("Let's eat out"), the fare seemed more favorable. We spent almost four minutes in ripping our clothes off once inside her room. Joanna has long, sensuous legs leading to one of the finest asses ever to grace this school. The love of sports obviously accounted for the delight I derived from parting those firm, smooth thighs and enjoying the tastiest beaver I'd enjoyed in a good long while.

She soon discovered my meat and wasted no time in applying her skills to it. Intermittently stroking forehand and then backhand, she drove me wild as I furiously ate her pussy. Soon I simply had to get inside her and demonstrate my "strokes." My now-engorged member thrust mightily between those tanned thighs time and time again. Her juices flowed down my legs, and Joanna began shuddering in waves of orgasmic delight.

We both climaxed and lay together, catching our breath for a short while, when suddenly Ann, her roommate, walked in. Ann exemplifies the Southern California beach-babe type, except that she is ranked among the top female divers in the world. Her physique excites one as being turgid yet creamy soft; blonde and baby-blue-eyed, she truly warranted attention. She seemed relatively unperturbed about finding us in bed but put her books down and left the room. Joanna decided to shower and scurried off with a towel clinging to her shapely buns.

I wrapped a sheet around me and got up to gather my things. Ann returned to put on some music and relax. It took me several minutes to notice that Ann had no underwear on. As the sheet immediately in front of me rose, I managed to ask her about diving. She complained of tired and sore muscles, and I offered to massage them. One thing led to another, and soon I found myself exploring the firm flesh of her athletic body. She jumped in immediately, slowly tonguing my balls while stroking my shaft. My tongue wandered over her thighs up the leg and began nibbling her clit and major labial lips. Her hips began gyrating

CONTINUED ON PAGE 220

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is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Fidel firsthand

I read your interview with Fidel Castro in the December 1978 issue of *Penthouse*. I am of Cuban nationality, now an American citizen, and in the United States Navy. I am twenty years old and left the island in 1961, when I was three years old, with my mother and younger brother. About a year before we left the island, my father was taken prisoner along with some of his friends. My father's crime was "counterrevolutionary actions." What really made me angry about the article was one answer Castro gave the interviewer, saying that torture was not used in Cuba. To this I say *bullshit* over and over again.

My father, while in prison, knew of many incidents of fellow prisoners being tortured. I know of one incident that happened to my father, and while it could not technically be termed "torture" in the sense of the good old bamboo-sticks-under-the-fingernails trick, it was nonetheless brutal treatment, physically and psychologically.

In 1961, just before we left the island, my grandmother went on her monthly trip to the Isle of Pines, where political prisoners were kept at the time, to deliver some food and things to my father. She had the food, along with some photos of my brother and me, in a basket. She got inside the prison, and the guards went through all the procedures of search. To me, that in itself is degrading—to search an old woman. After finding the photos in the basket, the guard told my grandmother that she would not be allowed in with the photos. My grandmother is a very hardheaded woman, and she very politely told him that the photos were only of children and not an escape plan. By this time my father had been brought into the room and was watching the scene. As the guard went for my grandmother's basket, she pushed him away and told him that he should keep his dirty Communist hands off her and her basket, that he had searched it once and that was enough. The guard proceeded toward her and the basket once more, this time pushing her and taking the basket. My father, watching this, could not tolerate such insolence of the guards toward a lady, particularly his mother-in-law. He ran toward the guard, pushed him aside, got the basket, and gave it back to my grandmother. He told the guard to apologize to her, but meanwhile two other guards who had been watching came over and grabbed him. The guard he had pushed got up, grabbed his gun, and hit my father with it several times, causing three broken ribs and a bloody eye.

My father rose and again told the guard to apologize to my grandmother. Again the guard hit him with the butt of his rifle, and this time my father passed out. The other two guards picked him up and carried him back to his cell. My grandmother was sent home, with no information on his condition till much later. He never did receive medical treatment.

I agree that the past Cuban governments may have been very corrupt, but at least the people had their choice of where to live and eat, when to go out and where. You even had the right to become rich, if you had the right incentive and attitude—like Castro's own father, a bad example but an example nonetheless.

I have only one thing to say to Mr. Fidel Castro: "Man, did you pick the wrong side to help you in your so-called revolution!" I seriously believe that if he had sought assistance from the United States rather than from Russia, Cuba today would have been one of the wealthiest nations in the Western Hemisphere.

Penthouse should run an interview with someone in the exiled Cuban community in Miami, Fla. This way you can get the other side of the coin, because I, for one, am sick of listening to or reading about that unscrupulous monster. He is always telling lies about how well the revolution is going. If it is going so well, tell me why, after eighteen years, all of the following problems exist: food rationing, gasoline shortages, automobile shortages, clothing and housing shortages, and, last but not least, billions and billions of dollars' worth of debts to the Soviet Union.

Thank you, *Penthouse*, for allowing me to get this off my chest. Just remember: I could never have written this in Cuba and gotten away with it!—*F.S., U.S. Navy, Charleston, S.C.*

More on Minetree

Henry Minetree's interview with Joshua Nkomo (January 1979) caught my eye, as I spent several months traveling throughout Rhodesia last year. I was determined to see this country before it deteriorated, like Zambia and Angola, as a result of "liberation." I was amazed to find the country still quite intact and thriving, despite the pressures of sanctions and an ever-escalating war. The Rhodesian security forces, 80 percent black (and all volunteers), do a tremendous job of ensuring the safety of visitors and residents while traveling and sightseeing.

Joshua Nkomo is referred to as the "baby butcher" because his terrorists concentrate on soft targets, such as unarmed Afri-

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cans, missionaries, and children. The Matabeles, of which Nkomo is an offshoot, liken him to a "mambi," which translates as "cow." His following in Rhodesia is estimated at less than 10 percent. After Matabele tribal chiefs joined together to plead for an end to the war, they were thoroughly ridiculed by Nkomo for their efforts. The "animals" Nkomo mentioned in his interviews were apparently his own men. During my trip, terrorists burned an entire family alive in their hut and then emptied their rifles into the blazing structure.

It is obvious to a casual observer, although it appears to escape Minetree, that Nkomo is an Idi Amin in the making. He talks of education, while thousands of African children are deprived of schooling because his terrorists have forced the closing of their schools. He gloated over the downing of the Air Rhodesia plane like an obese, retarded child—seemingly proud that his men figured out how to use Soviet-made SAM-7 missiles. It was not Smith, but lucky survivors of this atrocity, who reported that the terrorists had slaughtered those who survived the crash.

And Minetree seems to think Nkomo has the makings of a leader.—*H. Koenig, Reno, Nev.*

I am an enthusiastic reader and longtime admirer of *Penthouse*, but I cannot allow Henry Minetree's "The Last Days of Rhodesia" (January 1979) to go unrebutted.

I do not consider myself an African expert, but I have lived and worked in Kenya, Zambia, Rhodesia, and South Africa for ten years.

In "Housecall" you state that Harry Minetree is "an expert on Africa." Nevertheless, as anyone who has lived in Africa will see, the inaccuracies and tabloid journalism throughout this article undermine the very real point that a very nasty, and for the most part, unrecorded war is consuming thousands of lives and spreading havoc on Rhodesia and neighboring countries.

Minetree's article is heavily biased. People's appearances, accents, and mannerisms were made fun of for no purpose. If it was intentionally done, it was vindictive. If not, it was just plain stupid. Ultimately, the lives of 7 million people depend upon the way the Western powers accept a transitory government (no matter whether Smith, Muzorewa, or Nkomo heads it).

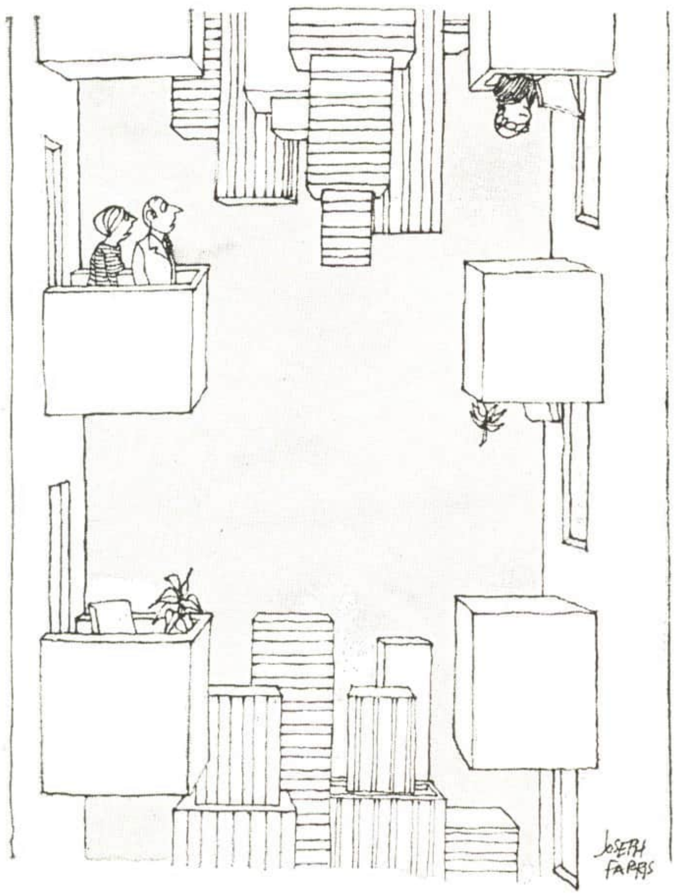
Minetree oversimplified the struggle for black enfranchisement as a black-versus-white affair. If he has influenced American opinion about Mugabe, then I hope he may closely cover the civil war that will follow the abandonment of any moderates. He actually overlooked the thousands of black capitalists who want no part of the Marxist state that Nkomo or Mugabe might bring. Although there is great disparity of income between the average white, Asian, colored, and black, there are actually more black millionaires than white in Rhodesia. Many of these people have foreseen the postindependence conditions in Zambia and consequently want enfranchisement.

Almost everyone Minetree interviewed in Rhodesia talked about the uncertainty of the future, but almost all recognized that civil war would come with a new government. Minetree briefly discussed the differences between Mugabe and Nkomo, and he indicated that the war of liberation started in 1972. Actually, the ZAPU and ZANU were formed in 1965 after UDI, and they were crossing into Rhodesia back then. The only trouble was that tribalism and interparty fighting killed more ZAPU and ZANU members than Rhodesians.

In 1974 Zambia actually threatened to expel both ZAPU and ZANU members unless they united to stop their fratricide. At no time during the war have the two armies fought side by side. Most of the whites in Rhodesia are fighting to keep ZAPU and ZANU battles outside Rhodesia. The threat of postwar retribution against whites is a real possibility, and Nkomo's soldiers did not dispel any fears when they retaliated against innocent white Zambians after Rhodesian security forces attacked Nkomo's camps in Zambia. Why did Minetree ignore the fact that 80 percent of the Rhodesian Army is black? So that audiences would wonder who is fighting whom?

I was glad, however, to see that Minetree interviewed Alan Savory. There are many Rhodesians who think like Savory and want to live peacefully in Zimbabwe. If that point of view had been stressed, the article would have been more balanced.

One ironic note is that neither the Rhodesian article nor the Nkomo interview will be read by many Africans black or white. The only two countries in eastern or southern Africa that I know of where *Penthouse* and similar magazines can be legally sold are Kenya and Swaziland.—*William Smith, Kodiak, Alaska*



"My goodness. Do you suppose it could have anything to do with the upheaval going on in China?"

Carter cracker

I picked up your February 1979 issue so that I could read your interview with Billy Carter, a man I have hated ever since he came into national prominence as the president's brother. After reading the interview, I can gladly say that my feelings about him have not changed one iota.

How can a man so vulgar and ignorant be looked upon with any admiration in this country? Any reasonably sensible person can see from this interview what a dumb hayseed he is. He contradicted himself throughout the interview. On the one hand, "brilliant" Billy says he doesn't feel that it is right for people who knew Jimmy Carter in Plains to capitalize on their acquaintance with him. But earlier in the interview he actually stated that he would stand in a cage to have people gaze at him if he were paid enough money.

It's about time our country woke up and realized how much money is being given to a hypocritical, boastful dummy. His outrageous comments and actions may be regarded by some as candid and uninhi-

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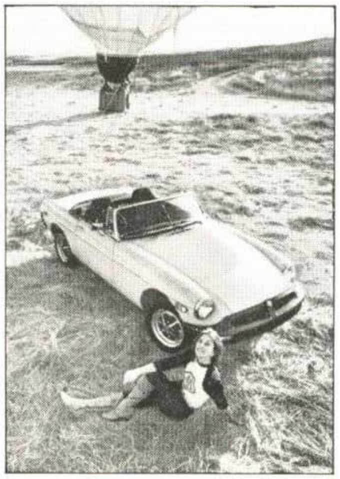

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bited, but to me they are just silly and likely to cause trouble. Let's hope that he decides to grow up a little.—*M. M., Shippensburg, Pa.*

Passive resistance

I would like to comment on your article "Future Weapons" by Michael Ledeen (February 1979).

The weapons discussed in the article appear to represent no more than a furthering in technical perfection of the weapons that exist today. The point I would like to make is that I do not believe it is inevitable that we must accept warfare as the only way of life. In accepting deadly weapons, we make ourselves slaves to those who control them.

It is my opinion that there is an alternative way of life—nonviolence. Those who control the central authority will lose their power if we do not cooperate with them. In relinquishing our conscience to those in power, we become accomplices in our own exploitation and the exploitation of others.

I feel that *Penthouse* should give equal time to proponents of a nonviolent way of life in order that your readers might be in a more informed position to make a choice.—*J. G., San Diego, Calif.*

Unwanted aliens

I must protest the ignorance apparent in the article "Why We Need Illegal Aliens" by Nick Thimmesch (January 1979).

As Mr. Thimmesch suggests, I am afraid of these illegal aliens and their descendants. As a skinny blonde kid from the farm, I had to run too many times from the Mexican gangs on the streets of Denver not to be afraid. I think they are here to take and convert. As I am something of a loner and a Protestant and a blonde, I have always been a target.

Today, I am in my fifties, and the Mexican alongside of whom I work would convince me of his superiority by showing me how he is capable of sabotaging my work. My response, according to him, should be to show respect for his self-proclaimed superiority. I was raised to believe in the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence, and I abhor discrimination—including reverse discrimination. That is why I fear these guys; they are intent on discriminating against me.—*Name and address withheld*

I am writing to rebut Nick Thimmesch's essay in favor of illegal aliens. Perhaps I am naive, but I thought that laws were made for a reason, and these laws should be followed. It appears that to break the law by entering this country and staying here illegally is all right according to Mr. Thimmesch.

President Carter wants all of us to conserve energy; yet aren't these hundreds of thousand of illegals helping to thwart our efforts? We have young people coming out of schools who need jobs of all kinds. Aren't these illegal aliens taking jobs—whether as painters or dishwashers—from U.S. citizens? The illegal aliens cost me and other Americans tax money by using our schools, hospitals, and other social services. They are a drain on society.

Living near me are some Colombian nationals who have become quite wealthy by selling cocaine. Does Mr. Thimmesch approve of these illegal aliens? Does he approve of their phony drivers' licenses and Social Security cards?

I sometimes feel depressed by what I see happening to this country. I feel helpless and am coming to the sad conclusion that my country is no longer mine. Did I spend my years of service in World War II only to be faced with the burden of the illegal alien? I have heard all the liberal arguments for the cause of the illegal alien before, and frankly I'm tired of them.—*L. R., address withheld*

Donegan's psychographs

I was very pleased with Frank Donegan's December 1978 psychograph, "Are You Christmas Prone?" As a counseling psychologist, I found this article on depression to be very thorough and useful.

I would like to reproduce this examination for use by my drug and alcohol counselors. We counsel members of the armed forces in Nuremberg, Germany, who for the most part are away from home and may suffer the holiday blues year round. Donegan's self-examination could prove beneficial as a measure of one's depression level. The comments on dealing with depression are very practical and useful. My compliments to Frank Donegan on his work.—*V. M., Department of the Army, Nuremberg, Germany*

I would like to comment on Frank Donegan's "Sexual Jealousy" psychograph (February 1979). I would like to offer a more realistic approach to jealousy, namely, as a growth nourished by one's own life experience. Recognition of jealous symptoms within oneself, like any other primal tendency, obviously would not come about if the emotions were inhibited. A simple practice of role-playing could help move the view away from the mirror and ourward through the window.

Suggestions about coping with one's own jealous actions would be welcome by the twenty-first-century man, who presently has enough neurotic symptoms, caused by his need for immediate gratification. The pattern of beginning questions with "Do you . . .?" openings, the suggestive phrasing in the introduction, and the "scoring" might lead one to believe the intent is ironical. The scoring placed most people taking the test within the jealous-character group. True graphic grouping might be viewed on a bell-shaped curve, plotting variances to both extremes of norm.

Reconciliation of one's present beliefs through a self-analytical quiz is not as simple as a "hike through the mountains." Though it can be a synoptical approach to self-realization, it tends to slide the underlying basis under the covers.—*C. G., Clifton, N. J.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210

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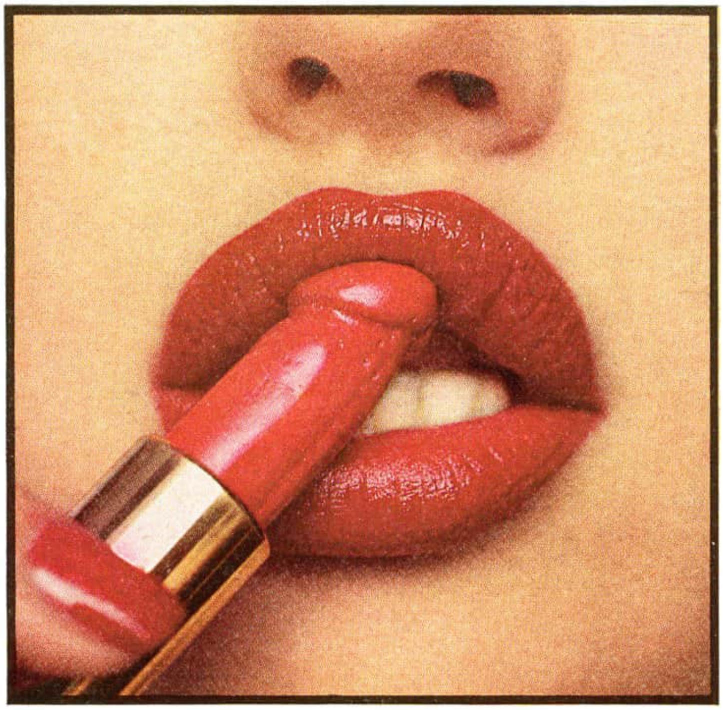
“I couldn't understand the phenomenon of voyeur husbands until I tried it myself—that is, I watched my young male lover screw my young female lover. Now I understand.”

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH



I'm writing this letter in response to your request for mail from voyeuristic wives. My husband, Mike, and I have a fantastic sex life. In fact, I'd often wondered what it would be like to sit back and watch him "in action" with someone else. We've both talked about our fantasies, and it has come up that he has always wanted to make it in a threesome. I'm sure he never dreamed it would really happen. Since we've been together, I've become pretty open-minded and sure of his love for me. So I figured one day that I'd do what most wives seldom do: help Mike to fulfill one of his fantasies—and in the bargain satisfy my own voyeuristic desires.

Mike is in the service, and at the beginning of the year he was away for several months. Our sex life was pretty active before he left, and so our letters and phone calls were fairly heated while we were apart. As soon as I found out when he was expected back, I started thinking of a really special homecoming. I called my friend Dawn and asked if we could get together and plan a real shocker for Mike's arrival.

I met Mike at the airport, and after our initial hellos and dinner I told him we'd been asked to stay the night at Dawn's and do some "welcome home" partying. Once at Dawn's, she and I put on our nightgowns and persuaded Mike to settle back and loosen up. After a while we were all pretty high. The room was lit only by candles. I can't say exactly how it all came to pass, but soon the three of us were all touching, kissing, and rubbing. I remember catching a look from Mike that registered shock and confusion, but one smile from me and he understood exactly what was going on.

By this time Dawn was ready for more than preliminaries, and I could tell by the huge bulge in Mike's pants that he was aching to get into someone! Dawn and I undressed him, and then, before he had the chance to wonder what to do, I just sort of eased them together and whispered, "Go ahead, baby, I just want to watch you fuck. You're so good to me—I want to see what you look like when you're good to someone else."

It's difficult to describe how I felt when I saw them embracing each other and was all the while aware that Dawn was feeling the way I usually felt. First, he just played with her breasts, biting them and sucking them, while she caressed his rock-hard cock. Then he slid down her belly and started licking her pussy. I nearly went crazy, and so did she. I'd always heard that people in the act of sex looked obscene and gross, but that's a big lie. I've never seen anything so sensual. Mike moved up on Dawn and slid his cock into her, and I could almost feel it in my own cunt as she moaned and pulled him farther inside. I got down between their legs and put my hand on their bodies where they were joined. With one hand on them and one on myself, I fingered myself to orgasm several times before I realized they'd moved around and were watching me.

By this time Dawn was on top of Mike, and while she was bouncing up and down, he was sucking and biting her breasts. Dawn rested her hand on my body and then began moving it around, exploring. At first I was tense, but as she continued to caress me, I began to really enjoy it. Here was a switch! This was all staged for my husband's benefit, and yet I was having the best time of all. Next thing I knew, Mike was playing with my tits and Dawn was between my legs. After that fantastic experience, I rolled over while Mike and Dawn continued to make love.

Since that time, Mike has been asking me to make it with another woman, and if the opportunity arises, I'll be glad to cooperate. After

---

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all, since I've helped him fulfill his fantasy, I've developed a few of my own.—S.R.

Voyeurism is supposedly a masculine art. How wonderful to learn that both sexes can play at this game! Actually, I'm not much of a voyeur myself, but after receiving so many letters from voyeur husbands, I began to wonder what the thrill was. I couldn't quite figure out the phenomenon of voyeur husbands until I tried it myself—that is, I watched my young male lover screw my young female lover. Now I understand. This is what happened.

I'm presently living with a young ballet student, and occasionally we get into three-ways with another man or woman, or both (but then it's called a four-way, of course). After a little foreplay one night, I feigned a headache and said I'd rather watch than actually participate. This surprised my lover, but he consented to make love with my girl friend for the night while I simply watched. Now of course I've watched him fuck other women while he's either fingered me or performed cunnilingus on me, but this was a totally different experience. As you described it in your letter, the best part was watching him shove his cock in and out of her pussy. I knew how he felt to her because I'd taken what he had so many times. My lover has a long, thin cock, and it can hit the spot like no other. My girl friend screamed with delight, and afterward she said the experience was doubly exciting because I was watching her get fucked by my own lover. When I heard that, I practically creamed in my jeans. Not only did I have to have my own lover right then and there (to show him that I was the better fuck, perhaps), but I also wanted to masturbate my girl friend. Somehow I just had to feel her up where my lover, only moments before, had made love to her.

Yes, S.R., voyeurism has its points.

PICTURE PERFECT

About eighteen months ago, our next-door neighbor suffered from extreme indigestion early one morning. Thinking it was a heart attack, his wife left Lois (my wife) and me her keys to lock the place up.

We went inside to turn off the lights and make up Don and Marcia's bed so that if he did come right back home, everything would be comfortable. As Lois slid her hand under the mattress, she felt a thick envelope. Out of curiosity, we opened it, since the seal had been broken earlier. Much to our surprise, it contained about forty or more nude photographs of Marcia, either alone or in sexual poses with Don and six or seven other men.

We sat down and went through them slowly. They must have been taken over a ten-year period and were all Polaroids. Several were casual shots of Marcia posing in the house. She was forty-four, and even the most recent shots (the different hairstyles gave away the time frame) were very complimentary to her full figure. She's about five feet four inches, with fairly large breasts, and I'd say she weighs about 140. We particularly loved the shots showing her performing sexually. At forty-nine, Don is obviously well endowed, as were the other men she posed with, although all of their faces had been cut out. Lois really got turned on by the pictures showing Marcia getting fucked by two guys at once.

That morning, on the floor of their bedroom, we had the wildest and best sex ever. We didn't bother to make the bed but replaced everything in its original position and locked up. No matter what, I don't think we'll ever admit to having seen those beautiful pictures.

Shortly after that incident, I got out our camera and shot an entire roll of Lois posing in the buff. Everytime we shot some pictures, we discussed getting someone to pose with her, as Marcia had. It was always a big turn-on, but it was only talk for about six or seven months.

Finally, one of us purchased a swinger's magazine and got the name of a guy named Sean. After a brief meeting, we set up a time for Sean to visit us for a picture-taking session. At first Lois felt awkward, but it took no time at all for Sean to get my very beautiful, sexy forty-five-year-old wife all worked up. I shot two complete rolls of film before joining the fun. Sean and I serviced and were serviced by Lois as she

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Since that time, we've met with one other man and a prostitute. Our question is, Do you think we should approach Don and Marcia, since their pictures were the initial impetus for our new life-style? If so, how should we go about getting together with them?—C.N.

You might try asking, but don't mention the fact that you know about their little photography hobby. Just say that you and your wife have gotten into taking erotic photographs. No doubt they're already searching for some new, low-pay, free-lance models. You and Lois should do nicely.

OPEN SESAME

I'm not writing with any specific problem but rather to encourage those women with a similar physical affliction. You see, I have what is known in some circles as a "cavern cunt." Believe me, I've suffered every insult known to women, from men of all shapes and sizes.

Luckily, I met the most wonderful man two years ago and have spent countless hours engaged in blissful sex with him and our "friends," as we call them. I met Dick at a singles bar, when he offered to buy me a drink. His crotch caught my eye as he stood before me, but what really struck me about him were his hands. They are huge, with very thick, long fingers (I've seen smaller cocks) and a light, downy hair on them.

We went to a motel later, and as we undressed, I felt the usual anxiety of one who has been the butt of cruel remarks too often. But upon seeing his cucumber of a cock and the lusty look in his eyes when he surveyed my athletic 36-23-35 body, I melted into his arms. As we kissed, he found my clitoris and laid me on the bed. I spread my legs, and his middle finger slid into my pussy. Instead of stopping and saying something cute or looking at me with awe, he just bunched his fingers together and began thrusting them in and out of me. All the while he kissed and licked my breasts, pausing now and then to nibble my nipples.

Then he ordered me to turn on my stomach. He picked me up to my knees, forcing my head down, and spread my legs as wide as he could. When I felt his fingers—all five of them—meet my pussy, I thought I'd faint, but initially he gently rubbed my sopping vulva. Slowly, he forced my lips apart and, working his hand in circles, crept into my cunt a fraction at a time. It was a little painful at first, but soon I was grinding my hips back against his hand. I exploded in a melting orgasm and collapsed on the bed from exhaustion. Dick wasn't done yet—he mounted me from the rear, sliding his thick cock up my ass and fucking me until he came in great, hot spurts.

Since that time I have been hand-fucked hundreds of times, with Dick almost always finishing himself in my ass. He has also brought me home cucumbers, huge dildos, and salamies. Sometimes I masturbate with one of these while sucking his cock. We have a beautiful sex life and are even thinking of looking for a like-minded couple to share in our unusual sex. I now love my beautiful, big pussy. Dick loves it, too, and I'm sure that other women who have a large vagina can also find a satisfying and understanding man.—L.F.S.

If some men are born with big cocks, then I guess it's true that some women are born with big vaginas. Unfortunately, a number of people think you've just fucked your way to such a big hole. Supposedly, unlike a big cock, a big vagina is something you "earn." But then, maybe not. I suppose it's possible to start out ahead in the game without ever having been up to bat.

A hand is nice, I'll agree, but somehow nothing quite beats the thrill of the real thing, namely, a hard cock. And I don't know how much fun it would be for a man to stick his organ into something that resembles the Holland Tunnel. Women can be given surgical tucks that tighten the vagina; after the birth of a baby, mothers often have this operation. Also, you might try exercising your vagina with my pen test. Try gripping a pen (ballpoint, please) with your vagina. If you can grip it tight enough to hold it there between your legs, well, that's a happy snapper. If not, try a small candle. If not that, a larger candle. If these objects keep falling out of your grip, you might try taking out an insurance policy on your lover—he's sure to fall out, too. However, practice makes perfect. Keep trying to pick up the little pen, and eventually you'll get the hang, or grip, of things.

GRADE-A SEX

I'm a twenty-year-old junior at a small Catholic college in upstate New York, and I'd like to share an incredible sexual experience with you. One afternoon, when I was doing some production work in our campus radio station, my roommate, Fred, came down to tell me that the dean of students had found out that we were the ones who had sabotaged the physics project another class had been working on. We had to report to her office immediately. The dean (I'll call her Ms. Smith) is in her mid-thirties. She is known as a strict disciplinarian, and she happens to have a lush 38-24-36 figure. Anyway, when Fred and I entered her office, she was sitting on her desk, her skirt raised above her knees.

Ms. Smith said that we could have two options. The first was expulsion and the second was a secret—the choice was up to us. We figured that anything was better than getting kicked out of school; so we chose option B. At that, she walked over to Fred and unzipped his fly. Needless to say, we were in shock. She knelt down and started sucking his cock. While she was doing Fred, I decided it was my turn for a little "punishment," and I lifted up her dress and started licking her pussy. My tongue

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

"Of course, you realize you're all washed up as a five-year-old!"

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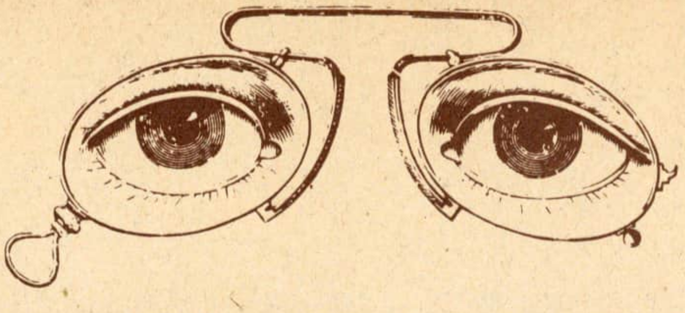


VIEW FROM THE TOP

IN DEFENSE OF DISCO

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

Though it's still the fashion in some quarters to deride disco as a fad, a folly, a brightly colored bubble that will soon burst and be forgotten, the fact is that the beat for the feet has now established itself firmly as the most important entertainment trend of the present day.

Disco music plays twenty-four hours a day on disco-oriented radio stations in every city in America. No less than 10,000 discotheques are currently in operation, and new ones are opening at the rate of twenty a week. Last year 37 million people spent at least one night in a disco, and a great many of those people saw *Saturday Night Fever* and bought the enormously successful sound track album by the Bee Gees.

Hard on the heels of these triumphs, everything has started to come up disco: from TV shows to TV commercials, from the Ice Follies to the roller rinks, from cruise ships to cruising bars. Even rock, that Gibraltar of modern music, has begun to sink under the new wave, commencing with disco-oriented hits by the Stones and Frampton. The real question, therefore, is not, Will disco last? but, Will anything else?

The enormous success of disco is not to be explained simply by its catchy, switched-on tunes or even by the heady atmosphere of the discotheque. Disco has been around nearly as long as rock, but never before did it play an important role in pop culture. The reason why disco has come to the fore recently is to be found in a complex of causes that constitute a whole new generational identity. Today's young people are rebelling, finally, against the passivity of the spectator role. Instead of ogling the TV screen or being steamrollered at a rock concert, the current generation wants to participate fully. Instead of watching the show, they would prefer to be in the show or simply *be* the show. That is the essence of participatory culture—the audience becomes the star. And why shouldn't it?

R. CHIRONNA '79

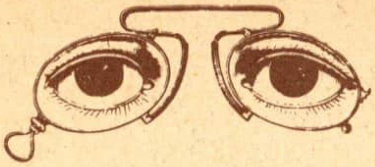
Everybody sees himself as a star today. That's both a cliché and a profound truth. Thousands of young men and women have the looks, the clothes, the hairstyling, the personal magnetism, the self-confidence, and the history of conquest that proclaims the star. The one thing they lack, talent, is precisely what is so conspicuously lacking in those hundreds of other, nearly identical young people whom the world has acclaimed (or been conned into acclaiming) as stars. Never before in the history of entertainment has the gap between the professional and the amateur been so small, nor ever before in the history of the world has there been such a rage for exhibitionism. The question for this generation is, therefore, What are we going to do with all these beautiful show-offs?

Disco provides the best answer to date. Every night the stage is set, the lights are lit, the audience is assembled, and the floor will clear magically for anyone who is really intent on getting out there and doing his version of John Travolta. That's what makes the modern discotheque so different from the traditional ballroom: the fact that the people out on the floor are really serious about their dancing and determined to do their thing—whether it be Fred Astaire, James Brown, or the whirling dervish—just as hard and far as their bodies will carry them.

Apart from providing an arena for narcissistic self-assertion, disco is emblematic of a radical shift in popular consciousness that occurred in the early 1970s and entailed a complete reversal of the philosophy of the 1960s. Instead of striving to escape from the modern world into a bucolic paradise that never existed, save in the mind of a Brillo-headed hippie, today's kids have decided to make their peace with the industrial society to which they owe their health, their wealth, their astonishing freedom, mobility, and ease of life. The grandma clothes and Tiffany glass have been put back in the antique shops, and people are now into living in industrial spaces and digging industrial objects. Nothing exemplifies this trend more vividly than disco, which is a supersophisticated electronic artifact. Call it the first shout of the twenty-first century.

People say that disco is simpleminded. Nothing could be further from the truth. Disco is simple, as any stripped down, streamlined, highly abstracted and compacted shape or idiom is simple. Beneath its surface simplicity, however, lies a remarkably subtle and complex amalgam of contemporary essences. The disco beat that throbs through every line of disco music is as ingeniously designed, as finely tooled and professionally manufactured, as the engine of a BMW. Its phallically probing bass line is from soul; its fast, flying tempo is from jazz; its thumping, mechanically insistent beat is from rock—the hallmark *ta-ta-tum* rhythm being the gallop, the rhythm of high times and high steppers. Disco music is not something that you are supposed to sit down and listen to head on. Disco is meant to be experienced subliminally, not so much in the mind as in the body and soul, which it exhorts ceaselessly to dance, dance, dance.

At the same time that disco proclaims modern man's newly celebrated marriage with the machine, it generates in many people a trancelike state of ecstasy that has distinctive religious connotations. This hypnotic-erotic trance is what every real disco dancer is seeking, whether he finds it in the dazzling



spaceship dance halls of the lavishly decorated disco palaces or in some bare factory loft or cast-concrete truck garage. Social dancing has always been likened to sexual intercourse. In this age of closed-circuit, masturbatory, vibrator sex, disco is simply the most natural way of getting oneself off in public.

What must be said in criticism of disco is that it is now entering a phase in which it will become just what its enemies have always blamed it for being: a mindless robot beat for robot feet. The highly mechanized and impersonal character of the art makes it a natural for the franchisers who would like to make the discotheque into the entertainment equivalent of McDonald's. Sad to say, this is the fate that awaits every form of art and entertainment in modern America. Jazz, rock, soul—what form of music hasn't been ground up, homogenized, and spewed out like machine-poured concrete? Pop culture is always just a step ahead of mass culture—which is no culture at all but merely the recycling of cultural waste products. The important thing to bear in mind is not the perils of popularity but the promise. Wherever there is money, energy, enthusiasm, and the perfect harmony between a creative idiom and its moment, there is a great opportunity for the creative imagination to manipulate the levers of the new esthetic machinery for purposes that transcend the merely commercial. Look what the British rock bands of the 1960s did with the adolescent idiom of rock.

Whatever the outcome with disco, whether it be a reduction of man to android or the discovery of an ecstasy like that once generated by the rhythms of the tribe, the fact is that no music, no theater, no cultural phenomenon of our time, has done a better job of transmuting the extraordinary energies of our day into the timeless joys of dance and song. Modern man, as Aldous Huxley divined, is really a sophisticated savage. Nothing befits him more than dancing in orgiastic route around the shrine of the Mighty Watt.

SCENES

THE NOBLE MINI-SERIES

When commercial television aspires to grandeur, the Tab-dark sea of mediocrity parts in deference to a force more sublime and more splendid in its dullness than anything man has ever wrought. Consider the mini-series.

Every year hundreds of novels are published in America. Only a few of these are so consummately bland as to become best-sellers. And only a handful of best-sellers possess that rare and precious emptiness on which television thrives. From this fortunate handful comes the crowning glory of corporate art: the noble mini-series.

What light and color are to painting, what rhythm is to poetry, what movement is to the dance, so length is to the mini-series. Television, in its wisdom, has always known that long art is good art. (Who among us dares to argue against the truth of this knowledge? Surely no one who remembers the five-part episode, proudly titled "5," with which "77 Sunset Strip" commenced its 1963 season.) Mini-series, which grow longer and more lavish with the passing of time, are the true monuments of television's dazzlingly nondescript glory.

It began in 1973, when NBC produced a four-part showing of ***The Blue Knight***, based on the novel by Joseph Wambaugh. It would have been easy to make a fine two-hour movie of "The Blue Knight." Ah, but to stretch those two hours to four—there lay the challenge. And television, refusing to sacrifice length for mere fineness, met that challenge quite admirably.

The following year ABC gave us Leon Uris's ***QB VII***. It was only three and a half hours long, however, and consequently merits little serious consideration.

ABC kept working at it, and in 1976 that network was responsible for the first big-hit mini-series, the twelve-hour ***Rich Man, Poor Man***. It was adapted from the book by Irwin Shaw. Mr. Shaw fashions a sort of literature from clichés, in much the same way that less ambitious members of his age group fashion little animals from match sticks. It is not surprising that his work lends itself well to television. "Rich Man, Poor Man" is memorable not only for its luscious length but also for the quality of its acting. Who among us can forget Nick Nolte's brilliant portrayal of a young man suffering from terminal unoriginality? Not I.

The immense success of "Rich Man, Poor Man" left all three networks with mini-series fever. In the fall of 1976, NBC began showing a different mini-series every week under the collective title "Best Sellers." First, we were treated to Taylor Caldwell's ***Captains and Kings***. Later came Anton Myrer's ***Once an Eagle***, Norman Bognar's ***Seventh Avenue***, and Robert Ludlum's ***The Rhinemann Ex-***

Roots II: Baby Alex aloft.

Irwin Shaw's *Rich Man, Poor Man*: terminal unoriginality.

change. But no one watched them. Some critics of the art contend that these mini-series failed because they were boring. The truth of the matter is that they simply weren't long enough. In any event, "Best Sellers" crapped out, and the future of mini-series looked—how do you say?—bleak. Little did the networks realize that more than 200 years ago, and many miles from Burbank, an African tribesman by the name of Kunta Kinte had laid the groundwork for the biggest mini-series of them all.

ABC had bought the film rights to Alex Haley's *Roots* two years before the book was published. CBS had achieved very good ratings with ***The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman***, and ABC probably figured that black-historical fiction was a comer. It is evident, however, that the network's faith in *Roots* was not too strong, for the resulting show was broadcast during the final week of January 1977, just before the crucial sweep weeks, when ratings determine advertising-rates for months to come.

The twelve-hour production of ***Roots*** became the most successful show in the history of television. The final episode emerged as the highest-rated program of all time, and every episode but the first ranks among the all-time top ten. Thanks to some very talented directors and writers, *Roots* was by far the best of the mini-series. But, inevitably, it bore the mark of television. When Ed Asner glowered in the role of Davies the slave-trader, one could not help expecting to see Mary, Ted, and Murray bounce through the door. And, in the first episode, when the mournful screams of a mother whose son had just been enslaved were answered within seconds by the voice of a sponsor who suggested the use of Ben-Gay for those times "when pain is at its worst," one's willing suspension of discomfort was truly taxed.

Refusing to let well-enough be, ABC brought us its fourteen-hour, $18 million-dollar ***Roots II*** this February past. The sequel ended with Alex Haley, played by James Earl Jones, writing *Roots*. Perhaps "Roots III" will begin with Alex Haley settling two plagiarism suits out of court, as he did only weeks before "Roots II" aired. From there the story might extend into the future, when Haley becomes the first black to walk on the moon.

Irving Wallace's ***The Word***, on CBS, was about the discovery of a lost Biblical manuscript. It could have been a great two-hour thriller, but, drawn out to four parts, it was unbearable in its slowness.

ABC's ***Pearl*** was a six-hour rehashing of *From Here to Eternity*. It was written and coproduced by Stirling Silliphant, whose best work had been done as a writer for "Mickey Mouse Club." The cast featured Tiana Alexandre, who is Silliphant's wife. The action footage was taken from the film *Tora, Tora, Tora!* The effect of all this was not unlike walking through mud.

ABC's *Pearl*: a six-hour rehashing of *From Here to Eternity*.

Irving Wallace's *The Word*: unbearable in its slowness.

In ***Greatest Heroes of the Bible***, NBC transformed Scripture into comic book. John Shuck, looking exactly as he had looked in the role of Enright on "McMillan and Wife," helped deliver the chosen people of Israel and of AFTRA.

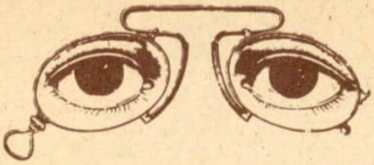
Lusting for the success of *Roots*, NBC presented to us a twenty-six-hour version of James Michener's ***Centennial***, which ran from October, 1978 to February, 1979. It was the largest project ever done for television, and it tallied-up to a cost of $30 million. Judging by the low ratings, we as a people did not seem too interested in the history of a Coloradan town. In our defense, we might point out that a twenty-six-hour film can not hold our attention with insipidity alone. Life is short, and wise men shall dedicate only so much of it to the viewing of Michael Ansara petitioning his Indian ancestors for guidance.

Centennial: TV's petit-saga.

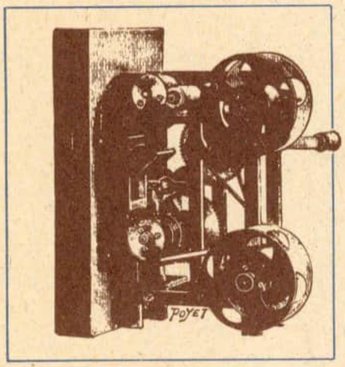
Centennial was a turning point for mini-series. There will not be another petit-saga of such length or excess, for the simple reason that *Centennial* failed miserably to recoup its cost. But the mini-series will linger. The networks speak with much enthusiasm of things to come. From CBS we can expect ***Robert Kennedy and His Times***, based on the book by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who seems to be enthralled in a pathological fondness for boring subjects. From NBC will come ***Brave New World***. ABC threatens to present an Indian version of *Roots*, starring Marlon Brando. And there will, rest assured, be more.

I think that mini-series will become less lavish as the ratings fall. Film will give way to cheaper videotape; episodes will be shorter. Fewer and fewer mini-series will be broadcast in prime time. In other words, mini-series will by and by become what God intended them to be—soap operas.

Yes, long art is good art. But, as Michelangelo knew, it isn't always easy.—*Nick Tosches*



FILMS



MISSING PERSON

Perhaps nothing you'll actually see in Paul Schrader's new movie, **Hardcore**, is so intriguing as the premise that doesn't quite materialize behind its story.

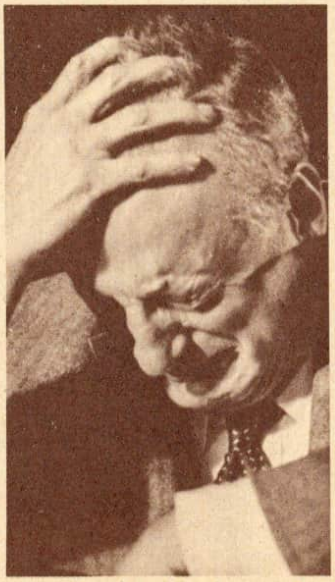
It would go like this. A midwestern father, a successful, sophisticated businessman, but strictly religious, sees his teenage daughter off to California to attend a church convention. A few days later he gets a phone call; the girl has disappeared. Despairing of any real help from the police, the man hires a private detective. After months of waiting, he is shown something by the detective. It is a clip from a pornographic movie. His daughter is its star.

Then the father enters the search in earnest. He leaves his business, goes to California, and begins a pilgrimage through the sexual underworlds of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, following the trail of the girl. He takes on a guide, a massage-parlor hostess for whom he must define his own beliefs. With her help, he finds his daughter—deep in a world of snuff-movies and sadomasochistic whoring. But he also finds something else. This subtle but rigid Calvinist, this true believer in predestination, discovers that he is not among the elect, that he has not been saved—and that his quiet, delicate daughter is in fact the sign of his damnation.

This isn't exactly how *Hardcore* develops. But for a movie that takes its religion seriously and that, despite its lurid potential, never really deals with sex so much as with the idea of sin, the premise seems an interesting possibility. The weak happy ending we actually do get is less interesting, less probable, less relevant to what is, after all, the story of a man (*not* the daughter; we scarcely even see her) who finds his world endangered—specifically in terms of the value system that had given it meaning.

Just what that value system amounts to you learn in the first ten or fifteen minutes of the movie. *Hardcore* opens with one of the loveliest main-title sequences I can recall seeing in American films. A snowy Christmas season in Grand Rapids, Mich. Kids on sleds. The front yards of those substantial middle-class houses they built maybe sixty years ago, with open porches and a homeliness that keeps verging on beauty because so much memory has been invested in it. Inside the houses the meals and the family gatherings are permeated with the domestic rituals of the Dutch Reformed Church—none of it softened or prettied up, but infused with a complexity of responsive feeling that nothing else in the movie matches.

It is from this world that Jake VanDorn (George C. Scott) has his only child, Kristen, run away. You never find out why, which I don't think much matters. But it does matter that we get such an unsatisfactory impression of what she runs *to*. Jake's pursuit is a personal odyssey, a journey essentially of self-discovery—as such a quest must almost necessarily be. But it is also a journey into another world. And to have a hero enter that world—the massage parlors, peep shows, adult bookstores—and then emerge without discovering much more than some local satire on dirty-movie making and a general notion that everyone down there is miserable is to have put him on the tourists' guided tour, not the real trip. *Hardcore* doesn't merely see the porn life as awful; it sees it as *contentless*. Even for a morality as tight as the one governing this movie, that isn't quite enough.



Scott as troubled father.

Two guides accompany Jake in his search. He tries to fire the first, Andy Mast (Peter Boyle), the private eye, when he finds him screwing an afternoon hooker in the motel room rented with his expense-account money. Andy returns nevertheless. He has to; he has the cynical know-how necessary for getting the job done. Jake hires the massage-parlor girl, Niki (Season Hubley), near the end of the search. She is of that world, not merely wise to it. She gains our sympathy with her own kind of authority and a certain amount of wit. Compared with her explanation of her religion, "Venusianism," Jake's defense of Calvinism and predestination sounds even crazier. She also has the pathos of her bleached-blonde hair, her fragile self-assurance. Niki becomes his surrogate daughter, the one he can talk to, the one who has as little personal taste for sex as he has, the one who can lead him to the deepest depravity—where Kristen has found asylum—because she's also been there, and the one whom he can, with just the slightest regret, cast aside when he prepares to take his real, all but faceless, daughter home with him.

Something about that rejection hurts more than it should. Not that it might not happen in real life; it just seems inadequate to the movie. A character who has had so much thinking bestowed on her shouldn't be dismissed with so very little ceremony. It suggests a serious imbalance in the screenplay. Considering who wrote and directed *Hardcore*, that raises some important questions.

Daily
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Life among the damned:

Paul Schrader, thirty-two years old, has been identified as the hottest new screen-writing talent for so long now that he could have the designation engraved in his letterhead—like M.D. or D.D.S. He has written some very impressive screenplays, especially *Taxi Driver* (1976) for Martin Scorsese and *Obsession* (also 1976) for Brian DePalma. Indeed, if you take the theme of redemption from sexual sin in the first of those movies and put it together with the story of a man's tortured search for a vision embodied in his long-lost daughter

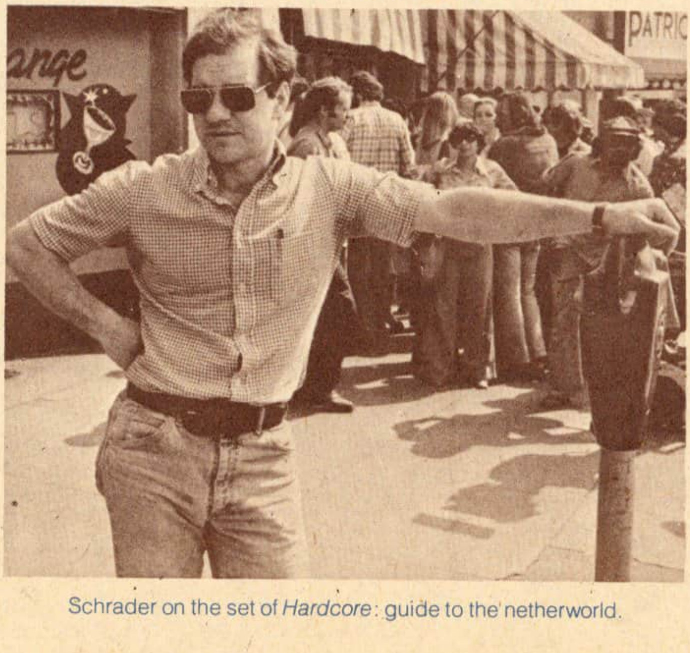
Hubley as porno actress.

in the second, you will have a fairly good preparation for what happens in *Hardcore*. *Taxi Driver* and *Obsession* are better movies. Scorsese and DePalma, at least so far, are better directors—with insights and feelings of their own to add to Schrader's ideas. In fact, Schrader's own movies—last year's *Blue Collar* and now *Hardcore*—look weakest in their screenplays, with glaring story-line lapses and discrepancies, as if he hadn't yet the skill, or maybe the desire, to cover for his own deficiencies.

But there's another kind of incongruity in Schrader, deeper and ultimately a part of why he is interesting. The man who a few years ago edited *Cinema* magazine and wrote the scholarly *Transcendental Style in Film* hasn't really left anything behind in making his own violence-drenched, sex-obsessed movies. They are still the work of a man in some measure more comfortable with thought than with action. What buttresses them remains a rather elegant, semisecret intellectual structure. The father-lover in the psychological mystery thriller *Obsession* finds his way with help from a whole range of architectural and cultural-historical references, including Dante's *La Vita Nuova*. For all I know, that medieval Italian poet's masterwork, *The Divine Comedy*, a spiritual journey conducted by the shades of Virgil and Dante's beloved Beatrice, may have furnished some dim model for Andy and Niki, Jake's two guides through the netherworld of *Hardcore*. That's an outside chance, but Schrader's mind seems to work in such ways. In any case, when you see one of his movies, you are very much in the presence of a mind working.

Near the end of *Hardcore*, when Jake has traced his daughter to the company of a notorious snuff-filmmaker named Ratan, he pursues a lead into a parlor specializing in sadomasochistic fantasies. He goes from one room, a torture-chamber dungeon, to another, a sort of white-tiled laboratory—and so on, until he finds his man and grapples with him to learn the whereabouts of Ratan. Finally, Jake, exasperated, throws the fellow against a wall. It collapses, a mess of plasterboard and pine. The same with the next wall and the next. The iron-barred stone dungeon simply rips apart into the lobby, where the front-office dominatrixes greet their new customers—and the whole sequence becomes a wild, almost comic catharsis as the avenger creates real-life rubble out of so much shadowy substance.

It is one of the movie's high points, complex, energetic, tremendously exciting. But it is above all a mental construct—or rather, the intellectual working out of a particular moral point of view. You can't separate what the movie is "saying" about bought sex from what the distraught father is doing to that fantasy-life stage setting. And so long as you can't separate thought from action, *Hardcore* is exactly the movie it ought to be. Most of it isn't so good. But for that sequence it does indeed discover a nightmare to shatter under the combined weight of Calvinist doctrine and winter afternoons in Grand Rapids. Nothing else between its beginning and its climax creates as much excitement or even makes as much sense. But at those moments, when Schrader's camera seems an extension of his thinking, *Hardcore* comes fantastically alive.—*Roger Greenspun*



Schrader on the set of *Hardcore*: guide to the netherworld.

WORDS

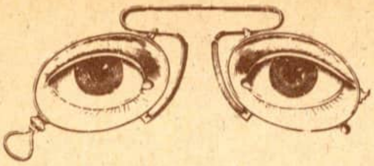
BIG AND GAUDY

They are called coffee table books. Sometimes nonbooks. They are not for reading—at least, not exactly. They are never novels and are seldom regarded as *serious* efforts in any other class of writing. They are often expensive. And they represent a mixed bag, if ever there was one.

Hostility toward big, handsome books is an American cultural law of magisterial authority. It is really a form of cultural puritanism. The general proposition is that it is all right to enjoy—to luxuriate, even—in rich and evocative language. It is considered admirable to take to the recliner with, for instance, *The Coup*, John Updike's sensational new novel, or *Elmer Gantry* or *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

But what of the rest of literature? What, in particular, of all the nonfiction that now plays a dominant role in U. S. book publishing? It is certainly not Updike or Balzac. But its very popularity suggests that it offers things slighted or ignored entirely by those who seek to define "literature." One does not read Balzac all the time, any more than one subsists exclusively on caviar or oysters on the shell. The stuff would be too rich, too demanding of the digestive tract or of the brain pan, even if it were available in unlimited quantities at affordable prices.

Which brings us to those objects of derision, the coffee table books. Below a certain level of literary



In a Polish Synagogue, by Isador Kaufman: from *Wanderings*.

felicity—namely, the very highest—gewgaws are as likely as not to enhance the enjoyment of the read and to enhance, for another heresy, the reader's comprehension.

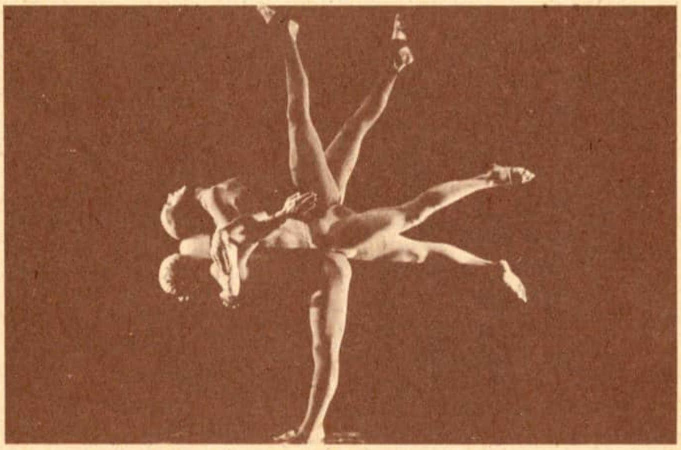
Two contrasting examples lie at hand. J. D. Fage is one of the eminent living authorities on what used to be called the Dark Continent. His ***A History of Africa*** (Knopf, $17.95) is a sweeping, often exhilarating survey from 1,500,000 B.C. (when the first known hominids were wooing, feeding, and bashing each other in the Olduvai Gorge) to the 1970s (when the tag ends of colonialism were mostly phased out). The book has twelve modest maps and eight pages of illustrations, all clustered together between pages 310 and 311. Fage is a better than decent writer, but his book is often as not a grim read. When it fails to fly, it plods, and it sometimes seems to be hitchhiking.

Now consider ***Wanderings: Chaim Potok's History of the Jews***, also from Knopf and flagged in for $17.95, an astounding price when one considers its 431 glossy, oversized pages and its hundreds of illustrations. Potok is a better writer than Fage, though not always. He is a novelist, not a historian. While most complaints about his methodology appear frivolous or sectarian, he obviously lacks the command of material that Fage has on the subject of Africa.

Yet what a difference the gewgaws make! Under precisely the same compulsion to master both volumes, I find *Wanderings* a romp, a joy, and, when the going gets heavy, a more deeply felt experience than *Africa*. One of the more persuasive complaints with *Wanderings* is that its illustrations are too often taken from the cultures through which Judaism transited—that they are of Greeks and Egyptians and Spaniards and so forth, rather than of Jews or Jewish subject matter; this seems true enough to warrant saying, though the alternative might have been a great many prayer shawls and phylacteries. My point is that the gewgaws help a long read, even when they represent a compromise in their subject matter. When a book gets too heavy to read in bed, as Fage's is, let's have pictures and the rest, even if they jack up the cover price six or eight dollars.

But there is more to coffee table books than language requiring illustration. Often as not, the shoe is on the other foot, and such text as appears is needed by way of explanation. Consider ***Pilobolus*** (Random House, $9.95 in paper), with photos by Tim Matson, a collection of pictures of a four-to-six-person dance group that came into existence at Dartmouth College nine years ago and has been bouncing toward fame and fortune ever since. I haven't seen Pilobolus dance, but Mr. Matson's photos seem to me to succeed so splendidly because they transcend dancing. They are pictures of human sculpture, of bodies frozen in millionths of a second, their elegant movements suspended. There is progression here, but it is a stately progression, not the Keystone Kops effect to be had when a still photographer tries hopelessly to keep up with a group of dancers. Matson has triumphed because he has accepted the limitations of his art and built a technique around them. Only a few hundred words of text accompany Tim Matson's photos. They seem perfectly adequate, doubtless a victory for an editor's impulse toward restraint.

Joseph Sudek is one of the half-dozen imposing founders of modern photography. Yet, because he was a Czech who lived through the torments of his troubled country, his work is little known in the West. ***Sudek*** (Potter, $25), by Sonja Bullaty, is a gorgeous, if necessarily partial, remedy of all that neglect. Sudek took moody, gentle pictures, whose range of subject matter seems immense even though it seldom features humans or other animate objects. He loved, one can see, the texture of things and the play of light. A most delicate man. It is easy to forget—in this case, almost to forget—to mention that he had only a left arm, having lost the right arm in combat in World War I. Photography is very much a manual art and was even more of one in Sudek's earlier days. It is easier to forget his handicap than to explain his success despite it.



Tim Matson

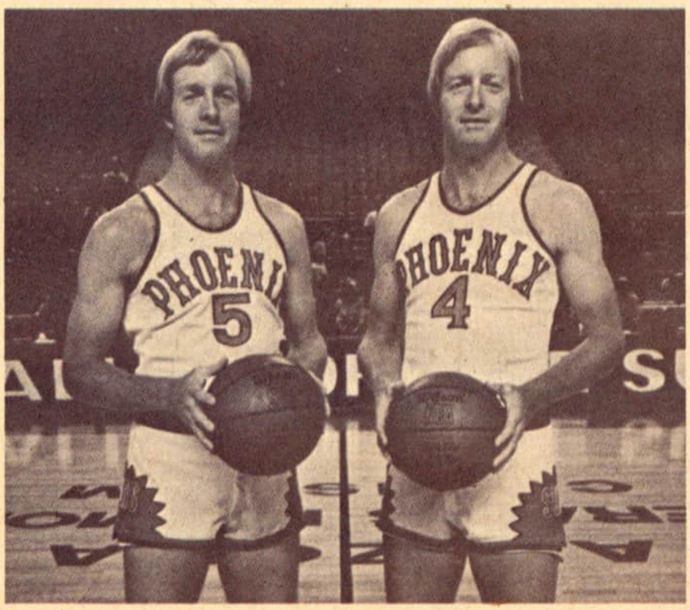
Pilobolus: pictures of human sculpture.

With ***Stravinsky in Pictures and Documents*** (Simon & Schuster, $35) we strike a true and egregious coffee table book. It is 688 oversized pages whose outside margins stretch to two and three-quarters inches. There are scores and scores of illustrations of every kind and quality. My favorite shows Stravinsky at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. He is standing, his arms crossed, in front of a self-portrait of Vincent van Gogh. The index, which is very comprehensive, indicates that this was the composer's sole connection or association with the expressionistic painter. Stravinsky's widow, Vera, and his longtime shadow and ghostwriter, Robert Craft, coauthored this monstrosity. Their subject is, perhaps, the most formidable composer of the twentieth century. He deserves every attention and respect. But no one deserves the exploitative sycophancy that defines this swollen hulk of a book.

It is a pleasure to turn from it to ***Temples of Convenience*** (St. Martin's, $5.95, in paper), by Lucinda Lambton, which is a knowing and luxurious photo presentation of the WC and its predecessors. As one who finds latrine humor noxious and scatology tiresome, I was surprised to find Ms. Lambton's survey of the conveniences of the British Isles so fetching. She takes us from the communal latrine at the Roman fort at Housteads right up to yesterday, but the impressive productions are at least somewhat dated. Queen Victoria's water closet in the 1869 Royal Compartment of the London and North-Western Railway is sumptuously photographed, for example, and gives one a new sense of the way royalty lived and traveled. An Irish pot bottoms out with a portrait of Gladstone, prime minister and foe of home rule—after which Jimmy Carter on a dartboard seems a derivative and minor way to make a strong political statement. An undated "Patent Non-Splash Thunder Bowl" features an unblinking human eye at its perigee. It is also a music box that offers a soothing concert when its lid is lifted.

The spookiest book I've seen in a while is ***Parallels: A Look at Twins*** (Dutton, $17.95; $9.95), with photos by Harvey Stein. Stein offers page after page of identical twins, side by side and eerily alike. The youngest are infants, the oldest two Irishmen of seventy-one who have never married and sleep in the same, sparse bed. Ted Wolner, himself a twin, contributes a knowing, somewhat anguished text. The enterprise is, if you want to see it that way, another reminder that pathology lurks everywhere. A twin named Peter is quoted as saying: "I treasure my middle initial because it is different than Paul's." And I always thought it would be nice to have somebody to swap clothes with.

If my own coffee table survives the credit crunch without repossession, I plan to feature two quite different books on it. One is ***Imperial China: Photographs 1850–1912*** (Pennwich/Crown, $22.50; $12.95), with texts by Clark Worswick and Jonathan Spence and a forward by Harrison Salisbury. This is another of those splendidly creaky studies of the artifacts and subject races of colonialism. There is, alas, small grandeur in the book but much to amaze. Beside it will go ***The Nelson A. Rockefeller Collection: Masterpieces of Primitive Art*** (Knopf, $30), photographed by Lee Boltin, with a text by Douglas Newton, a forward by Andre Malraux, and an introduction by Rockefeller. As the credits indicate, the book starts ponderously, demonstrating that the justification of enormous profits is a mind-numbing enterprise. But the collection is stunning, and it is magnificently presented between these pages. There have been complaints that the book is too theatrical, with its pots and figurines too brilliantly staged. Since the only way *really* to see them would be in a mud hut or a goatskin tent, I find such lamentations rather silly. This is a beautiful Book.—*Patrick Owens*



Harvey Stein

Parallels: a reminder that pathology lurks everywhere.

SOUNDS

OUTLAWS AS IN-LAWS

"Don't you think this outlaw bit's done got out of hand?" asks country singer and outlaw ringleader **Waylon Jennings** on his recent album *I've Always Been Crazy* (RCA). Well, yes. Ol' Waylon figures things got out of hand about the time of his celebrated cocaine bust, but the fact of the matter is that outlawry has become so fashionable in Nashville that everybody's treating the outlaws like in-laws. When George Jones, the high priest of barstool country and one of the Nashville establishment's cornerstones, asked outlaw **Willie Nelson** to sing on one of his albums not too long ago, the game was just about over. An even better indicator is the national country music best-seller charts, where the *Waylon & Willie* album (RCA) was succeeded by Willie Nelson's *Stardust* (Columbia), which was succeeded in turn by *Willie and Family Live* (Columbia). These outlaws haven't just robbed the bank; they've installed themselves as board chairmen.

Two separate phenomena are involved here. One is the triumph of a harder, rougher, more outspoken brand of country music over the slick and sometimes bland Nashville product of the sixties and early seventies. One reason why it's happened is that the country audience now includes a great number of people who grew up on rock 'n' roll, people with more urban cultural values who are immune to massive infusions of corn pone.

Another reason for the outlaw hegemony is that an entire generation of artists whose personalities and tastes ran against the grain of Nashville tradition—artists like **Johnny Paycheck**, whose bouts with liquor, drugs, and prison make him an eminently believable outlaw—has struck a responsive chord with the hard-core country audience. Working-class white folks, buffeted by skyrocketing inflation, living in a time of crumbling values, feeling competition from a rising black underclass, puzzled and alienated by big government and cynical about corruption, are beginning to feel that perhaps they're mavericks, too. When Waylon Jennings sings, "I've always been crazy/ But it's kept me from goin' insane," or Paycheck defiantly trumpets, "You can take this job and shove it," they're expressing widespread, deep-rooted rebellion.

Wide World Photos

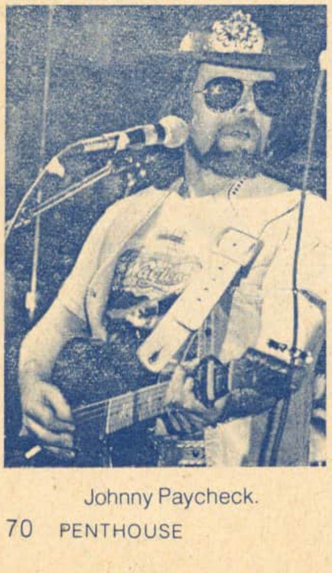
Waylon Jennings.

But the most striking aspect of the whole outlaw phenomenon is the personal triumph of Willie Nelson, an extraordinary singer, songwriter, and musical innovator who has emerged from twenty years of hard knocks and honky-tonks to become the undisputed commercial king of country music. It's easy enough to see why Nelson is considered an outlaw. He wrote some enduring country standards as long ago as the fifties and early sixties—"Funny How Time Slips Away," "Night Life," "Crazy"—but he couldn't get his own recording career off the ground; folks in

Nashville didn't like his flatly conversational singing, and Willie's records were so overproduced that they sounded like somebody else.

Eventually Nelson went back to Texas, his home state, to play the honky-tonks. When young Texas longhairs began listening to country music, he was right there. He threw a series of "picnics" that turned into full-scale outdoor country and rock festivals, grew his hair long, and began sporting hippie clothes and headbands. And he began recording a stunning series of albums in Texas and even in New York City, not in Nashville.

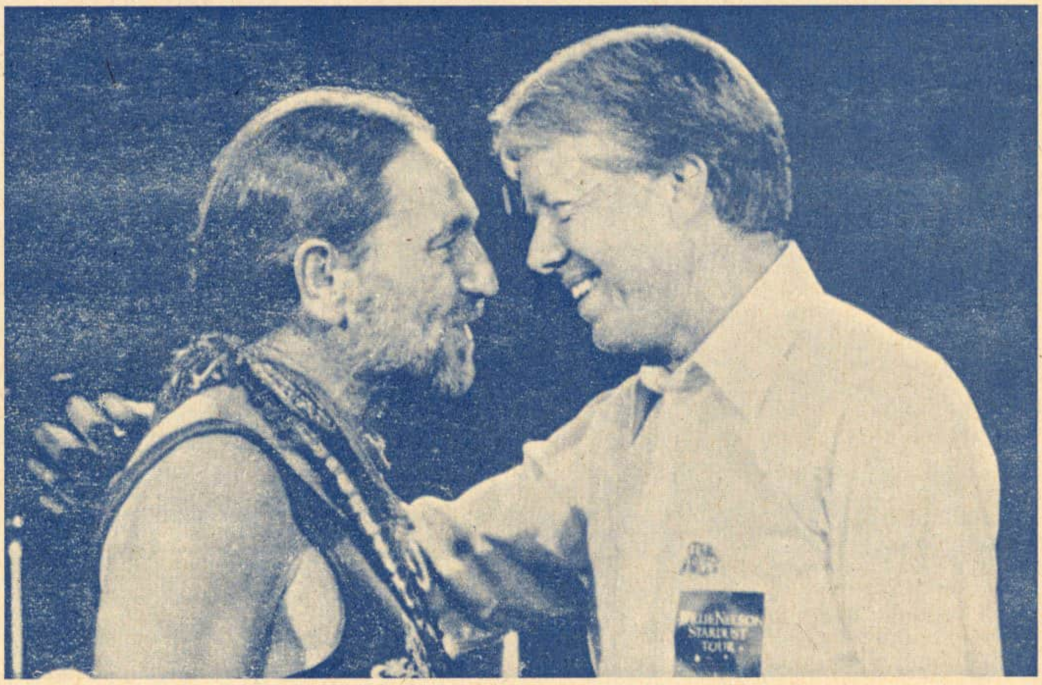
Nelson's last Nashville LP, *Yesterday's Wine* (RCA), sold disappointingly, but it was a thoughtfully unified concept album and a harbinger of things to come. During the early seventies he recorded two albums for Atlantic, *Shotgun Willie* and *Phases & Stages*, which sold much more handsomely and finally launched him as a nationally known performer. But it was *Red Headed Stranger*, cut in Garland, Tex., in a day and a half in 1975, that really made Nelson a star. It's a positively brilliant album, with an underlying thematic unity and a savvy mesh of country, blues, and pop stylings. Nelson put it out on his own Lone Star label, letting CBS distribute it, and it became the first platinum (1 million copies sold) country-and-western album in CBS history, but not before *The Outlaws*, a similarly successful collaboration between Willie and his old friend and fellow Texan Waylon Jennings on RCA, hit the million-seller mark.



Michael Putland/etna

Johnny Paycheck.

The Willie Nelson style is heavily rooted in American verities. For one thing, few listeners are aware that it is directly descended from western swing, a country-jazz hybrid that flourished in Texas and Oklahoma from the thirties through the fifties. As played by bands like Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys and the short-lived but influential Milton Brown and his Musical Brownies, western swing deftly combined the old-time, hoe down fiddle tunes that the first Texas settlers brought from farther east with influences from black blues, hot jazz solos, Tin Pan Alley tunes, and echoes of Mexican music. Western swing musicians listened carefully to performers as diverse as swingmaster Benny Goodman and blues singer Tampa Red, and this is the tradition Willie Nelson is carrying on. How else can one explain his *Stardust* album (Columbia), which consists of very personal renditions of standards like "September Song" and "Blue Skies," with jazzy, improvised solos from Mickey Raphael's keening harmonica and Nelson's guitar? For that matter, how else can one explain Nelson's singing, which combines a straightforward, almost speechlike delivery with a sense of shading derived from blues and a fondness for lazy, behind-the-beat phrasing that Nelson himself attributes to a continuing fondness for Frank Sinatra?



Wide World Photos

Willie Nelson with admirer: the undisputed commercial king of country.

All these influences fall into place on *Willie and Family Live*, a two-record retrospective that was taped in performance in Las Vegas and is almost a live anti-album. At times Nelson sings so personally and informally that he seems to be talking, and the musicians, who have been with him for years, are not afraid of playing wrong notes or making clumsy transitions in their attempts to follow his mercurial muse. The songs aren't dressed up in any way. They're rendered straight, as songs, unadorned by dramatics or flashy licks, and the result is that they're either plain or profoundly moving, depending on one's point of view.

Johnny Paycheck makes a brief guest appearance on the album, singing "Take This Job and Shove It," and Nelson remarks, "Now you talk about an outlaw!" Willie certainly earned his outlaw spurs by fighting the system and winning, but in terms of musical style and content, Paycheck and Waylon Jennings more accurately fill the bill. Paycheck's most recent album, *Armed and Crazy* (Epic), is a good example of Nashville's resilience in the face of the outlaw onslaught. The album was produced by Nashville veteran Billy Sherrill, but the music is raw, honky-tonking country rock 'n' roll. Jennings's self-produced *I've Always Been Crazy* was also recorded in Nashville. The sound is lean, stripped-down country rock. It owes something to Nelson's minimalism, but it's much closer to, say, Buddy Holly, in whose Crickets Jennings briefly played during the fifties and whose hits are revived on Waylon's album in a tough, affecting medley.

Rock 'n' roll was always an outlaw music in the context of the traditional southern and southwestern culture from which it sprang; and if any contemporary country music deserves an outlaw tag, it's music like that of Jennings and Paycheck. Let Willie Nelson call himself an outlaw if he wants to. The fact is that his personal style and exceptional talent make him unique.—*Robert Palmer*

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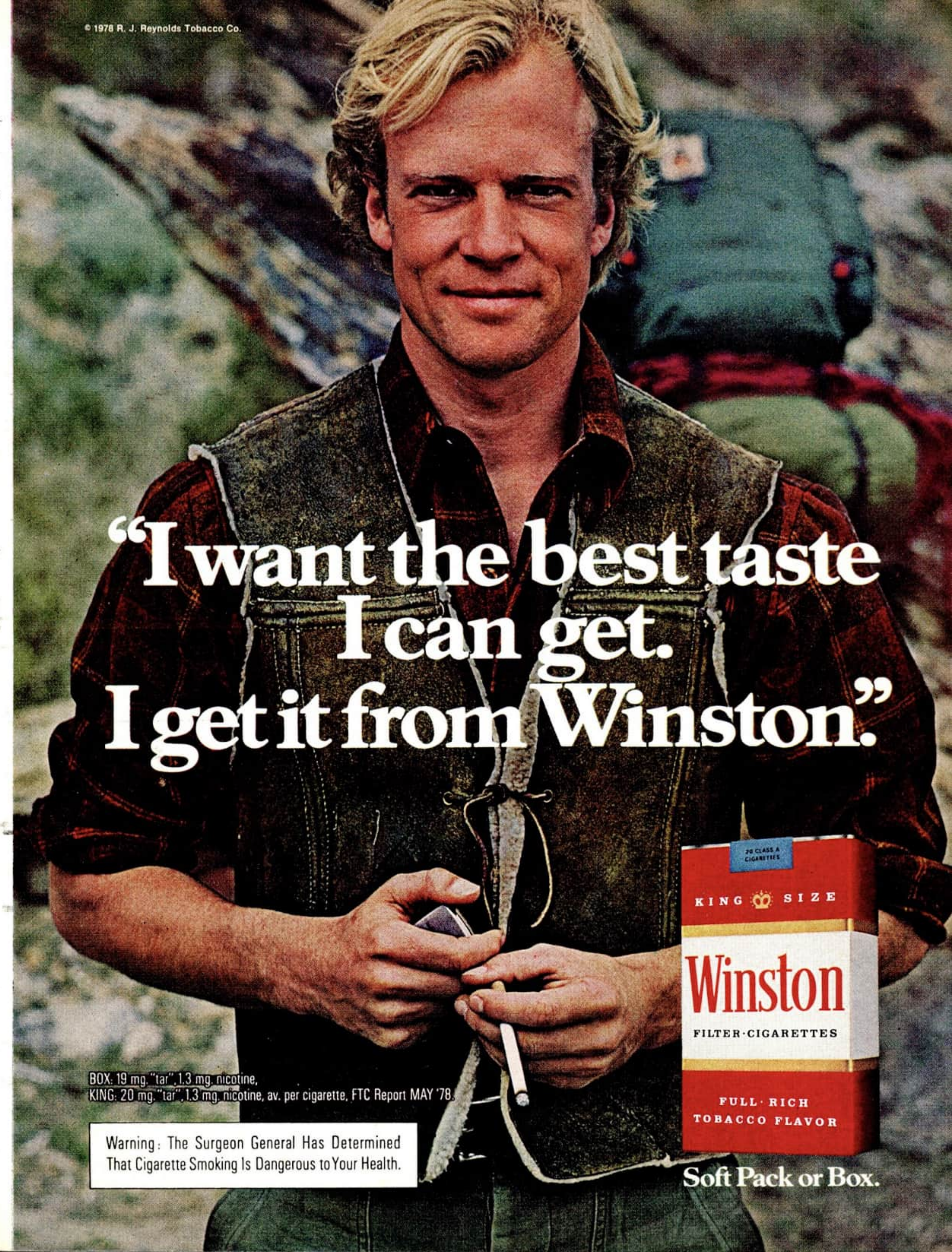

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Northern industry, with the help of southern collaborators, is destroying the South and buying the southern worker at bargain-basement prices in modern-day slave markets

THE SOUTH WILL FALL AGAIN

BY FRED POWLEDGE

More than a century ago, the military and economic might of the northern United States was unleashed against the southernmost states in a bloody civil war. A lot of Americans were taught then, and are still being taught, that it was a holy war against the clearly recognized evil of slavery—that the crusaders from the North were concerned solely with freeing thousands of blacks whose families, futures, bodies, and very minds had been enslaved by the corrupt southern system.

Slavery had a great deal to do with the war, to be sure, and was worth fighting about. But we tend to overlook another, less worthy motive that some students of the period also ascribe to the North and that may, in fact, have even taken precedence over slavery in the minds of many of the crusaders: a desire, strong enough to make war over, to beat the South to a bloody pulp in order to take advantage of the entire region—to effect its economic enslavement.

The Southland of a century ago was a place rich in natural and human resources, a place whose red clays and black topsoils and golden sea islands and extravagant sunlight produced crops that northerners wanted but could not grow and contained minerals that the North needed but could not mine. It should not be surprising, then, to learn that southerners of those days, and even some of their grandchildren of today, saw the North's great crusade as tinged by more than a bit of hypocrisy.

It is happening again now. The question of human slavery is gone with the winds of more than a century, but the issues of economic and social exploitation remain. Northern-based industry and business (and, increasingly now, wealthy businesses and multinational conglomerates from overseas) are buying the southern environment. They are taking the southern land, the mountains, the seashore, as never before, and they are strip-mining it, exhausting it, erecting fences around it. They are depleting the water tables and fouling the streams and rivers and skies. They are buying the southern worker, white and black, at bargain-basement prices in modern-day slave markets run by compliant southern governments and euphemistically called "vocational" and "technical" colleges.

These outsiders are, in fact, receiving a great deal of help from state and local governments in their efforts to strip into exhaustion both the land and the bodies of the people who work on it. Public tax monies pay for efforts to keep that terrifying word *unionization* from intruding into the vocabularies of many parts of the region. Local governments invite exploitative industries with promises of deferred or abated taxes—which could have been used to improve the welfare of the people of the region, who badly need such improvement. State judges and administrators routinely deny the southern worker the most elementary forms of compensation for lives, limbs, and lungs lost in the service of far-off boards of directors of textile mills and coal-mining combines. Organized religion, which remains an important component of many southerners' lives, may be found in the pay of the exploiters. Spies and collaborators were among the southerners in that *other* civil war, too.

The degree to which some southern politicians, educators, bankers, realtors, churchmen, and assorted promoters sell out the region of their nativity is scandalous, but the chief exploiter of the modern-day South remains the nonsoutherner. It is not difficult, in fact, to see the situation as some kind of a new civil war.

It is as foolish to generalize about southerners as it is about any other ethnic group, but it may be said that a notably high percentage of the region's population is tolerant of what business and industry do—tolerant, in fact, to the point of gullibility. That tendency has been true for decades. It has to do with southerners' basic awe of one another's property rights, and it has a lot to do with the historical poverty of the region. Southerners have been so economically deprived for so long—since well before the earlier war—that they have been pathetically and understandably eager to take whatever is offered to them in the name of "economic progress," even if it is progress achieved at the expense of human lives and the destruction of the environment.

So far, the exploiters have been winning. But just as in the earlier conflict, impassioned opposition to the foreign intruders and to the collaborators and spies at home has formed among the southern ranks. The militants are thoroughly outnumbered, but they are far from dismayed, and they have never been stronger. One gets the impression, when one talks with them, that they think of *them*selves as engaged in some sort of a holy crusade against the forces that would ruin their homeland. They know that outside industry, having built, desecrated, and finally abandoned the industrial slums of the North and Midwest—the Fall Rivers, the Garys, the Jersey Cities—has no compunction about doing the same with Norfolk's vast tidewater fortune or with Georgia's brooding Marshes of Glynn, the wild and primitive Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee, the Allegheny Mountains of West Virginia, the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina.

Those who have vowed to fight this civil war against the outsiders from the North know that the South is a delicate organism. Both its environment and its people are increasingly subject to modern pressures that could erode its identity. Nobody has ever been able to explain just what that southern identity is, but it is fairly correct, if an oversimplification, to say that the two biggest treasures of the region are its physical environment and its people. If either of them was taken away or seriously altered, as those who exploit the South would surely do, the South would cease to exist. It would become another Fall River, another Gary, another Jersey City.

> “Developers have descended on the South in droves, ruining the lives of those who were there first and closing off whole islands to the general public.”

The list of ways in which the Southland and its people are being exploited is limited only by the promoters' ideas about how to turn a fast buck. Here are some of the more prominent ones.

The first is strip-mining, in all its manifestations and variations. This is one of the most obvious and depressing ways in which the southern environment is profaned. It is practiced wherever the corporate mind perceives a need for what lies under the soil and wherever local opposition can be overridden, bought out, intimidated, or co-opted. But it is at its worst in the southern mountains, where almost half of the nation's coal is produced.

According to one estimate (in which Appalachia is broadly defined as the high ground from southern New York State to northern Mississippi), the region has 81 percent of the land in the nation that has been "disturbed" by strip-mining and then left unreclaimed. It also contains three-quarters of the nation's areas that are prone to mine subsidence and more than 93 percent of the total miles of streams damaged by the acids that drain out of mines.

The word *raped* is often used to describe the condition of much of the southern highlands where minerals are found, and it is hardly an exaggeration. Mining and land-development companies own property or mineral rights on great portions of the elevated land, particularly around the Cumberland Mountains in eastern Tennessee and Kentucky, and they strip-mine it mercilessly. They have intimidated landowners who preferred not to sell to them; and once they have gained control of the land, they have methodically proceeded toward the morally outrageous goal of tearing mountains apart.

They dynamite the tops and sides off the hills, caring little that the explosions damage homes below. The resulting landslides block highways and, more important, streams, from which much of the Appalachian population gets its drinking water. Acids from the operation pollute the water as well. The "overburden," which is the name the strip miners use for the upper layers of soil that stand between them and the coal they seek, is thrown down the hill. Huge draglines—machines that resemble toy steam shovels but are as big as movie houses—are brought in, and they steadily scrape everything out of the earth that is in their way.

The process causes horrible erosion, and farmers who have retained the bottomland (which the coal companies don't want, since it doesn't bear coal) have found that they can't work it anymore. The streams there become more prone to flooding, and in some cases silting has filled in the stream beds and caused them to rise. As a result, a farmer who once owned twenty acres of workable bottomland may find that he now owns twelve or thirteen.

A new federal reclamation law requires miners to restore land that is stripped (but not that which was ruined before the law's enactment), and there have been reports that the larger strippers have been obeying it. But huge segments of the Appalachian environment have been ruined, and some wildcatters are ignoring the rules.

Through widespread underassessment, the coal companies pay far less than their fair share in real-estate and other taxes, thus contributing to the poverty of the region and the inability and disinclination of state and county officials to provide adequate health and educational programs for the people. In fact, it has been charged that the strip miners would be happy if there were no people in the mountains at all. Strong backs were once in great demand when coal was taken (as it still is in some places) from deep mines. The coal companies despised the workers, but they needed them; so they tolerated them. Strip-mining can be done by a handful of people; so now the companies think of humans as just additional overburden to be stripped away.

One giant in the field of strip-mining is AMAX, Inc., which used to be known as American Metal Climax, Inc.—an odd name likely to be remembered by New Yorkers who go to and from their Rockefeller

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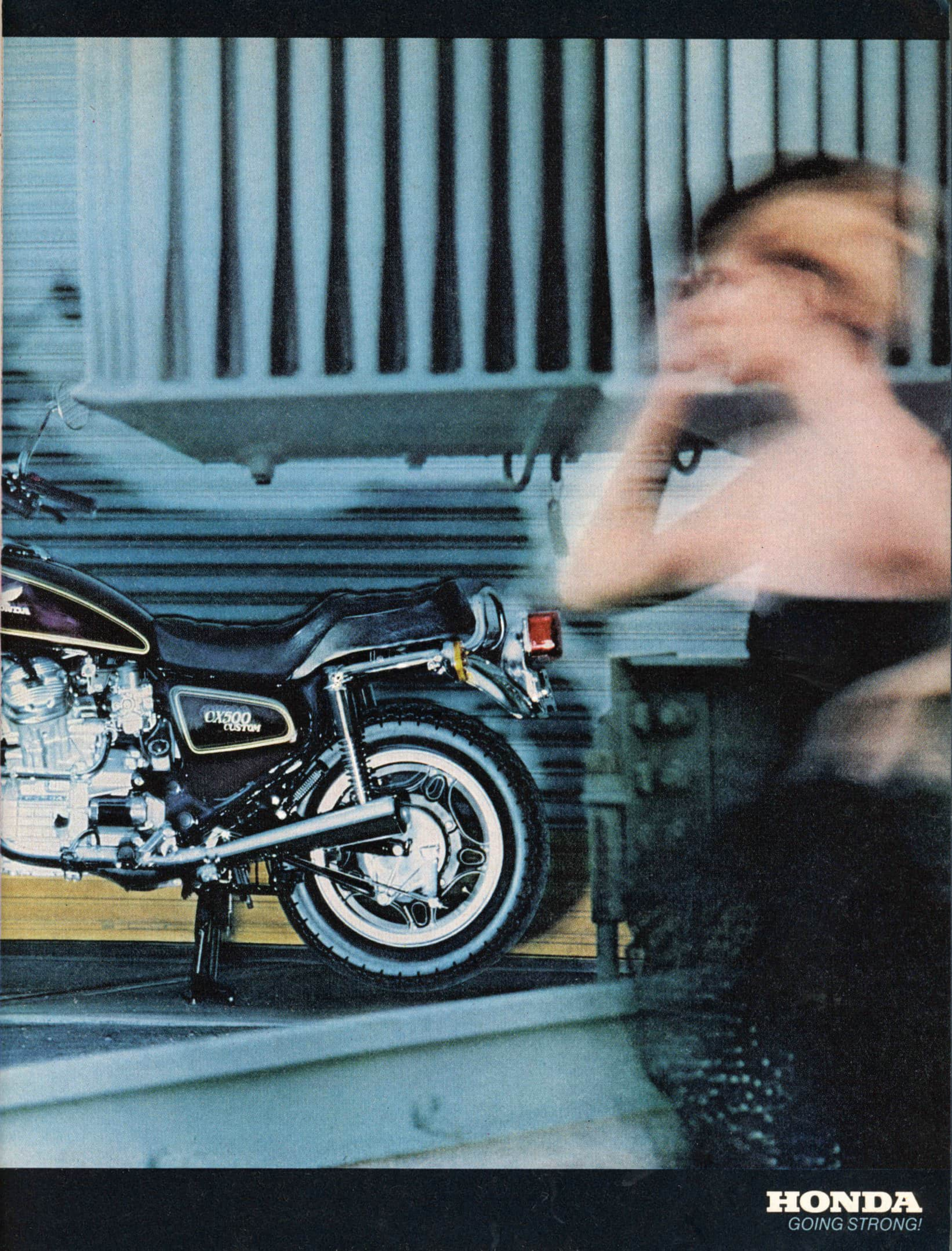
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Center subway station through the bowels of something called the American Metal Climax Building. AMAX extracts things from the ground in fifteen countries, and not long ago it obtained a lease on some 140,000 acres of southern Appalachian coal holdings from the J.M. Huber Company, a New Jersey firm.

AMAX is a New York corporation, with its headquarters in Greenwich, Conn., and 1977 sales of $1.337 billion. Among the things it likes to take from the earth, besides coal, are copper, iron ore, lead, zinc, molybdenum, tungsten, potash, and platinum. In 1975 Standard Oil of California acquired 20 percent of AMAX's stock. This is part of a recent trend, born in the energy crisis, in which the petroleum cartel seeks to gain control of other forms of energy as well. In 1975 energy conglomerates owned three of the nation's top four coal producers.

Then there is phosphate mining, which may turn out to be the worst pestilence of all. Phosphorus is essential to human life. It and potassium and nitrogen form the great triumvirate of soil nutrients; without them, yields are certain to be low. The only known source of phosphorus is phosphate rock, which generally occurs in sedimentary deposits originating with the sea—and 84 percent of the nation's marketable phosphate rock comes from central and northern Florida and coastal North Carolina.

In addition to agricultural uses, the mineral is added to detergents (except where localities have outlawed it because of the damage caused when it reenters the water supply and produces rampant algae growth), food preservatives, medicines, soft drinks, fuel additives, plastics, and insecticides. It is used in photography. So it's useful. But phosphate rock classically is strip-mined, and getting it out of the ground and through the processing machinery causes dangers and discomforts to the surrounding environment and people. There have been problems with radioactivity, depletion of groundwater supplies, and wholesale destruction of fish and wildlife.

In Florida the "overburden" averages twenty feet in thickness. In North Carolina the draglines must remove about ninety feet of sandy coastal soil before they hit pay dirt. Until fairly recently, when public and governmental pressures caused a change, the ravaged open pits remained after the draglines had moved on, just as they did in the southern mountains once the coal had been taken. According to one estimate, 130,000 acres of land have already been stripped in Florida. As is the case with coal, most mines stripped before the passage of reclamation laws don't have to be reclaimed.

Phosphate mining is highly capital intensive (in Florida, where most of the mineral in the United States is stripped, only 6,000 people were employed in the process in 1977), and the capital is retained in the hands of relatively large firms having little or no allegiance to the southern environment. Their names are familiar: W. R. Grace & Company of New York; Texasgulf of Connecticut; Mobil Oil of New York; Swift Agricultural Chemicals of Chicago; U.S. Steel's Agri-Chemicals division of Pittsburgh; Borden of New York City; International Minerals and Chemical Corp. of New York; Phillips Petroleum of Bartlesville, Okla.; and Hooker Chemical (of Love Canal disaster fame) of Niagara Falls, N.Y. By the 1970s fifteen companies mined more than 95 percent of the nation's phosphate. Most of it came from strip mines in the South, and most of the companies had their headquarters outside the region.

The environmental and other problems caused by the mining and processing of phosphate are enormous, even when one considers the undisputed value of the mineral. Strip-mining itself is bad enough, but there's plenty to worry about after the rock is wrenched from the earth and processed into forms that are more efficiently used in agriculture. (Even environmentally minded agriculturists acknowledge that raw phosphate rock, straight from the earth, is vastly inferior to refined versions of the mineral.) The processing involves some unwanted side products, among them an impure gypsum with few uses and a gelatinous slime that the industry prefers to think of as "waste phosphatic clays" and which the U.S. Bureau of Mines refers to as a "difficult-to-dispose-of waste material." The gypsum and slime are impounded in man-made lakes.

> ‘Because of underassessment, coal companies pay far less than their fair share of taxes, thus contributing to the poverty of the region.’

Southern phosphate mines use vast quantities of electricity to drive the giant draglines, and they gulp down copious amounts of water. Texasgulf Incorporated, which refers to itself as part of "the natural resources industry," owns or leases some 35,000 acres near Aurora, N.C., next to the incredibly rich and irreplaceable Pamlico Sound. Tg, as it is known, has its headquarters in Stamford, Conn.

Since 1963, Tg has been going after an estimated 1.2 billion tons of phosphate near Aurora, most recently with four draglines that look like something out of space-exploration movies. The largest such electrically powered machine weighs 4,435 tons; with each excavation of the rich vein of North Carolina phosphate, its bucket picks up enough payload to fill a two-car garage. It cuts a swath about 150 feet wide and 3,000 feet long. The view from the edge of the strip-mine pit in Aurora is like the view of one of our western canyons, with one important exception: there is no beauty in Aurora, just an ugly open pit that is far larger than the eye is prepared to behold, next to a blinding white mountain of gypsum waste. Company officials are not reluctant to remind the awed spectator about phosphate's importance to human life. "It's not a question of whether you want phosphate mining or not," said one of them recently while escorting a visitor to the pit. "You've got to have it if you want to eat. There's no substitute for it."

Water is important to human life, too, however, and the Aurora mine pumps 67 million gallons of it out of the ground each day in order to relieve pressure in the underground aquifer so that the mine may be kept relatively dry. This action has the additional effect of reducing the pressure in the wells of most of Tg's neighbors, most of them farm families. Some firms might have removed the water with impunity, responding to local complaints with a "Let them drink Coke" attitude, but Tg has accepted responsibility for the lowering of pressure and has replaced about 900 pumps for nearby residents since operations started.

There is a great deal more concern about the effects of phosphate mining on the Floridan aquifer in Florida, where population and industrial growth have strained the groundwater system almost to its capacity. And there is an additional threat that is posed by the lakes of colloidal slimes. In Florida the slimes are usually impounded within dikes, which frequently leak and break. The slimes are not chemically poisonous, according to Gene McNeill, an expert with the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) in Atlanta, but "they coat everything that's in their path and kill that way—fish, wildlife, vegetable life, you name it. It has been estimated that it takes three years for a place to recover from one of these breaks." The Peace River, which flows into the Gulf south of Sarasota, has been hit by at least two score of slime floods. In 1971 one of them released an estimated *1 billion* gallons into the river. The slimes had been impounded by the Cities Service Oil Company.

Florida has a reclamation law, but as one official of the state's Department of Environmental Regulation puts it, "'Reclaimed' means different things to different people. You can fill a pit with water and call it a lake. . . . Some of them put signs on the dams around the slime ponds that say 'Reclamation Project.' It looks good from the road, but on the other side it's just slime."

And that's not all. There are forty-one petitions now pending before the secretary of the interior for phosphate strip-mining rights in the Osceola National Forest in northernmost Florida—the Florida Audubon Society says that one-third of the forest will be destroyed—and there are few encouraging signs that the land and its water

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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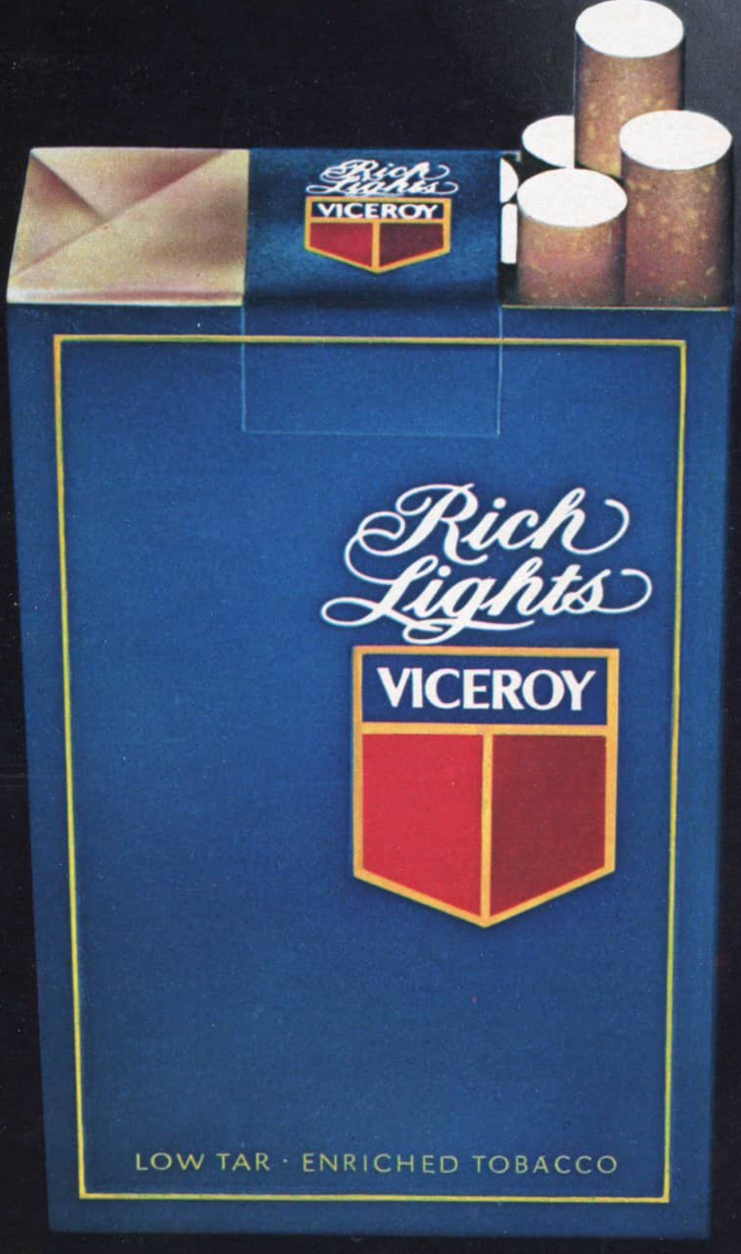
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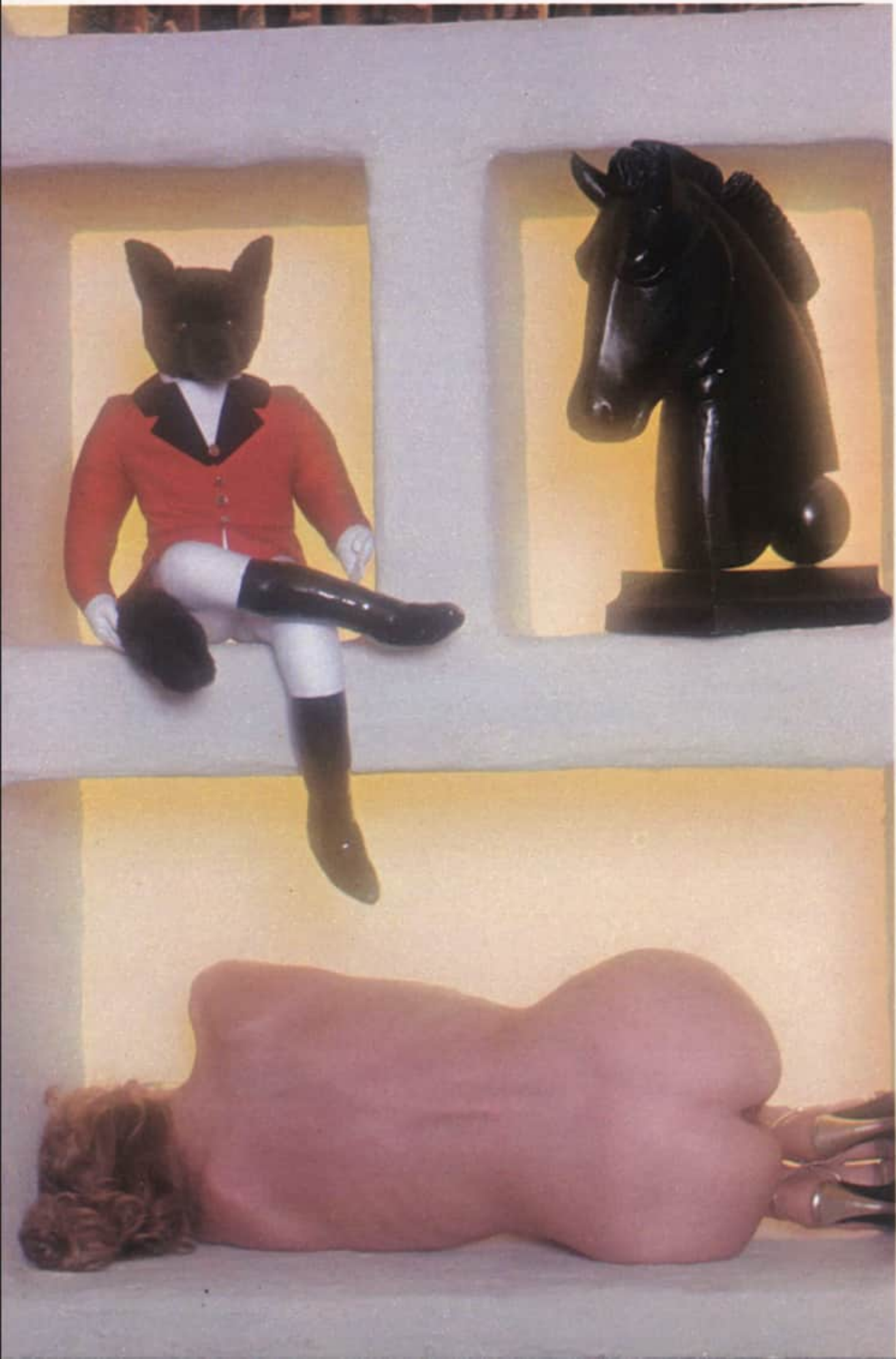
California Sweet

❛I have sexy Lauren Bacall eyes, and I guess my derrière *is pretty seductive, too.❜*

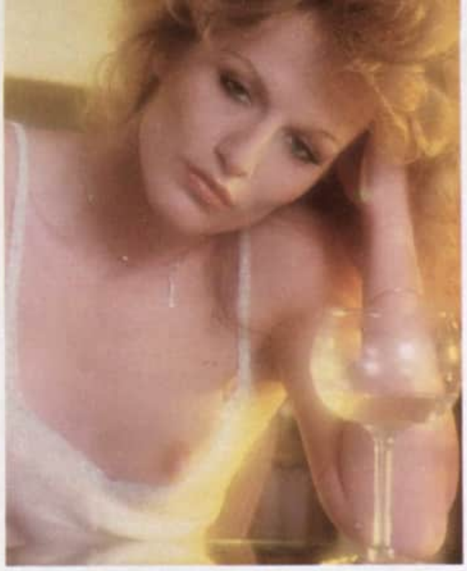
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"I like men whose natures are whimsical, offbeat, and maybe even a little eccentric," explains delectable Natalia Farris. "They may be difficult to live with, but they're a lot more fun to *love* with!" she concludes. As these rather imaginative photographs suggest, Natalia wants her surroundings to reflect her happily unconventional nature. "*Happy* is the key word here," she points out. "I can't stand people who are malcontents."



Lingerie courtesy of Trashy Lingerie, West Hollywood, Calif.

"My parents always had the same philosophy that I do; they love exotic, beautiful things, which is why they decided to name me Natalia instead of Betsy or Judy. As they said, 'The least we can do for you is give you a name that isn't like everyone else's.'" Neither are Natalia's looks average—they're better. "I know how to use my 36-24-36 inches to maximum advantage," she admits.



"For the picture below, the photographer told me to act like a mustang—and I really got into it. Then I positioned myself like the ceramic figurine in the photo at left. It was fun—and silly, in a good way. Kind of like playing charades with my clothes off." Just playing herself, Natalia is equally devastating. "I have sexy Lauren Bacall eyes," she admits. "And I guess my *derriere* is pretty seductive, too."

"I hope that doesn't sound too narcissistic," she adds, "because I don't really mean it that way. I've always believed that my looks are an unearned gift I should share with others, not squander or feel conceited about. I don't need to boost my own ego anyway," she points out. "Men do that for me."

A healthy California girl, Natalia has taken up karate. "Still, I hope I'll never have to use it to ward off some strange man. I'd rather use it to wrestle some sexy man to the ground and jump on his bones!" With such good intentions, Natalia will find plenty of admirers who'll get weak-kneed at the very sight of her.

THE SOUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

and wildlife and future will not be turned over to the exploiters from outside. But in the long run even this may be less important than the problem of radiation.

In Florida's phosphate deposit, there is radioactive material—from 0.1 to 0.4 pound of it per ton. The EPA's Gene McNeill says that the slurry water used to carry the gypsum by-product around the mine site is "highly contaminated" with a number of potentially dangerous products, among them "high levels of radium." Although the effects, if any, of the mixture on the underground water table are unknown, "they're highly suspect," McNeill says. "And if Floridan aquifer gets contaminated, that's it for Florida's water supply."

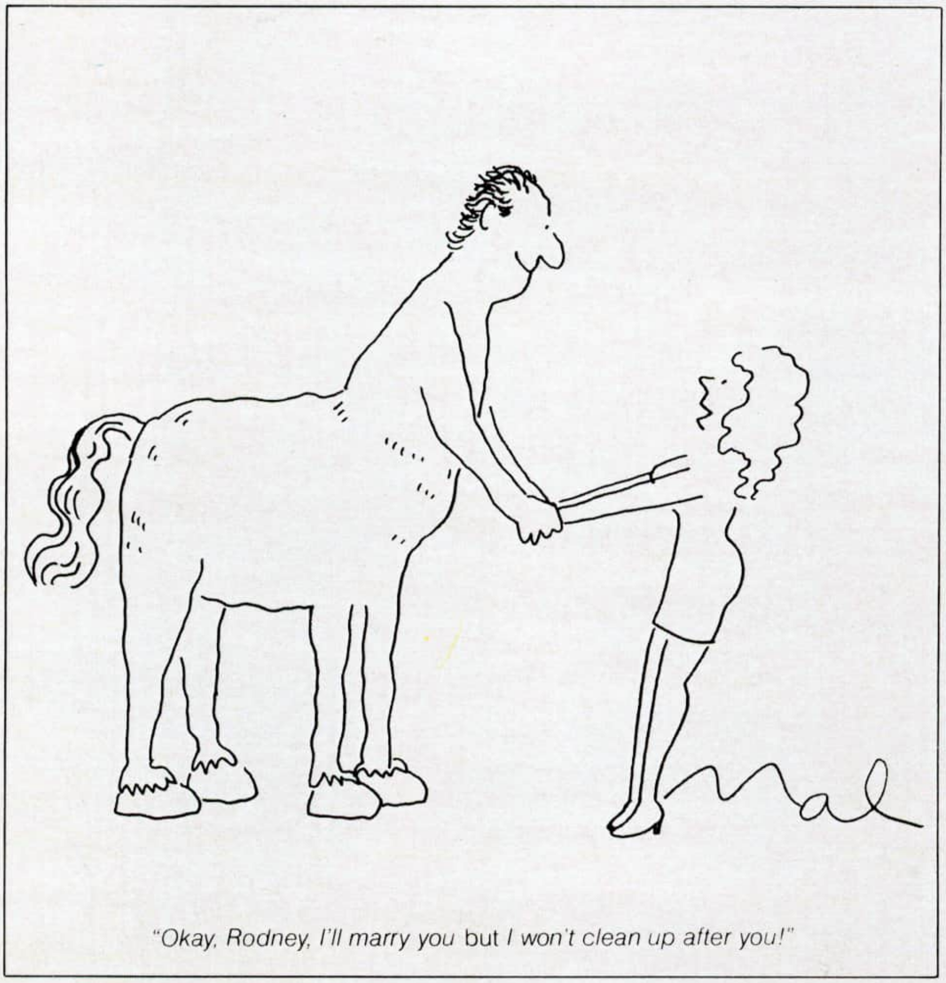
Additional radioactive material, says McNeill, enters the aboveground environment through a procedure that phosphate miners use to dry the rock. This problem, along with most of the others, could quite likely be solved through changes in production techniques, some of them already developed experimentally by the miners themselves. But there appears to be little effort in that direction when a government agency such as the EPA makes such a proposal. "They resent being *told* to do it," said McNeill.

Radiation is a special problem on Florida land that has been mined and then "reclaimed," according to studies conducted by Florida and the EPA scientists. One of those studies reported that reclaimed areas had radiation levels higher than those set by the U.S. surgeon general for uranium miners. And an amazing document from the EPA in 1976 reported a link among phosphate mining, radiation, lung cancer—and Florida architecture.

Central Florida houses are typically built on concrete slabs poured directly on the ground. Where homes have been constructed on reclaimed phosphate-mine land, a radioactive gas known as radon-222, a descendant of decaying uranium, bubbles up through the soil that has been stirred by the "reclamation" process. It enters the homes and lungs of the residents.

"Radon is known to cause cancer," says Gene McNeill. "Living in some of those places is just like being in a uranium mine." One proposed solution is to improve ventilation by constructing crawl spaces between the houses' foundations and their living surfaces. The EPA has estimated that Floridians who wanted to reduce their exposure to radiation by 40 to 80 percent could so so, but that the modifications would add from $450 to $5,250 to the value of each new home over the life of the mortgage.

The southern environment—and especially that most vulnerable portion of it that is situated high in the forested mountains or along the rich, warm "lowcountry"—is being threatened by another form of outside exploitation, one that would seem to be well removed from the dangers of radon-222 and colloidal slimes. Here the threats come from green, groomed golf courses and architecturally pleasing homes; from brochures promising the good and secure life; from fantasies about the deep, soft powder of Appalachian ski slopes.



"Okay, Rodney, I'll marry you but I won't clean up after you!"

Developers, many of them harboring no more appreciation of the southern environment than a phosphate stripper has, have descended on the region's coast and mountains in droves, ruining the lives of those who were there first and closing off whole islands to the general public, which rightfully should own them. The desecrations are most easily seen, of course, in Florida, where land development has practically become a synonym for fraud and where one-quarter of the state's wetlands has been lost to "development" in the last two decades. But other parts of the South, as well, have come under more recent attack by the developers.

The pitch now is a bit more sophisticated than it once was. Just as hustlers of everything from toothpaste to hair dye have latched onto the word *natural* as a spurious device for selling their products, the developers offer the buyers of condominiums and second homes a piece of imagined *ecology* along with their real estate. Builders have been instructed to leave a few trees standing around when they finish their houses. The development companies bestow on their creations such names as "Quail Hollow" and "Fiddler's Ridge" and "Smoke Rise." The advertising brochures are low-key and, in the case of the coastline, are filled with photographs of lush palmetto trees, egrets, deer, loggerhead turtles, and salt marshes—all of them backdrops for the implicit claim that human beings with plenty of money and a modicum of good taste can and should live or vacation comfortably in such surroundings, despite increasing evidence that it is inordinately stupid to attempt to build permanent structures along the ocean, and further evidence that when the second homes go up, the egrets, turtles, marshes, and almost everything else will go away.

The condominium islands off South Carolina have become so exclusive that ordinary coastal people, who traditionally have thought of the beach as the property of everyone in general and no one in particular, have lost access to it. A state planner commented not long ago that "it's gotten so you almost have to go to the Holiday Inn to get to the beach."

The southern mountains, which look like a good approximation of eternity but are actually among the most delicate of the nation's regions, are under similar attack from the developers. These mountains are among the last few places in the continental United States where one can really "get away" on foot and truly be responsible for one's own survival. Although they have been clear-cut by the lumber companies and disemboweled by the coal miners,

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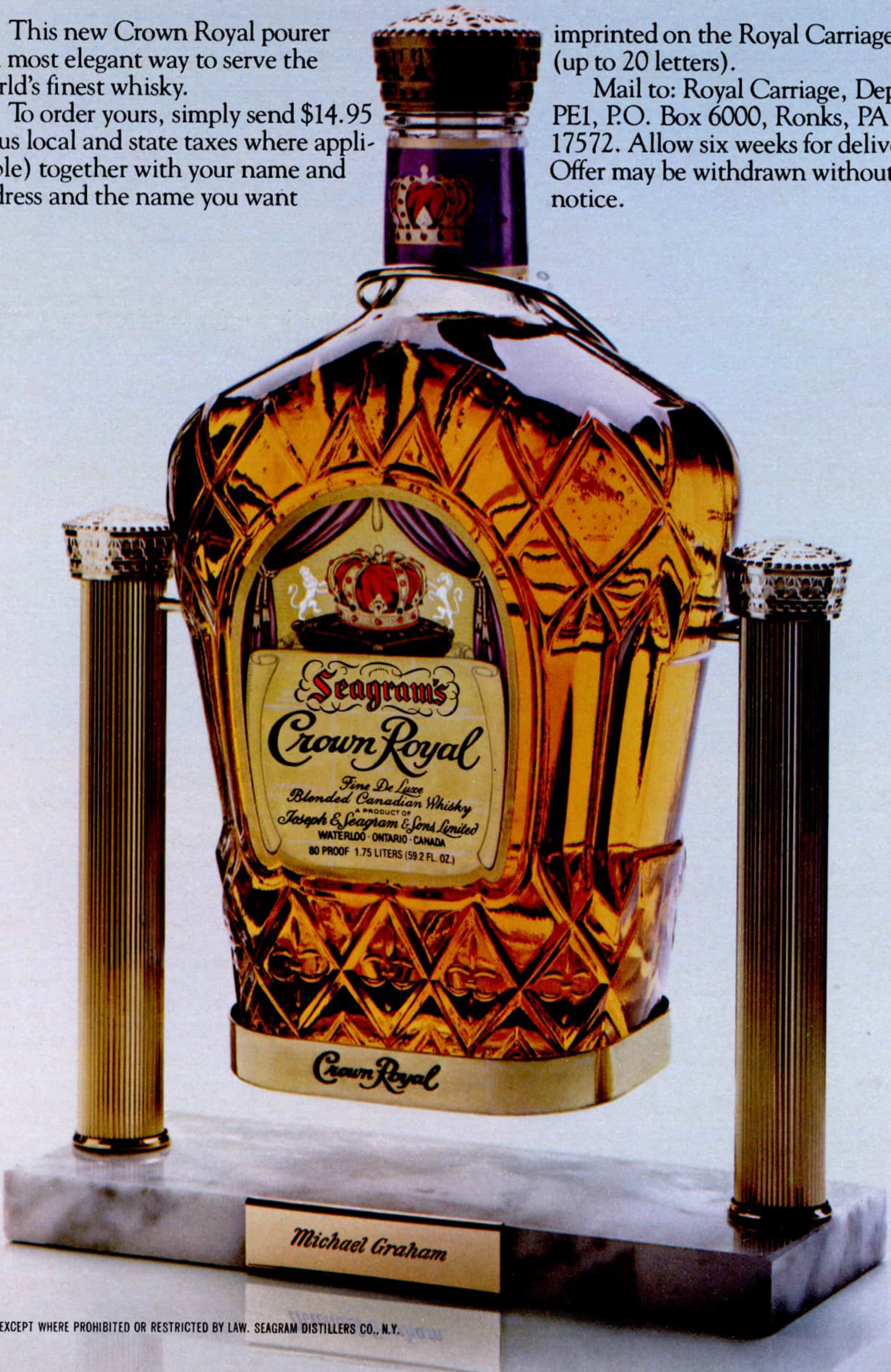
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there is still enough left to make them a national treasure. But they may not last long.

Snow, once thought of as a wintertime nuisance in the highlands of Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia, has been rediscovered there, and ski resorts have been carved out of the mountainsides. Often they serve as little more than come-ons for inadequately designed condominium developments that wreck the balance of the mountains' resources and reduce the independent, self-reliant hill people to squadrons of motel chambermaids and parking-lot attendants.

Western North Carolina, which so far has escaped the worst of the coal miners' draglines, appears to be the most affected by the developers' bulldozers. Ski-condominium communities with fancy names in the North Carolina mountains often end up, their critics charge, as examples of low-quality construction that produce air and water pollution and a great deal of erosion and place enormous strains on the social and physical resources of financially strapped local governments.

The knife is twisted even further, in the estimation of many in the mountains, by the fact that a unique federal-state agency that is supposed to be helping the region is, instead, promoting its continued ruination by outsiders. The agency is the Appalachian Regional Commission (ARC), created in 1965 by Congress to help build a self-sustaining economy and to provide "the health and skills needed by Appalachians to compete in the economic life of the nation wherever they choose to live." It seems to be putting most of its resources behind a plan to construct a 3,000-mile system of mountain highways.

"The Appalachian Regional Commission is trying to centralize the population," says John Burris, a staff member of Save Our Cumberland Mountains, Inc., a Tennessee organization whose primary commitment is the fight against strip-mining. "The ARC wants to bring everybody together out of the mountains, ostensibly so they can provide the services better and easier. But what that does is clear the way for mining and extractive industries and other forms of development."

In matters of the physical environment, it is almost possible to understand—though certainly not to excuse—northern industries' despoliations on the grounds that they are just acting as American businesses have always acted. Despite the pretty words that run through their annual reports and the institutional ad drivel about loving the environment and being responsible corporate citizens, most of these businesses lack anything that could pass for a conscience or a set of moral values. In their frenzies to extract what's under the overburden, they are like that premier symbol of our popular culture, the shark, reacting involuntarily to the smell of food. No moral decisions are necessary, or even possible, before the kill.

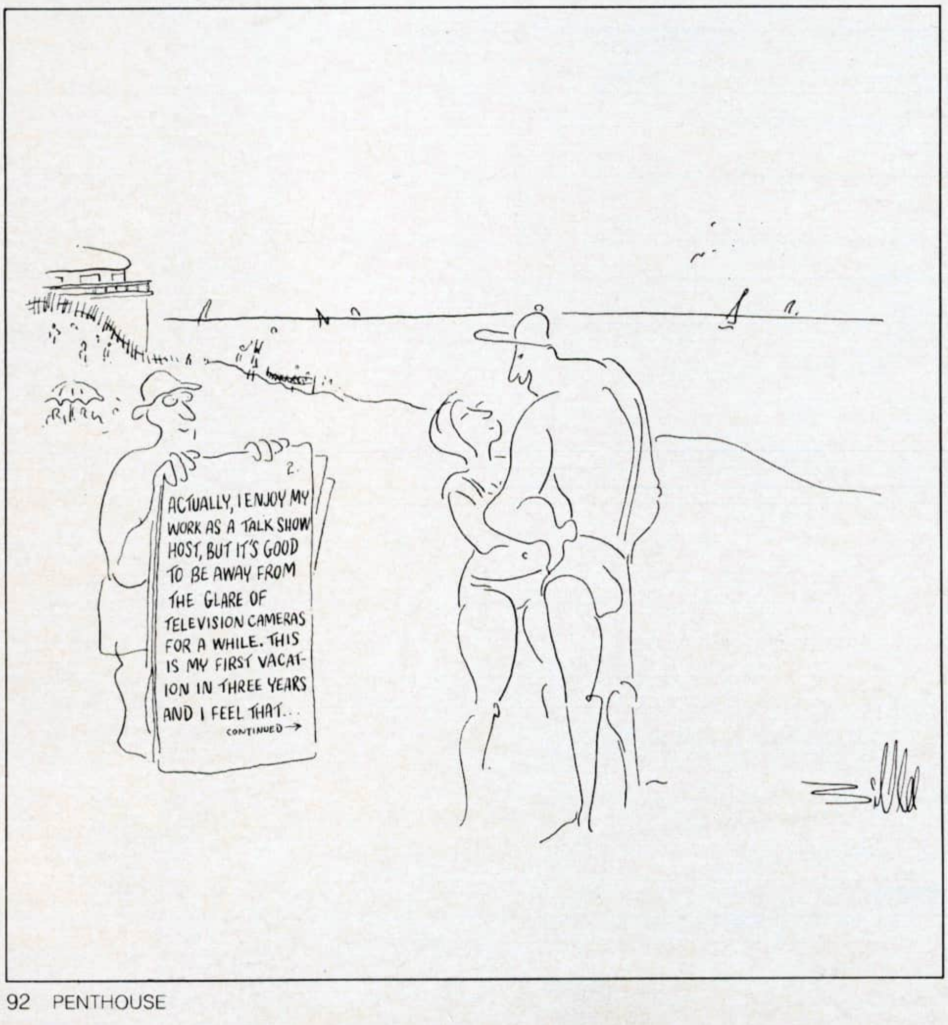
It's a little different, though, with the exploitation of the southern worker. Here human lives are immediately at stake. Radiation from phosphate mines may be a problem, even a lethal one, at some *future* time, but paying a living wage is a problem that occurs *right now*. It is a fact of American life that many northern industries are in the South right now because they know that they can get by without paying a decent wage. And it is another fact that persons and institutions of power in the South—state and local governments, chambers of commerce, banks, courts, regulatory boards—routinely assist the exploiters in evading this most basic obligation.

Just as the coal was stripped away and the ugly pit left to disfigure the land, the southern worker is raked over, cheated out of a decent wage, sometimes robbed of his or her health, and then cast aside, often without decent workmen's compensation or a pension. The one remedy that could go a great distance toward curing this situation—the organizing of southern workers into unions—is fought like the Godless Communist Conspiracy by southern industry, southern money, and southern governments. However, some southerners see southern industry, money, and government and northern exploitation as being interlocking and interchangable—as being, in themselves, the conspiracy.

In their opinion, this "conspiracy" succeeds because of a number of interrelated factors that are endemic to the latter-day South:

- Largely because of that other civil war, the region has been an impoverished, developing nation within the larger American society—pathetically grateful for any job opportunities that come along. Because of the much-heralded Sunbelt boom of recent years, the South's position has been improving. But whole sections of the population and geography remain economically retarded.
- Southern workers are different from many others. They do, by and large, believe in giving a day's work for a day's pay. And they do, by and large, regard unionism with some apprehension. Because the labor movement has never before taken the time to understand the southern worker, he and she have never been able to understand that unionism doesn't *have* to be the Teamsters or a rest home for shiftless bureaucrats—that it can be what *they* decide it should be.

Jim Sessions, a Texas preacher's son (and a Methodist minister himself), is the director of Southerners for Economic Justice, an organization which hopes, among other things, that a new and better brand of unionism will evolve in the South. "It used to be that the textile workers' union would bring in Yankee organizers," he said not long ago at his home near Knoxville, "and they wouldn't understand at all the role that religion plays in this area, or the cultural differences, the southern loyalties, the southern exclusivism that people hold so dear to their hearts—the parochialism, the isolation—especially in the mountains and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An ex-wife relives her marriage with Marlon.

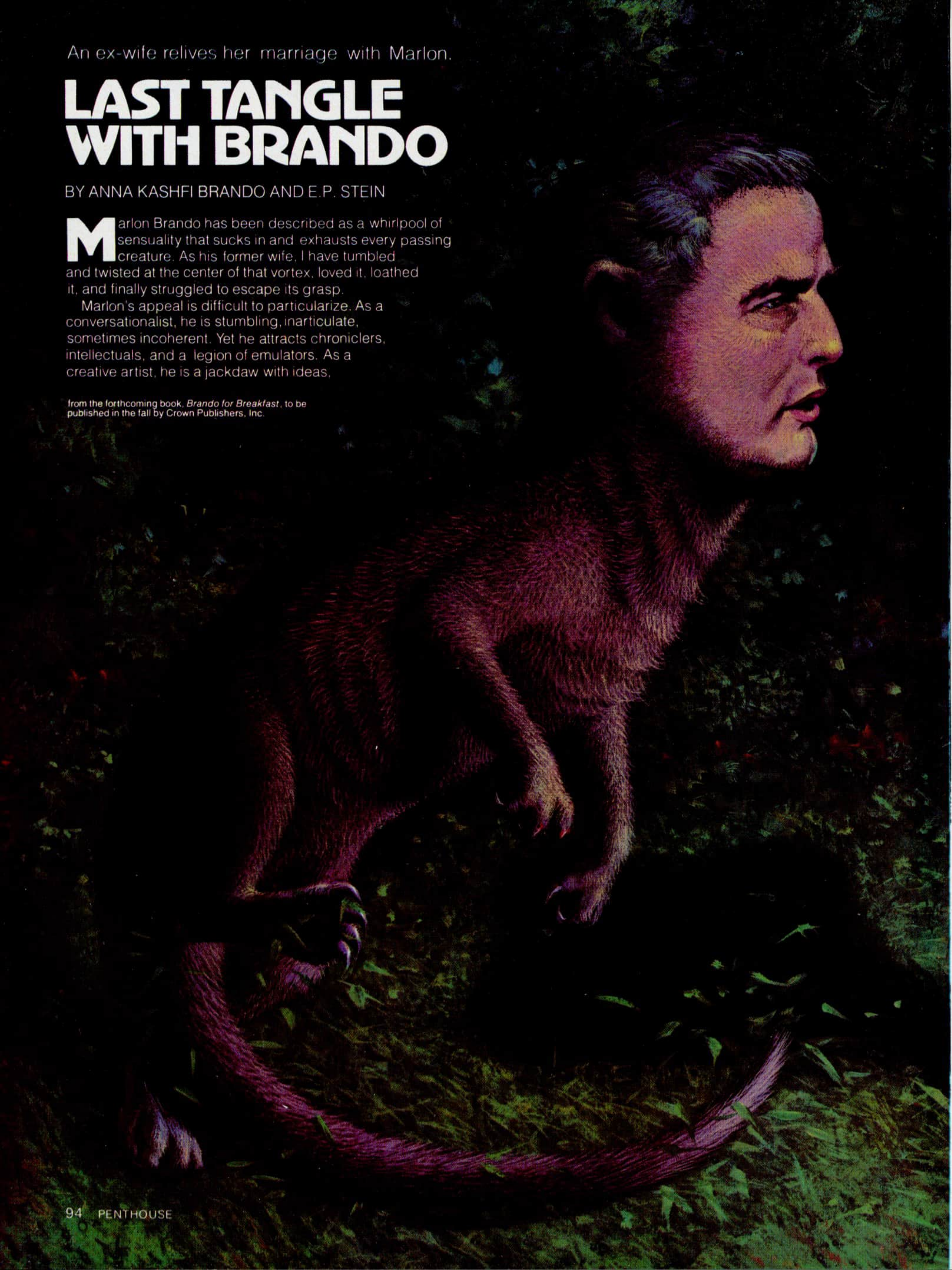
LAST TANGLE WITH BRANDO

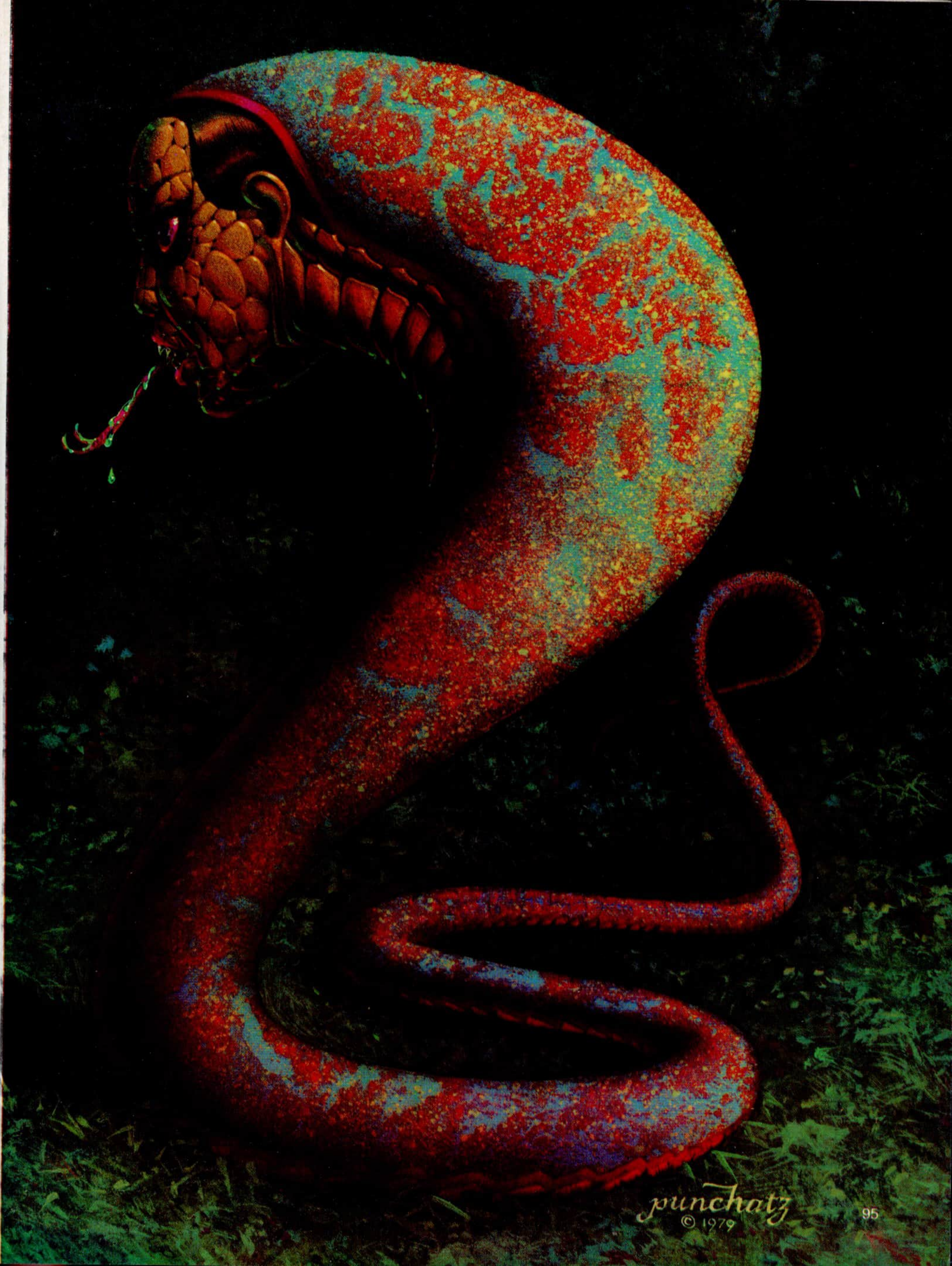
BY ANNA KASHFI BRANDO AND E.P. STEIN

Marlon Brando has been described as a whirlpool of sensuality that sucks in and exhausts every passing creature. As his former wife, I have tumbled and twisted at the center of that vortex, loved it, loathed it, and finally struggled to escape its grasp.

Marlon's appeal is difficult to particularize. As a conversationalist, he is stumbling, inarticulate, sometimes incoherent. Yet he attracts chroniclers, intellectuals, and a legion of emulators. As a creative artist, he is a jackdaw with ideas,

from the forthcoming book, *Brando for Breakfast*, to be published in the fall by Crown Publishers, Inc.

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scattering them with weedy profligacy to disrupt the more cultivated soil of other minds. Yet his ideas have devastated his coworkers, made his motion pictures ridiculous, and brought a major studio to the door of bankruptcy. As a seducer, he is clumsy. As a lover, he is inconsiderate.

A studio publicity blurb asked: "What is there about Marlon Brando that attracts women? Will his half-man, half-beast quality of lovemaking replace the more subtle techniques of John Barrymore and Rudolph Valentino?" Ex-mistresses, ex-friends, ex-associates, casual acquaintances relate a spectrum of *Rashomon*-like impressions through which, occasionally, a glimpse can be caught of his inner self. Some still love him. Some hate him (one discarded paramour sought revenge by casting a voodoo spell on his front lawn). No one remains indifferent. Some sensed an animal magnetism. Others were attracted only by the movie star image.

Women who have shared Marlon's bed share common characteristics: dark hair, dark complexion, and, preferably, sloe eyes. Marlon reserves his favors for Orientals, Latins, Negroes, Polynesians, and Indians, both East and West. When I accused him of choosing "inferior" women as partners in order to satisfy his need for superiority feelings, he was incensed. "My mother was blonde," he said, thereby exposing—while still denying—the roots of his sexual fancy. At a later time he admitted that he could not function sexually with light-skinned females. The darker women pose no Oedipal threat.

"Every night," Marlon has said, "50 million women get into bed to masturbate, thinking of sex with Marlon Brando." One outgrowth of Marlon's sexuality was his penchant for motorcycles. As a penis equivalent, the motorcycle is unchallenged ("I never felt better than with that big hard thing between my legs," Marlon said). Further, it is a penis that can be exhibited to the world—in a noisy, obtrusive fashion no one can deny.

Yet it was difficult to discuss Marlon's sexuality with him. Despite his introspection, he shied from the subject like a Victorian virgin. But he would freely recount incidents from his childhood that signaled incipient sexual aberration. A weak, passive father and a domineering, aggressive, castrating mother derailed him early from the track of normality. He continually deprecated his father to me; Marlon, Sr., afforded an alcoholic womanizer as the model for his son to emulate. As a child, Marlon frequently observed his mother convulsively drunk at home and in public. The effect on him was enduring.

I saw Marlon Brando for the first time in October 1955, while I was lunching in the Paramount Studio commissary. The meeting was not notable for stirring a sudden emotional surge. No bells rang. No glances were transfixed across a crowded room. If bells had rung, they would have been drowned out by the din; the Paramount commissary was a crowded, clamorous cavern whose acoustics reminded me of the Bombay railway station I had known as a young girl.

The commissary's partitioning efforts consisted of wooden cafeteria tables with legs of varying lengths. I was seated at one of them with Harry Mines, the studio publicist, and A. C. Lyles, assistant producer for *The Mountain*—the motion picture I was then engaged in—and later the producer of countless Westerns (*Law of The Lawless*, *Raymie*, and so on).

An adjoining table had captured Pearl Bailey and George Sanders, two actors whom I had already met. The two were convulsed over the antics of a man at another, nearby table. This man, I became aware, was staring at me—staring, that is, when he was not alternately occupied with kissing and nibbling at the nape of a blonde (subsequently identified to me as Eva Marie Saint) seated beside him. Ripples of attention were expanding from the source of the staring and nibbling.

> "Marlon, you have a speech impediment," I said upon seeing a 16mm print of *Desirée*. "You lisp." With that opinion he left the room. I didn't see him for more than two weeks.

Finally, A. C. Lyles left our table, conferred briefly with Pauline Kissinger, *chargeé d'affaires* of the Paramount commissary for thirty-five years until its closing, and was introduced by Pauline to the starer. Evidently, the man expressed a desire to meet me, for he then followed A. C. back to our table.

"This," I understood A. C. to say, "is Marilyn Bongo." Through the commissary noises and in such an exotic environment, it sounded reasonable.

"Hi," the man said. Somehow I had expected a statement more profound. The face, with an incipient heaviness about the jawline, reflected a wistfulness, an open sensuality, a sensitivity, and an ineffable indifference. The bluish gray eyes promised power in reserve, an inexhaustible force. It was the face of a man whose inner turmoil was preparing an organized escape. I smiled. He shuffled his feet. I nodded. He executed an awkward bow, reshuffled his feet, and retreated to his table.

Such was the momentous meeting. I had seen none of his films and did not recognize him. Nor did I feel I would recognize him if we met again. He seemed unsure, unprepossessing, unmemorable. His T-shirt and blue jeans only underscored that impression.

After the excitement that the incident engendered among the onlookers had died down, I put it out of my mind. Later that afternoon, when I was leaving the set of *The Mountain*, Harry Mines brought it up again. "Remember that gentleman who was sitting at the next table during lunch? Well, he would like to take you out."

I gave Harry some noncommittal answer. At that time I was dating an Italian jet pilot named Enrico Mandiaco. Although the intent of our relationship was yet unresolved, I felt no particular impulse to venture another man. Indeed, as an Indian woman, I still felt a degree of trepidation about the trustworthiness of the American male.

There the matter rested for about a week. It was raised again by a telephone call. "This is Marlon Brando," the voice avowed. "Do you remember me?" I didn't, but a short exchange clarified the name and the commissary episode.

A diffident invitation to dinner followed. The lack of aggression, the obvious sincerity, made it tempting. Yet my remaining insecurities gave pause (in certain regions of the world, America's reputation remains that of its previous century's frontier morality). In retrospect it seems prudish, but I then considered it an impropriety to be alone with an "eligible" stranger, and I told him so. Perhaps it was more prudence than prudishness; in India the *amah* provides more discretion than protection. Marlon was not at all surprised by such an old-fashioned attitude. He would be charmed, he said, to furnish a chaperon. And he did. And we began.

Marlon arrived for our first date dressed as an ice-cream peddler: white polo shirt, white pants, white socks, and white sneakers. It was my first view of him other than our brief encounter earlier in the Paramount commissary and my first opportunity to appraise him freely. With his broad shoulders and thick, sinewy arms, he might have been a middleweight prizefighter. He balanced heavy buttocks on squat, sturdy legs and moved with a lissome stride that conveyed a forceful yet feminine grace. He seemed to tower above his own height. The jutting forehead, broken nose, and softened jawline framed an entire gallery of faces. His features could—somehow—have belonged to anyone or to no one else; they were, at once, both unique and universal.

As chaperon, Marlon had chosen his friend and Pennebaker Productions associate, George Englund; George was to become a producer of films (*The Ugly American* and *Shoes of the Fisherman*) and, with Cloris Leachman, four children. The three of us drove to a lobster restaurant whose dimly lit interior prevented visual inspection of the food. Only Marlon's canescent attire was distinguishable.

He questioned me about India. I questioned him about America. George Englund communed with his lobster. Having yet no associations with the name Marlon Brando, I asked what professional interests he had. He told me that he was well known as the author of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

Our date ended early—I was pressed by an early call the next morning. On *The Mountain* set Spencer Tracy asked if I had enjoyed myself the previous evening with Marlon Brando; he had read a notice in a Hollywood tabloid. Thus I learned that Marlon Brando was probably the most publicized actor in America.

I was very embarrassed by this discovery, but rather than feeling annoyed, Marlon was stimulated by my unfamiliarity with his name. In his own devotion to nonconformity, he is drawn to anyone who turns at a different angle.

I went to bed with Marlon mostly out of curiosity. His seduction technique showed all the subtlety of a guillotine. We were watching television one evening in my apartment; abruptly, he picked me up and carried me into the bedroom. When I asked if he had rape in mind, he answered, "Rape is just assault with a friendly weapon."

Marlon's pattern of lovemaking resembled a well-rehearsed, polished performance. He imparts a selfish type of sex, wanting warmth and naturalness. His scale of emotions lacks the grace notes. Physically, Marlon is not well appointed. He screens that deficiency by undue devotion to his sex organ. "My noble tool" is how he characterizes it with some puffery.

A few weeks after we had become lovers, Marlon asked if I had an aversion to any "offbeat" sexual practices. Without a clue for guidance, I acquiesced blankly—the desire to please a lover could not, I felt, be an errant trait. But the tantalizing premise of this scenario had no climax. Having raised the specter of rituals known only to the Kinsey researchers, Marlon never pursued its exorcism. With me, at least, his sexual appetites ran to unseasoned fare.

Once our affair was begun, self-momentum carried it forward. I couldn't escape a sense of insecurity in both our intimacies and our secular activities. Marlon never phoned in advance of materializing on my doorstep, often at three o'clock in the morning. He rarely acknowledged the prefatory niceties of courtship (candy and flowers). After making love, he could vanish without a word. That mysterious effluvium that envelops two lovers never thickened beyond a thin mist.

Appearing in public with Marlon Brando subjects one to the whimsies of the faithful Brandolaters. Some wanted to "touch the girl who touches Marlon." Others, more aggressive, stole gloves and handkerchiefs as souvenirs. One middle-aged matron from the Midwest shadowed me into the ladies' room in pursuit of my autograph. While I was seated, *in flagrante delicto*, she nonchalantly passed her book and pencil under the cubicle door.

When we dined at one of the many Japanese restaurants in Los Angeles (Chinese and Japanese cuisines are Marlon's favorites; "otherwise," he says, "I'm a 'meat-and-potatoes' man"), it was not unusual for him to forget his shoes when he was leaving; he could drive home, walk across the yard into his house, and not notice his stockinged feet until he sat on the bed in order to remove his shoes. Once, he was wearing an unfamiliar pair of shoes when he left a Japanese restaurant. He never became aware of the switch—I later exchanged the shoes without disturbing him. On another occasion he occupied the drive to the restaurant by lecturing me on Japanese mores: "You must understand, Anna, the nature of the Japanese and not get jealous when a man is paid much more attention than a woman. It is their custom, and a woman shouldn't show her feelings. I don't want to resist it." I do admit to a feeling of irritation over this theme, because Marlon had been praising the superiority of Japanese culture to me since his return from filming *Sayonara*. In the restaurant we were attended by a strikingly beautiful Japanese girl. She alloted Marlon and the couple we were dining with her cursory attention and devoted herself to my service. Although the girl was obviously a lesbian, I enjoyed watching Marlon fume at her attentions to me. He was infuriated and wrenched us from the room after the last bite of his sukiyaki. The girl added to his rage by racing over to help me with my shoes while he struggled alone with his. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

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THE SOUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

in the rural mill towns. An 'outsider' could be somebody from another family or the next county. *Certainly* a New Yorker would be an outsider."

- Because southern workers are different and come from a background of poverty, the exploiters pay less and get away with it. In the spring of 1978, the average hourly wage for southeastern workers was $4.89, while nationally it was $6.03. As might be expected, southern unionism is similarly encumbered: about 14 percent of the southern work force is unionized, a little more than half the rate for the nation as a whole. In North Carolina, the least unionized state in the nation (but the one with the fourth-highest rate of worker productivity), the rate is less than 7 percent.
- Despite overwhelming evidence that a number of southern state and local governments don't need to parade around like five-dollar hookers, offering anything at any price to northern industries that want to move south, they continue to do so. South Carolina is the bawdiest. "We Don't Have Labor Pains," says one of its ads in the *Wall Street Journal* (the picture shows a hard hat with a daisy in his mouth). Counties there routinely exempt new industries from taxes for periods ranging from three to ten years. And the state is a leader in establishing vocational and technical colleges to manufacture semieducated workers to the precise specifications of industry. The practice is widespread in the region—Arkansas advertises a "free industrial training program!" for businesses as if it were a premium on a box of corn flakes.
- Similar sacrifices may be in the offing for the physical environment of the South. The region was not exempt from the recent national tide of concern over ecological matters. Southern legislatures passed stronger laws dealing with pollution and destructive development, and "new South" governors made long speeches about the inviolate nature of the fields and streams. Now, however, the experts fear a backlash.

John De Grove, the director of the Joint Center for Environmental and Urban Problems of Florida Atlantic and International universities, says that he notices that some politicians in his state, which lately has become one of the South's most environmentally minded, have begun to talk about "competing" with other southern states for business by "giving them economic incentives."

"I thought we were beyond all that in Florida," said De Grove, "and here it comes clean out of the woodwork. I'm afraid the next step will be to say, 'We've got to relax all these unreasonable environmental laws.' "

- When decisions are made about the South, they never reflect the thinking of organized labor and rarely the feelings of working people. A "Commission on the Future of the South" was established a few years ago, and none of its nineteen members had anything to do with labor. Instead, they were representatives of business, education, insurance, law, and allied fields.

A major result of this exploitation of the southern worker, says Michael Russell, codirector, with Gloria Bentley, of Southerners for Economic Justice in Greenville, S.C., is that "working people here are little better off than serfs. I don't mean slaves, in the sense that their bodies are owned, but they're certainly like tenant farmers and sharecroppers."

Russell frequently encounters southerners who remember the way things were many years ago, when industry—particularly the textile industry—was "a real messiah" for the impoverished South. It was a paternalistic industry; often the mill owners knew the workers by name. All that has virtually disappeared now.

"I met a lady in Clinton," said Russell, "who grew up with the man who's now president of the mill where she works. She went to school with him and everything. And the lady's got a classic case of byssinosis—brown lung disease, the disease that is connected with cotton dust. We were talking about going after brown lung benefits, and the first thing she wanted to know was whether, if she did apply, it would hurt this fellow who runs the company.

"And as we talked, I asked her some questions. I said, 'Does he give you a pension?'

" 'No.'

" 'Does he pay your social security?'

" 'No.'

" 'Well,' I asked, 'what *do* you have from the mill?'

" 'Well,' she said, 'I have this breathing problem.' "

The woman's fate unfortunately is shared by great numbers of southerners, especially those employed in the textile industry, where 10 to 30 percent of the workers are likely to be stricken by brown lung disease. It is a fate that is routinely ignored by the government and by the great movers and shakers of our society—the same people who rush to protect a creature on the endangered-species list. The woman has a few good people on her side—the Brown Lung Association for one, and Southerners for Economic Justice for another—but she doesn't have the resources needed to fight back herself against the thing that has crippled her. Many other southerners, though, *are* fighting back, and they are telling the Yankee exploiter to take his nineteenth-century philosophies and brutalizing draglines and stick them where the southern sun doesn't shine.

Sometimes the opposition takes the form of a little classical harassment, of the sort that southerners seem to excel at. The mayor of Selma, Ala., didn't like the idea of trains carrying hazardous freight through his town on bad tracks; so he parked police cars and fire trucks across the tracks until the railroad promised to fix them.

In some cases, though not enough,

"Hold all my calls, Mildred. I'll be in conference the rest of the afternoon."

southern political leaders have summoned their courage and declared that whoring for northern industry isn't really necessary at all. Largely because Florida has served for so long as everybody's horrible example of what senseless development can do, it has become one of the South's leaders in legislation involving the environment and growth management.

A great deal of fervent opposition comes from those who are trying to promote organized labor in the South, and in the process they seem to be creating what some southerners hope is a new form of unionism—what Bob Hall, the young editor of the quarterly *Southern Exposure*, refers to as a desire "to make it happen better than it did in the North . . . to start all over again, and do it right." Hall and others feel that the current effort in the textile industry is the first hesitant step in that direction.

James Sala, the southern regional director of the AFL-CIO, acknowledges that organized labor has been slow to understand that the southern worker is different, but he thinks that those days are ending. "You've never seen a more beautiful sight in your life than these people standing up and becoming more militant," he said, "even some of them who were viciously antiunion before. I'm convinced that it's a lot harder to be a good union person down here than anyplace else. These people have been fired and tempered, and when they reach that point when they finally become union people, it's because they *believe* in it."

At the moment, though, most of the militancy and opposition, most of the South's troops in this second civil war, come out of the old tradition of ordinary people's organizing around issues that threaten their lives and homes. The members of Save Our Cumberland Mountains, of Jacksboro, Tenn., are doing this; much of their work involves producing solid research that proves the case they're making and that influences others to make less-destructive decisions about what happens to the Cumberlands. A handful of people in the tiny Tennessee community of Piney, using the same weapons, successfully fought off a plan by AMAX to strip-mine them into oblivion.

It is similar old-fashioned hard work, including bake sales and house tours, that has saved the lush rolling pastureland of Green Springs, Va., at least temporarily, from the draglines of W. R. Grace & Company. And the person behind the bake sales and house tours in Rae Ely, a young woman who drives around Green Springs in a white Mercedes and who owns, with her husband, a retired military man, a Tuscan mansion in the midst of English hunt country.

When Grace discovered vermiculite—a mineral used chiefly in agriculture and industry—in Green Springs, it did what industry ordinarily does. It convinced the politicians and zoning officials in Louisa County that strip-mining would be good for the economy. It promised to reclaim the holes that it dug. It gained a toehold by purchasing some land from a family, at a price so low that the company bragged about it in its 1977 annual report. And then it approached other landowners. That's Ely's version of the operation. A Grace spokesman says that "our people are reluctant to discuss" the controversy.

Ely and a number of other Green Springs homeowners, most of them women, started fighting back. (They had had some previous organizational experience in resisting the construction of a state prison nearby.) They lobbied successfully for the area's designation as a national historic site. Ely hired an airplane, flew over Grace's South Carolina plant, and came back with color slides of a strip-mining operation that looked like a moonscape. The women collected evidence that true reclamation of their land, beyond the most superficial cover-up, was impossible. They literally held bake sales and house tours to raise money for their legal and other expenses. They bought stock in Grace and went to the stockholders' meetings and made nuisances of themselves. And, like the folks who are trying to save the Cumberland Mountains, they did their homework, made sure their research was correct, convinced the press and others of their authenticity and reliability.

They had some formidable enemies. The state of Virginia, says Ely, "is so industry hungry that it will sell its soul for anything." And a lot of her follow southerners, she thinks, are "gullible and vulnerable" in such matters. "I think southerners have been too easygoing," she said. "They've been trusting." It helped that she had lived other places, including the industrial Northeast, and had seen what unregulated exploitation could do.

W. R. Grace itself was an obstacle, but not so big an impediment as one might expect. "It's been clumsy and stupid," said Ely. "It gives us our real advantage. If you can analyze a problem, you can find a way to equalize your weight. It is *so* big and *so* rich and *so* powerful that it's inflexible. It can't move. It can't think because it has a collective thought process.

"We can make a decision in five minutes and implement it. We can react instantly. It takes Grace weeks to get something through its bureaucratic structure. And as a result, in a way, it's at a disadvantage." W. R. Grace & Company has, for the moment at least, postponed its plans to strip-mine Green Springs, Va.

The people who don't want Green Springs strip-mined, however, are not relaxing. They're still doing research and lobbying and raising money in old-fashioned ways. "We still have the bake sales, and we still open our houses, and we still have pig roasts," said Rae Ely not long ago. "We roast two-hundred-pound hogs for eighteen hours. We've had as many as eight hogs going at a time, and we have bluegrass music and everything. We don't raise a *lot* of money, but it helps. Woman's work is never done in Green Springs."

"Got a date with an angel . . ."

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When you know how they're built.

Billy Joel's tough, suburban
soul music was ignored for years: "Too cynical,"
said the *New York Times*; "Derivative," said
Rolling Stone. Now it outsells disco.

ROCK PUNK

BY WILLIAM KOWINSKI

This is it—the big one. Madison Square Garden. New York City. The crowd tosses in the seats, a soft mesh of anxious noises merging with the rock FM blend of preconcert tapes, and you can almost hear Howard Cossell's reverent and dramatic hum in your head, announcing the import of this event, for tonight we are witnessing nothing less than the certification of a superstar. William Joseph Martin ("Billy") Joel, junior welterweight from the Hicksville, Long Island, Boys Club—the Rocky of Rock—headlining here for the first time, not just headlining but standing room only for three straight nights. Billy Joel, whose album *The Stranger* will soon eclipse *Bridge over Troubled Waters*, Simon and Garfunkel's titan of a decade ago, as the biggest selling LP in the history of Columbia Records. Billy Joel, who was ignored for years by the rock critic establishment as an ersatz Elton John until his latest album, *52nd Street*, his most rhythmic record to date, hit number one on all the charts just four weeks after it was released. So they are all here tonight—the press, the celebrities, and the scene-makers—along with thousands of Billy Joel fans old and new, an interesting number of whom appear to be Irish Catholic girls under eighteen.

His rise through the ranks has been steady, but his emergence into championship contention in the arenas of rock has been sudden and unpredicted. Now everybody wants to know about the kid from Hicksville, the Long Island McCartney, the Cagney of the Coliseums, the Serpico of Pop. So what does Billy Joel say about the status of superstar? "People tend to look at rock-'n'-roll stars as superhuman beings, and a lot of them are real jerks." And how about the glories of success? "No matter how good things look, no matter how many people are rubbing your neck and telling you you're great, somewhere you're going to run into a mound of shit."

This superstar, it so happens, is the author of a song called "The Entertainer," which originally had some twenty-five verses, the basic message of which was (as Billy himself summarizes) "I am the entertainer; I am so full of shit." He is known as the writer of affecting ballads, but they aren't all hearts and flowers. Even his purest love song, "Just the Way You Are," sends a sudden burst of anxiety through the fabric of calm reassurance: "What will it take till you believe in me/The way that I believe in you?" The moment, musically and lyrically, is an unexpected wrench and demonstrates a basic attitude. "There is no such thing to me as a 100 percent love song," Billy says. "There is always at least 20 percent that's some kind of pain. There's always a little stab in the guts in there somewhere."

Billy's risky lack of reverence about the music business is not new. Imitations of gods out of the pop pantheon used to be a standard part of his performances. Some of them—Paul Simon, Bob Dylan, Randy Newman—were affectionate and playful. He says that he did them mostly when he was opening for other groups just to get the attention of the audience, whose typical attitude about warm-up acts fluctuates between indifference and viciousness. But even on this most recent tour, he indulged in a little derogatory patter. In St. Paul he demonstrated the Barry Manilow piano-playing stance, which he characterized as "shitheaded," and then added, "No, I'm sure he's a terrific guy or gal."

Some first became aware of Billy Joel as the author of "Piano Man" or "Captain Jack," the underground classic about middle-class drug abuse. But now most know him because of *The Stranger*, itself a strange candidate for platinum success. "Just the Way You Are," the hit single that introduced him to a mass audience, contains the lines: I don't want clever conversation/Never want to work that hard." His audience agrees; they want the straight stuff, and that's what the album delivers.

Now his audience comes from everywhere: teenagers attend his stadium concerts, collegians crowd the smaller halls, and older audiences have put several of his ballads high on the easy-listening charts. In particular, his contemporaries in their twenties and thirties buy his records for the relevance of his lyrics to their own lives. From the visceral wit of "Only the Good Die Young" to the uncompromising clarity of "She's Always a Woman" and the buoyant rebelliousness of "My Life," Billy Joel has the lucidity of an outer-space scholar with human warmth—and plenty of experience.

Now out of the babble of piped-in music comes an instrumental piece from his second Columbia album, a melody familiar to the Joel aficionado. The crowd roars its recognition and its knowledge of the signal, and sure enough, as the song reaches its climax, the star appears at the edge of the stage next to one of his pianos. Wearing a coat and tie and white tennis shoes, he is the vision of street cool. His eyes scan the scene quizzically, he is bemused, and then suddenly he begins to shadowbox, lifting his arms and snarling a toothy grimace.

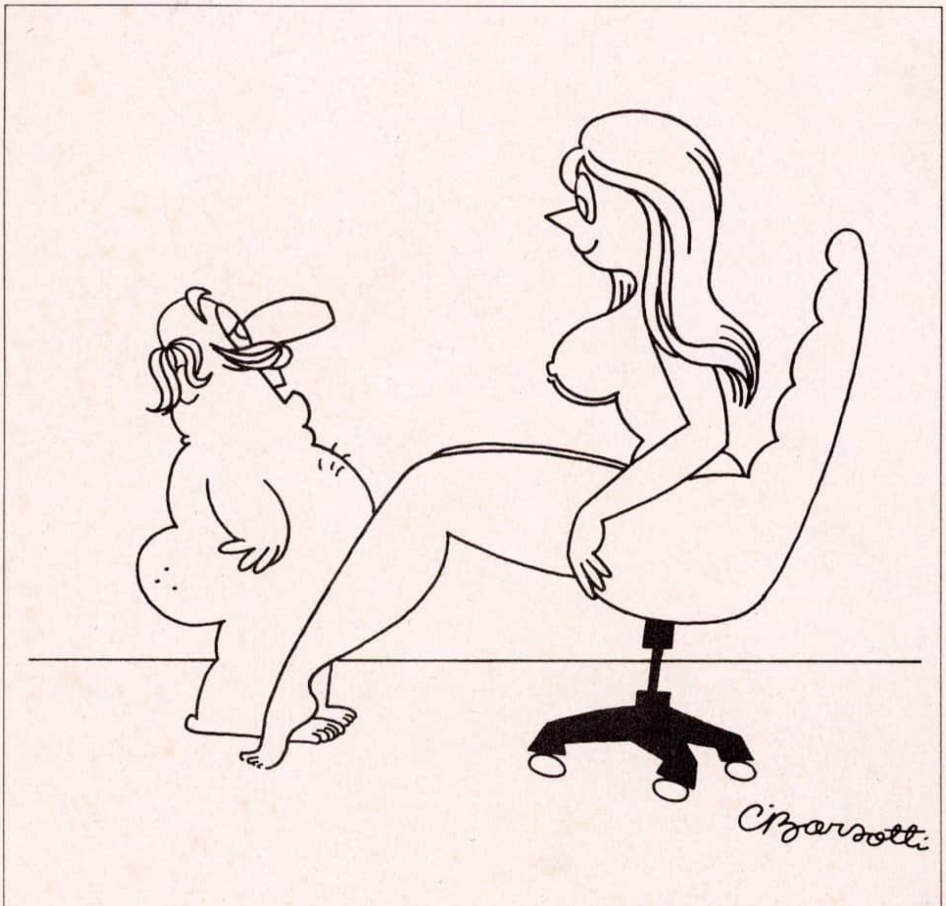
This is another so-called garden—the Boston version, near the beginning of Billy Joel's tour of major city coliseums. It was a strange, in-between period in his career, for as the tour began, he was not quite yet a bona fide superstar. *The Stranger* sold consistently but never quite displaced the ultrabiggies at the top of the chart; although it yielded four hit singles, the media attention and public identification that make for superstardom hadn't quite caught up, and *52nd Street* was just finished and not yet released.

The crowd fades to an anticipatory hush as Billy sits at the piano, only to erupt again when he begins the haunting whistling theme of "The Stranger." Then the band breaks into the heavy rhythm of the song itself, and Joel attacks the lyrics with a typical snapping, growling, yet rich and precise vocal: "We all have a face that we hide away forever/And we take them out and show ourselves/When everyone is gone. . . ."

The crowd responds loudly to the title song of his breakthrough album, the emblem of his triumph; but already, with the first tune, there is a theme, dualities: the public self and the hidden self, the good times followed by the blitz, either sadness or euphoria. The theme and its variations are persistent in his writing and important in his life—acceptance and rejection, freedom and stability, relationships and solitude, violence and tenderness, the duties of day and the dark releases of night. Billy Joel's music is about the way we deal with borders, how we cross them safely or get caught at them, and about what may flow back and forth across them.

Billy's life began in a kind of instant homeland, a community manufactured from prefabricated fantasies of the American Dream. After World War II, Long Island hosted the Levittown planned developments, where returning soldiers could buy low-cost tract homes on the GI Bill. Billy grew up in one of these amalgamated towns, which were themselves an exaggerated expression of postwar aspirations and change. But Hicksville turned out to be a curious mixture; it was suburban but not predominantly high income, a small town but within spitting distance of New York City, with its own very ethnic population—Italian, Polish, Irish.

Billy grew up among them all but was not of them. He looks, acts, and occasionally speaks a few curses worth of Italian, but his father is German, born in Alsace-Lorraine, and his mother is of English descent. So, hanging out with the likes of Joe Mangilone and Eddie Casamacia and singing in a grade-school chorus with a pretty Irish girl named Virginia (later immortalized in "Only the Good Die Young") gave him an early penchant for role playing and performance as well as an early eye for jive. Young Billy was a "hitter," a wiseguy, a street punk. Being close to the city might have given Hicksville more romance and edge, but there was not much more reality to it than there was in many small towns of vaguely the same mix. There were fights and acts of petty crime and desperate lives that wound up on the junk heap or in jail or terminated, but mostly it was posture, uniform attitude (purple shirts, chinos, and matador boots; glue and Tango wine), and snarl. He's held on to some of the style because, besides its



"We'll discuss your new job in a moment, my dear, since it's my policy to promote from within!"

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SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN.

close-to-the-skin instinctiveness, it means and expresses things that are vital to him. For example, he's held on to the Italian mystique, which is especially evident in the music and album art of *The Stranger*.

Music measured his life early. His father, a classically trained pianist, began sending Billy to lessons when he first showed interest and aptitude at the age of four. Latin pop records brought back from his father's business trips and his mother's favorite Broadway show tunes on the hi-fi jostled with Mozart piano pieces and joined his own discoveries—Oscar Peterson and Dave Brubeck; the Righteous Brothers and Phil Spector's groups on white pop radio; Ray Charles, Otis Redding, James Brown on the black music stations from New York City. But, as for many others who were adolescents in 1964, the true inspiration, the galvanizing influence, was The Beatles.

Billy's performing career had actually begun with Elvis. After seeing him on the "Ed Sullivan Show," Billy was moved to perform "Hound Dog" during lunch hour show-and-tell in the grade-school gym, complete with Presleyesque gyrations. Not unlike the King himself, Billy was quickly censored—a teacher pulled him off the stage for suggestive hip swinging. "Suggestive?" he remembers with amazement. "I was in third grade. I didn't even *have* hips. But I learned something: the girls screamed, even the ones in *fifth grade*."

Billy's dues days began early, too; his career quickly became a combination of enthusiasm and necessity. When he was seven, his traveling father kept on going, leaving Billy, his mother, and his older sister in financial trouble. (His father went back to Europe and now lives in Vienna, which lends an intriguing poignancy not only to the song "Vienna" on *The Stranger* but also to Billy's constant championing of independence, most recently in "My Life.") The Joel household couldn't even afford to get the television set fixed; so Billy spent his time by reading omnivorously until he was old enough to work, and one way to make money was by playing piano.

After a few years with The Hassles, a Young Rascals-style, white-soul band that made a couple of records but didn't fulfill Billy's adolescent dreams of stardom, he and The Hassles drummer formed a duo called Attila, which attempted the unique feat of producing the late sixties' heavy-metal sound without benefit of even one electric guitar.

They pinned their still-underage hopes on an album and went into an obscure studio to record such cinch hits as "Amplifier Fire" and "Brain Invasion." It wasn't a superstar experience.

As far as Billy was concerned, the rock star dream was over. He decided to work on songwriting. Like many other musicians, he'd already learned to support himself with the day gig—jobs ranging from house painting and factory work to playing piano for a pretzel commercial. He'd become friends with his drummer's wife during The Hassles and Attila years, and Elizabeth became his girl friend after her marriage broke up. His life seemed to be settling down a little—until he was told that the way to become a successful songwriter was to make an album so that his songs would be heard. A modest singer-songwriter album.

Billy signed with a manager who made a deal with a small New York label, which in turn made a deal with Family Productions in Los Angeles, which in turn dealt with Paramount Records. One thing led to another, and what started out as a simple little album in New York wound up taking an entire year in Los Angeles. And even after that the result was disaster. "Once the album was finished, it got speeded up in the mastering process—the machine was going ten cycles faster than it was supposed to," Billy recalls. "So by the time they finished pressing 50,000 copies, my voice sounded like a chipmunk. They sent me a copy. I was living on Long Island in Oyster Bay. I put the record on. My friends were there, cracking up laughing."

> "I really got pissed off at the guards because the kids who paid for the tickets were paying their salaries, and they were treating them like garbage."

Billy went back to Long Island with Elizabeth to a house in the Hamptons to simmer and wait for the next step. He was living on what amounted to an allowance from Family Productions; then one month the check didn't come. "I realized I couldn't depend on these people. I couldn't keep living on the dole. This was bullshit. I wanted to get out of this deal. So I disappeared."

For the next several months there was no Billy Joel. Even his mother disappeared. However, there was someone who looked like him, named Bill Martin, playing piano bars in Southern California and running a scam for tips with a waitress named Liz. He wore an open shirt, did suave shimmies, and made Bill Murray "Saturday Night Live"-type patter, completely straight. "I thought I was pretty cool. I took on this whole other identity, and it worked—the people in the bars took it seriously, and they loved me. Then Family Productions finally figured they weren't going to get anything else out of me; so they settled."

But it was a little hairy in between. Bill Martin's first job was on Van Nuys Boulevard at a place called Corky's, where he worked for two weeks until he was fired just before Christmas in favor of a girl singer who "had big tits and played guitar." As he explains it, "I got pissed off, got really bombed one night, and drove down and threw a bottle through their window."

Although Billy made three albums for Columbia between 1973 and 1976, his career was still a struggle to get the right band, the right producer, and the right management. By the time that he was ready to record *Turnstiles* in 1975, he had his band together: Doug Stegmeyer on bass, Liberty DeVitto on drums, Russell Javors on guitar, and utility man Richie Cannata on tenor sax and just about everything else. All were veterans of Long Island bands. But the problem that had destroyed Billy's previous bands since "Piano Man" persisted: this band wasn't allowed to play on his records. Billy's producer and management wanted Los Angeles session pros. For *Turnstiles* they tried a couple of Elton John sidemen. This exercise in minimum imagination didn't work; so Billy convinced everyone to let him record in New York, but they still insisted on studio musicians. After months of frustration Billy took matters into his own hands. He brought his band into the studio and produced the rest of *Turnstiles* himself.

"I'm not a producer," he admits, "and it probably could have been better, but I'm glad I did it. I needed my band to do it—they made it their music, too—they live with it on the road, and they care about it. I still have a lot of feeling for the material on that album. I'm proud of it." But he believes that his actions cost him credibility in the business and possibly some enthusiasm within his own record company. "I'm not sure this happened, but I think a little crap went down. A little red line went through my name."

Business difficulties continued, including leftover litigation with Family Productions, and the next crisis occurred immediately. Billy didn't like the way his post-*Turnstiles* tour was booked—he was playing in the wrong places doing warm-up for the wrong bands. His relations with Caribou, the management company with which he'd signed just a year earlier, were a shambles.

Billy Joel, already without a producer, was about to be without management. So he turned to Elizabeth, now his wife, and said, "Why don't you do it? You're smart. You're good at business. You've seen all the mistakes everybody else has made." She said, "All right, I will." Elizabeth Joel was completely serious.

If the music biz knowers and shakers thought that Billy was foolish to fire his producer and do his own album, they must have been certain that he was now—firing a major management company and hiring his wife. "But I knew it was the right move," Billy says. After Elizabeth (who had fortuitously studied management at U.C.L.A.) began straightening out the business, together they made another right move—they met with Phil Ramone, and Billy asked him to produce his next album.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

"I don't like men who play games–except in the bedroom. There I'll play anything from hide-and-seek to dress-up–or dress down, if the situation warrants it."

BRIEANNA

NAME OF THE GAME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DARK STAR

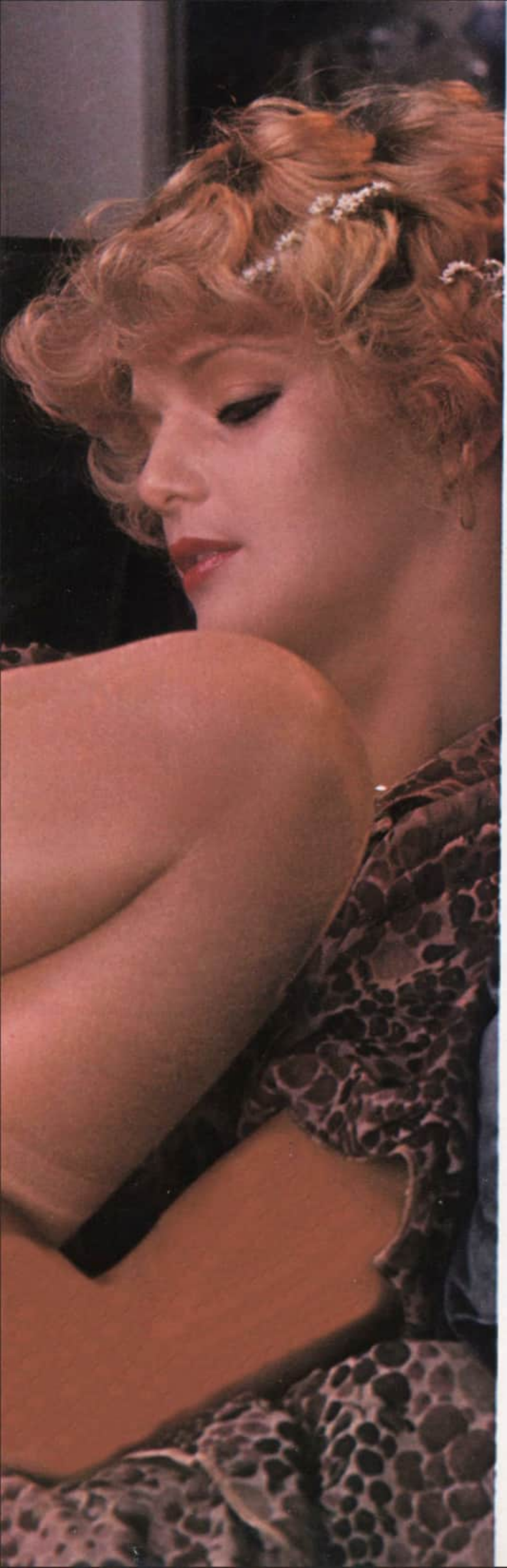
Brieanna Bujold, our nubile, young, North Carolina-born Pet of the Month, believes true southerners should dutifully adhere to tradition—especially flirting, which she's refined to an art. "The sexy suggestions I can make with my eyes alone would have gotten me arrested in the *Old* South," she says, smiling. "It's a good thing I was born in a more modern age." May is the "perfect month for me to appear as a centerfold," she tells us, "because I've always been fond of a southern verse that sweethearts quote to each other this time of year. It goes: 'Hooray, hooray, the first of May/Outdoor lovin' begins today!' I've done some cavorting in the open air," she continues, "that would turn a weeping willow into a *peeping* willow!"

Coordinated by Shirlene Foss

> *I've done cavorting in the open air that would turn a weeping willow into a peeping willow.*

When Brieanna isn't attending college classes by day and collecting beaux "like handsome beads on a string" by night, she likes to "daydream a lot or escape into the pages of a romantic novel." She has other weaknesses, too, she admits. "I'm a terrible clotheshorse," she tells us. "I must have more pairs of shoes than Cyd Charisse. I also can't resist a man with a devilish gleam in his eye, and there are times I'd almost kill for pistachio ice cream!" declares our passionate Pet.

Is there anything she *doesn't* like? "Well," she laughs, "I don't like men who play games—*except* in the bedroom. There I'll play anything from hide-and-seek to spin the bottle to dress-up—or dress *down*, if the situation warrants it," she concludes, batting her southern lashes.



"I'm glad sexy underthings and petticoats are back in fashion again," she says. "Jeans are fine for outdoor picnics, but for *indoor* picnics it's a lot more tantalizing when the man and the woman aren't dressed alike. I'm also glad my hair is naturally curly, for the same reason. It makes me feel more womanly and look . . . softer. In a hard world like this, I think that's a nice way to be," she muses.

Jeans arJeans are fine for outdoors, but I'm glad sexy underthings and petticoats are back in fashion.”

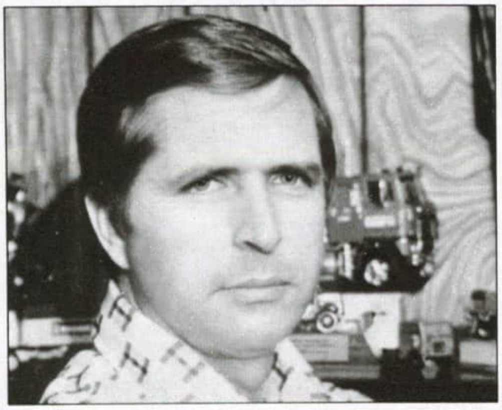
Brieanna doesn't have any specific plans for the future, and it doesn't worry her. "I'm much too young to make any firm resolutions about life," she believes. "Maybe I'll marry a southern aristocrat and have lots of cute little aristocrats," she quips. "Ideally, I'd like to find a man who has a laugh as rich as his family, a smile as broad as his shoulders, and a disposition as sunny as mine." We're certain she will. A girl as radiant as Brieanna deserves to win at any game she plays.

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

THE PLIGHT OF THE INDEPENDENT TRUCKER

On May 10, 1978, independent trucker Jeff Potter of Shawnee, Okla., was headed for Beaver Falls, Pa. As he neared his destination, trucker Potter took an exit street off the state route, a street he thought was an extension of the state route since it continued straight. He didn't see the *truck* route sign that had been erected to steer those nasty trucks away from the downtown area. It was midnight, and he was in unfamiliar territory. It was a natural mistake. After he had driven a block off the truck route, a city cop pulled over in front of him. Potter explained that he was lost, but the cop promptly arrested him, since he had committed the crime of driving a truck off the truck route onto a block with a seven-and-one-half-ton load limit.



By Mike Parkhurst

The author is the editor of *Overdrive*, the crusading investigative magazine of the independent trucker. An independent trucker for ten years, he organized the nationwide truckers' strike in the winter of 1973–74.

The fine, calculated with a complicated formula (to make it seem more just), was a mere $7,960. Jeff Potter didn't happen to have $7,960 in cash on him, but the attorney he hired convinced the police to release him on a $1,000 cash appearance bond.

In order to fight the fine, Potter had to take a week off without pay, leave his Oklahoma home, travel to Pennsylvania, and stand trial. His attorney appealed to the judge's "equitable conscience," and Potter was found not guilty. However, the experience had cost him a week of work plus travel expenses and attorney's fees—a one-grand whack for a one-block mistake.

Pretend, for a moment, that you're a trucker hauling cattle from Iowa. You live in the eastern part of the state, and your truck is loaded for Chicago. You're hungry, you haven't kissed your better half good-bye, and your fuel tanks are empty. So you fill up your two 100-gallon tanks with Number Two Diesel, and you drive one-half mile to the Illinois border for a hamburger. You turn around to plant your good-bye kiss, and in the process, of course, reenter the state of Iowa. It's too bad for you, chum, because Iowa law states that you can "import" only thirty gallons. You now must pay the state of Iowa fuel tax on the extra 170 gallons of fuel, even though you may have purchased the fuel just five minutes before and have the receipt and ten witnesses.

You can buy an Iowa fuel permit for twelve dollars, but it's good only for seventy-two hours, and you can't use it to reenter the state. Thus, if you have two or three deliveries in any neighboring state and you can make them all on one day, you have to buy a twelve-dollar fuel permit every time you cross the border.

Virtually every single state has a port of entry. Most of the ports of entry are invisible. That is, they have no building labeled "Port of Entry," but they're there, for truckers have to get permits and licenses ahead of time in order to travel through the states.

No two states have license fees based on the exact same requirement. One state, such as Ohio, might tax on the number of axles. Another, such as New York or Colorado, might levy a "ton mile tax." Others levy taxes based on the empty weight of the truck, while still others levy taxes based on the gross weight. Others tax on the weight of the load.

Every long-haul trucker is forced to carry a thick permit book, which is jammed with every conceivable size, shape, and color of permit. And, unlike the highway patrolman or public-utilities-commission employee who has to know only the requirements of his particular state, a trucker is expected to learn the licensing laws of all the states.

A clothing store owner has only to deal with local bureaucrats. He gets little interference from the feds. But an independent trucker, if he wants to cover forty-eight states, must first apply for 198 different licenses and permits. That's just for permission to drive his truck in all forty-eight states. No two state license or permit forms are the same size and color. No two state permits require exactly the same information from the same trucker. Virtually no two states do anything alike in their treatment of the trucker except to harass and tax him. Once he gets all the permits he needs, he must file and refile dozens of more forms, applications, and requests depending on what cargo he wishes

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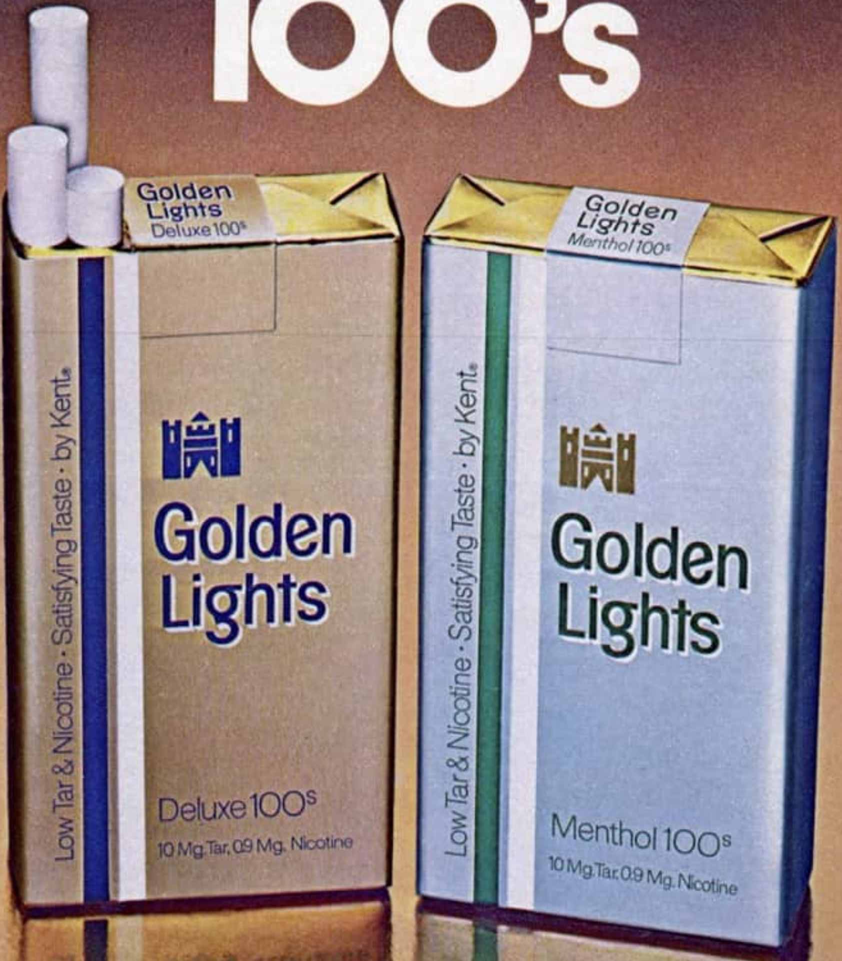
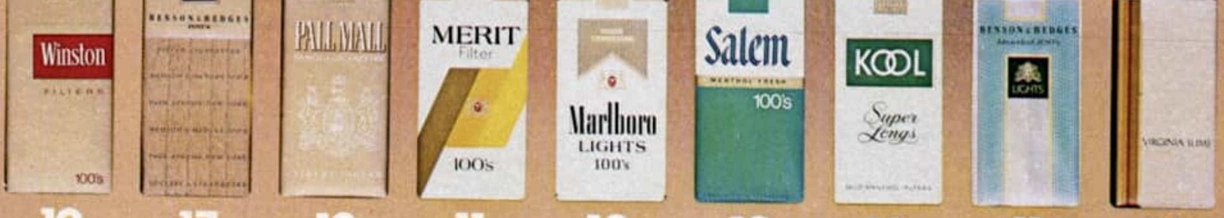
Golden Lights™ 100's


Golden Lights Deluxe 100s
Low Tar & Nicotine · Satisfying Taste · by Kent®
Golden Lights
Deluxe 100s
10 Mg. Tar, 0.9 Mg. Nicotine
Golden Lights Menthol 100s
Low Tar & Nicotine · Satisfying Taste · by Kent®
Golden Lights
Menthol 100s
10 Mg. Tar, 0.9 Mg. Nicotine

Only 10 mg. tar

0.9 MG. NIC.

Taste 'em. You won't believe they're lower in tar than all these 100's:


Winston
100's
BENSON & HEDGES
PALL MALL
MERIT
Filter
100's
Marlboro
LIGHTS
100's
Salem
100's
KOOL
Super Longs
BENSON & HEDGES
LIGHTS
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19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	17 MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.	19 MG. TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.7 MG. NIC.	12 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	18 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	16 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.

Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar', 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

Golden Lights: 100's-10 mg. 'tar,' 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

> "If Washington bureaucrats . . . play games again . . . the truckers are not likely to resort to blocking highways in Nebraska or Ohio. No. Today truckers know where the target is."

to transport and across which state lines.

It takes millions of dollars to establish a nationwide trucking operation. A large battery of lawyers and clerks must familiarize themselves with the hundreds of new laws that are passed each year. The state regulations alone, which every trucker must adhere to, fill a ten-foot library shelf. And the literally hundreds of millions of different federal tariffs and routes and rights involved in interstate trucking operations are a chilling barrier for anyone hoping to compete.

But the biggest outrage perpetrated against the truckers' personal and economic freedom is the way in which the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC) severely curtails competition through a complex licensing arrangement that legalizes price fixing by the large, "regulated" carriers.

To get an ICC license, an independent trucker must have tens of thousands of extra dollars and a lot of patience. It's virtually impossible. So the large carriers, which control the licenses or "certificates of operating authority," allow independent truckers to lease their equipment to them. For the privilege, the independents pay an average of 30 percent of the gross, with a 50 percent cut typical in the household-goods moving industry.

The regulated carriers have been sopping up their competition at the rate of two and a half per week ever since the end of World War II. One hundred and fifty giants now control the destinies of 65,000 independent truckers, who are forced to lease their equipment to them. All this costs the consumer. The profits of the regulated carriers are larger than those of almost any other industry. Many of those truck lines are "invisible" fleets, inasmuch as they own nothing except the operating authorities that were handed to them many years ago by the government.

The independent trucker does the lion's share of the work in long-haul freight movement; yet that lion is chained to a tree at the jungle's edge, a jungle owned by the large plantation owners, the regulated carriers.

In 1974, during the height of the truckers' shutdowns, the government lied to the press by pretending that certain straw men were the truckers' "leaders." Through clever press manipulation, the government dealt with a series of "parking lot generals" whose expertise in Washington was limited. Those political hunchbacks of Notre Dame were willing to swing from the rafters if a television camera would but focus on them.

The government loved to deal with dupes and dopes, because it knew that it could control them. And, sure enough, under the glare of the television spotlights, the straw men soon proclaimed that "the truckers got everything they wanted, and now it's time to go back to work." It was a classic sellout, aided and abetted by lying government officials.

With the straw leaders officially anointed by the government, the bureaucrats in Washington clucked as mounting press stories of truckers' settlements slowly nudged the reluctant truckers back on the highways.

Tens of thousands of truckers, heartbroken at having received virtually nothing, returned to their steel cocoons and went on about making a living. The large carriers, which had not participated in the shutdowns, were handed a large fuel surcharge, which they easily extracted from the shipping public. Any trucker who did not stay with the carrier to which he was leased received nothing, not even a particle of the surcharge.

The most recent setback to deregulation was the election of Jimmy Carter. Despite his promise on national television in March 1977 to deregulate trucking as much as possible, no real progress has been made. This inability or unwillingness to convert rhetoric into action reinforced the independent truckers' suspicion that politicians don't just ignore the "little guy", they lie to him.

And so, the truckers have been made aware of some of the ways Big Government and Big Business can control their lives. This awareness has reinforced their determination to be as free as possible from as much government as possible. "Promise is not progress" was a key battle cry of the famous truckers' shutdown five years ago.

Today, deep inside, all the truckers have a craving to remind Washington that they remember the last shutdown, they remember the last sellout and how it came about, and they certainly remember, day in and day out, all the state ripoffs, the speed-limit harassment, and the way the large carriers cheated on their paychecks. They remember. And they're getting madder.

If Washington bureaucrats and politicians play games again, and if they delay again, the truckers are not very likely to resort to blocking highways in such places as faraway Nebraska or Ohio or even Delaware. No. Today truckers know where the target is.

They hope that the Congress doesn't play political Scrabble with the word *democracy*, because anarchistic truckers, when mad, are just likely to show America what real democracy is all about.

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The search for Police Sergeant
Blacky Kingsnake Malino's missing squad car partner,
Sonny Junior Bumpas, led
Jade McGowan all the way to Miss Attila the Honey's
gentlemen's whipping parlor.

JADE McGOWAN AND THE DOG SQUAD MAN

FICTION BY JOHN FERGUS RYAN

It was the first of May, and banks of Puppy's Cup were already in full bloom along Bay Shore Drive.

Jade McGowan, still trim for a forty-three-year-old, disbarred lawyer who never got any exercise, was sitting at his desk, running a tape on the adding machine.

Officially, Jade McGowan was just a bill collector, the owner of Maximum Adjustment Company. He collected bad debts for a chain of easy-credit clothing stores that sold cardboard shoes to poverty cases, a few doctors, and a charity hospital run by an order.

Unofficially, Jade McGowan found missing persons. Early in his career as a bill collector, he had done some work for the law firm of Philip and Lewis; and when they saw how effective he was in locating skips—people who try to disappear without leaving a trace—they started sending him their clients, who wanted people found, and he would find them.

As a professional bill collector, McGowan was a member of the city's central-credit bureau and had access to its confidential files on everyone in town who had ever bought anything on credit.

Whenever he wanted to find a man, McGowan got his credit history for ten years back and then set his staff to calling everyone listed in it—former employers, union officials, credit references, relatives, friends—fishing for information under a cover story. One fact obtained would lead to another, and, usually, after a day or two of solid telephoning and a little of McGowan's personal intuition and some lucky guesses, they would find their absconder.

McGowan was making notations in a case record when the soft gong on his desk sounded. It was his secretary's way of letting him know there was someone outside waiting to see him.

He picked up the telephone that connected with her desk.

"What is it?" he asked.

"There's a policeman here to see you," she said. "He says it's private business."

"What's his name?"

"Police Sergeant Blacky Kingsnake Malino."

"The Dog Squad man?"

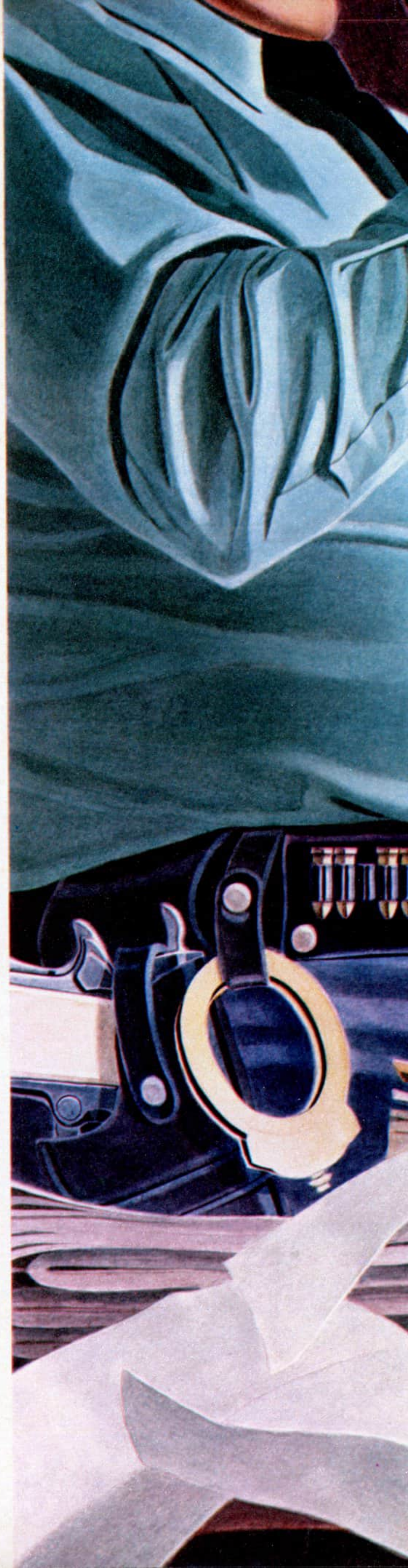
"There's one with him."

"I know. I can hear it barking over the phone. Did you get Malino's file from central credit?"

"It's already in the tube."

"Give me a minute to look at it; then send him in."

McGowan took a sheet of paper, Malino's local credit history for the past ten years, from a pneumatic tube connecting with the outer office and sat down to study it.



HERBERT

It was a typical cop's history: Malino was currently making payments on a small loan secured by his household goods, on a late-model sports coupé, on a late-model pickup truck with attached camper, on a motorboat, on a shotgun, on signature loans at three quickie places, and on charge accounts at five discount department stores that sold goods imported from Hong Kong.

In spite of being "overloaded," as they say in the credit game, Malino was "up to date and satisfactory" with all his creditors, indicating to McGowan that he had unreported income.

McGowan signaled his secretary, and Blacky Kingsnake Malino entered his office, with the biggest, thickest German shepherd dog ever known to records on a taut leash.

The dog at once grabbed an upholstered chair and with one swing of its head ripped the stuffing out of the seat. It then lunged for McGowan, growling, snarling, spitting hate, and would have made it but for Malino, who weighed over three hundred pounds and who held on tight.

"Slow down!" said Malino to the dog. "Slow down, boy. Don't jump him! He ain't no suspect!"

Malino was wearing shiny Wellington boots with his police-issue uniform. He wore a four-inch-wide, polished-leather belt with a huge silver buckle in the shape of a longhorn steer and a pearl-handled, nickle-plated automatic pistol on each hip; on his person he carried extra cartridges, handcuffs, a leather-covered blackjack, a nightstick, a transistor radio transmitter and receiver, a gas mask, and a small, razor-edged hatchet suitable for throwing.

He moved around smoothly for one his size, even though he suffered from a massive, overhanging gut. The dog continued to snarl and bark and attacked all the stuffed furniture within reach.

"You Jade McGowan?" asked Malino.

McGowan brought a loaded, sawed-off shotgun up from under his desk and leveled it at the dog.

"Your dog's crazy," he said.

"Don't mind him," said Malino. "He's on duty. He's a pal after five."

The dog made one mighty lunge, and its jaws almost closed on McGowan.

"I don't understand him," said Malino. "There must be a suspect around here someplace."

Malino took a pill from his cartridge belt, forced it into the dog's mouth, then rubbed its throat to get the pill down.

The dog passed out at once.

"Now we can talk," said Malino.

"What do you want?"

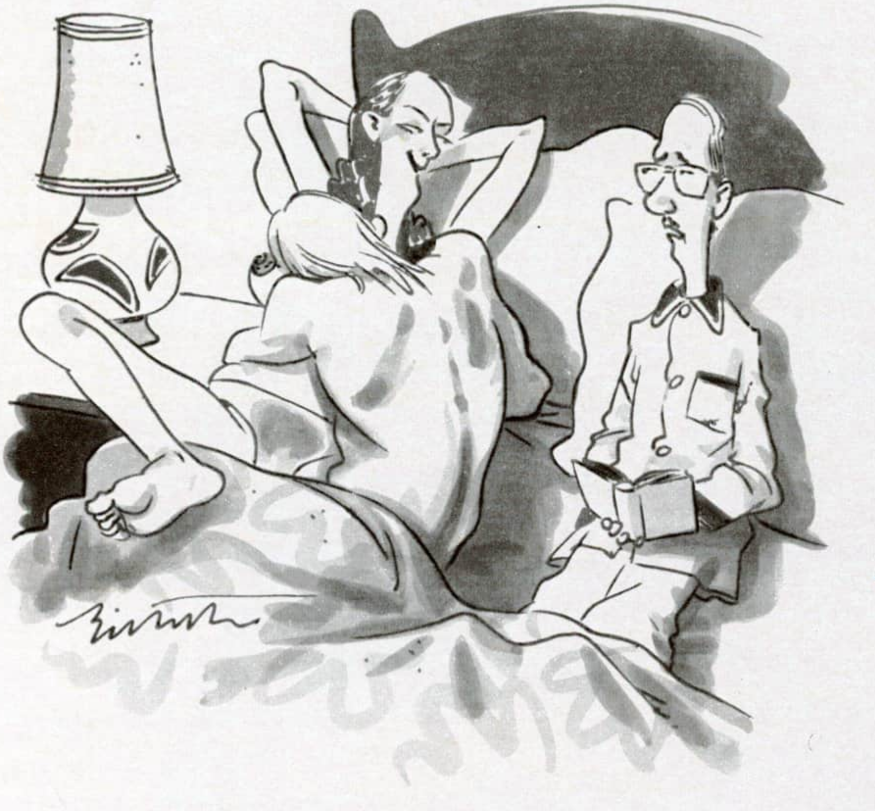
"I want to hire you to find somebody."

"I'm not in that line. I'm just a bill collector."

"I know better."

"Who sent you?"

"A lawyer."



"Dearest, I think Junior is getting too old to sleep with us."

"Philip?"

"Lewis."

"I may be able to help you," said McGowan. "I guess you want me to find your squad car partner, Sonny Junior Bumpas."

"How'd you know that?" asked Malino, impressed.

"It's in the papers that he's missing," said McGowan. "How long has it been now—about three months?"

"Just at," said Malino. "I gotta find him, quick. My time's running out."

"What do you mean, *you* have to find him?"

"They, the police, that is, got it in their heads that I done something with him. They think I killed him, hid his body, dissolved it, or something."

McGowan glanced at Malino's credit history.

"They think you killed him because he defaulted on that loan you cosigned for him at Pixie Credit and Thrift. Isn't that right?"

"How'd you know about that?" gasped Malino.

McGowan leaned back in his chair.

"Go on, tell me about it," he said. "I thought I read in the papers that the police were questioning suspects about his disappearance."

"That's routine," said Malino. "They grab up a lot of pore suh mitches and sweat 'em. If Bumpas turns up dead, if they find his body, they'll charge one a'them with it, even though the chief of police thinks, for sure, I done it."

"The chief of police," mused McGowan. "Chief Scatboat Miller. If I remember correctly, he killed thirty-seven men in the line of duty while still a patrolman. Wears the lead slugs they dug out of the bodies on a chain around his belly to ward off rheumatism."

"Thirty-seven ain't nothing!" said Malino. "I only been on the force ten years, and I got me forty-one, but I sure don't wear the slugs as no rheumatism cure. I had me a artist mount them on black velvet in the design of an Indian chief wearing feathers. You talk about pretty! I got it hanging over the TV. I'm working now on enough slugs for a buffalo."

"Did you kill Bumpas?" asked McGowan. "You had to pay over three hundred dollars when he defaulted. That's enough reason for a cop to kill."

"You don't like us police, do you?"

"Did you kill him?"

"I didn't kill him. I can't think of who would."

"How long was he on the force?"

"Ten years, same as me."

"If a man has been a policeman ten years, there are at least a thousand people who would like to kill him."

"There's something about you I don't like," said Malino. "Maybe you done it. I don't like the way you keep putting down police officers. My dog, he ain't never wrong! He like to have went for you! Maybe he's telling me something!"

"I didn't kill him, either, Malino. I never met him. Why is Scatboat Miller so sure he's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

WHO'$ ON FIRST?

A Rich Jock, That's Who!

BY BILL LEE

Pete Rose, an all-star National League third baseman, was offered da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, conjugal rights to the Dallas cheerleaders, and 6,000 acres in Montana. Rejecting that particular deal, he accepted a mere $3.2 million, over a four-year period, to continue his "Charlie Hustle" reputation in our second-greatest national pastime—baseball.

The fact that Mr. Rose willingly chose a Philadelphia team would have made W.C. Fields roll over in his decanter. Fields claimed that he "once went to Philadelphia, and it was closed," but Rose found the city wide open to a salary ten times greater than Babe Ruth's biggest year: The Bambino reached his financial peak with an $80,000 seasonal stipend, little more than a utility infielder's grocery list in these inflated times. The high finance of player-management negotiations requires the talent of a sports writer and the astuteness of a financial analyst; in restaurant jargon that's the equivalent of merging a hot dog wagon with the 21 Club.

An affluent sport of another kind, the righteous (pro-

HOME TEAM LINE-UP
JOHNSON 2B 105 THOUSAND DOLLARS PER YEAR AND LIMOSINE SERVICE
BUTLER LF 185 THOUSAND DOLLARS PER YEAR (RE-NEGOTIATING)
KOBLIN CF TWO MILLION DOLLARS OVER A FIVE YEAR PERIOD
ELDON 1B 120 THOUSAND DOLLARS PER YEAR (PLAYING OUT HIS OPTION)
SARGES 3B NINETY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS PER YEAR AND STOCK OPTIONS
FLAHERTY S.S. SEVENTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS PER YEAR AND UNLIMITED TRAVEL
McEVOY R.F. EIGHTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS PER YEAR, PLAYING OUT HIS OPTION
BROWNE C. SEVENTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS PER YEAR AND OBVIOUSLY DIS-SATISFIED
TRUSCOTT P. ONE MILLION DOLLARS PER YEAR UNTILL CONTRACT IS RE-NEGOTIATED
341

nounced "riches") Reverend Ike, once said: "The best thing that you can do for poor people is not to become one of them." If that's the case, professional athletes in general and baseball players in particular are on the verge of receiving sainthood nominations for their consistent flow of "best things" on behalf of the poor. That twisted form of tongue-in-wallet logic (from the Dow Jones school of preaching) could easily elevate our nation's top jocks to a position of immortality far beyond their enshrinement at Cooperstown's Hall of Fame. All of this could come to pass despite the fact that Saint Francis of Assisi never (not even in his prime) could hit a curve ball.

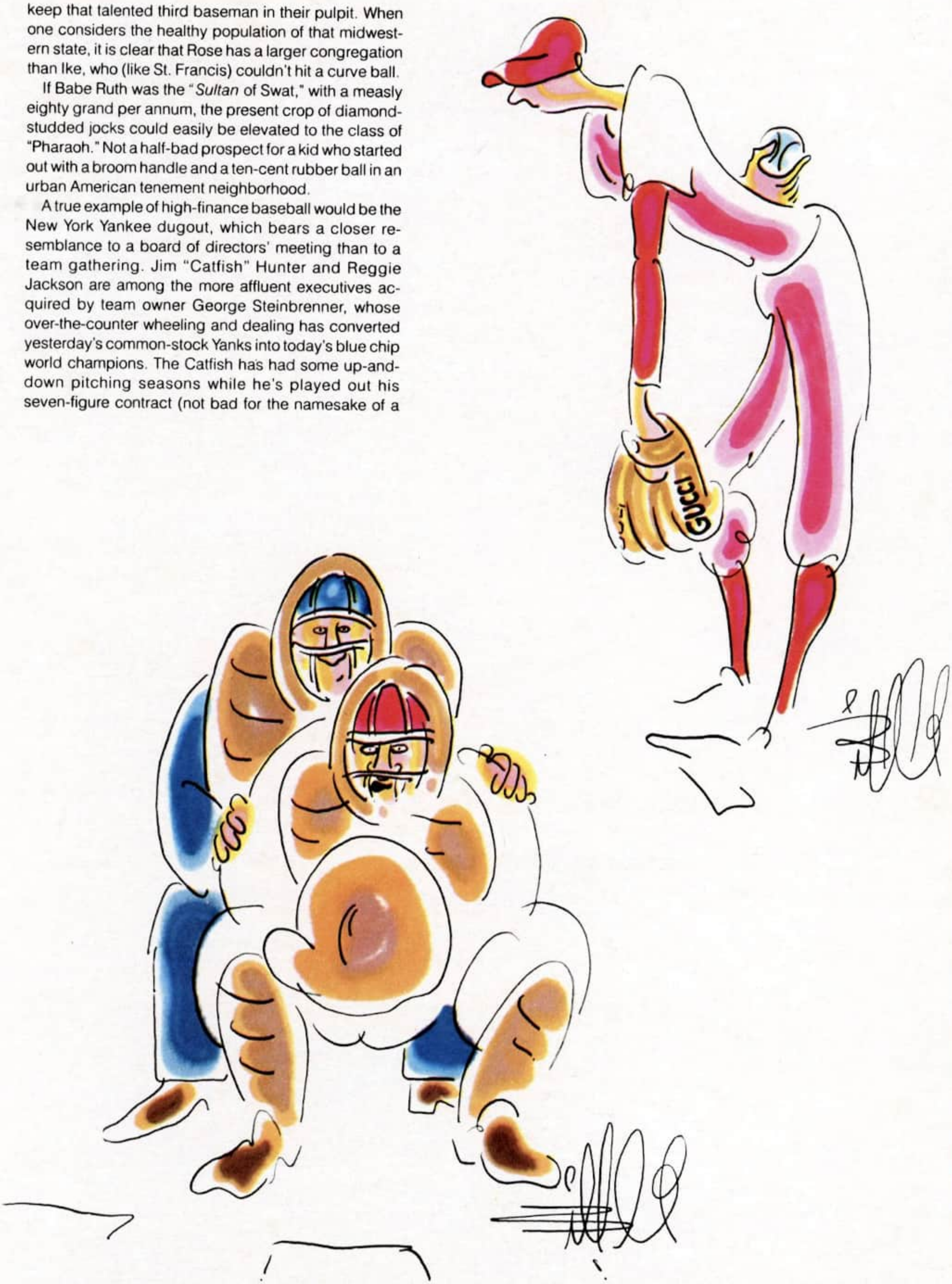
While it seems ludicrous to compare religious leaders with baseball players, there are some similarities. When Mr. Rose announced his departure from the Cincinnati Reds, he placed himself on the auction block, for sale to the highest bidder. The good citizens of his Ohio "parish" were concerned at the prospect of his loss and volunteered to pass the collection plate, soliciting donations in order to raise the sum of money required to

J. R. BRADLEY
EXECUTIVE THIRD BASEMAN

keep that talented third baseman in their pulpit. When one considers the healthy population of that midwestern state, it is clear that Rose has a larger congregation than Ike, who (like St. Francis) couldn't hit a curve ball.

If Babe Ruth was the "*Sultan* of Swat," with a measly eighty grand per annum, the present crop of diamond-studded jocks could easily be elevated to the class of "Pharaoh." Not a half-bad prospect for a kid who started out with a broom handle and a ten-cent rubber ball in an urban American tenement neighborhood.

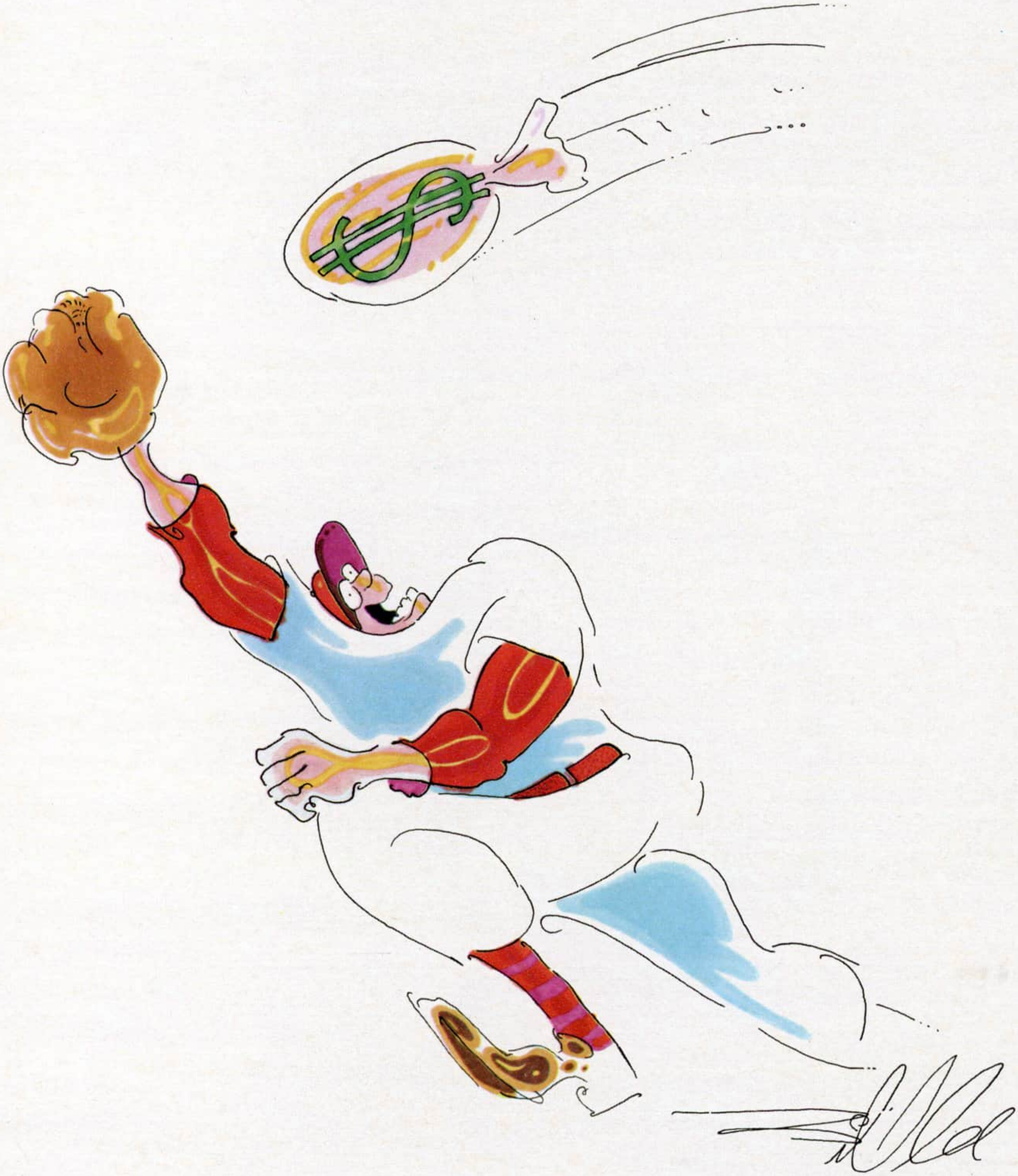
A true example of high-finance baseball would be the New York Yankee dugout, which bears a closer resemblance to a board of directors' meeting than to a team gathering. Jim "Catfish" Hunter and Reggie Jackson are among the more affluent executives acquired by team owner George Steinbrenner, whose over-the-counter wheeling and dealing has converted yesterday's common-stock Yanks into today's blue chip world champions. The Catfish has had some up-and-down pitching seasons while he's played out his seven-figure contract (not bad for the namesake of a

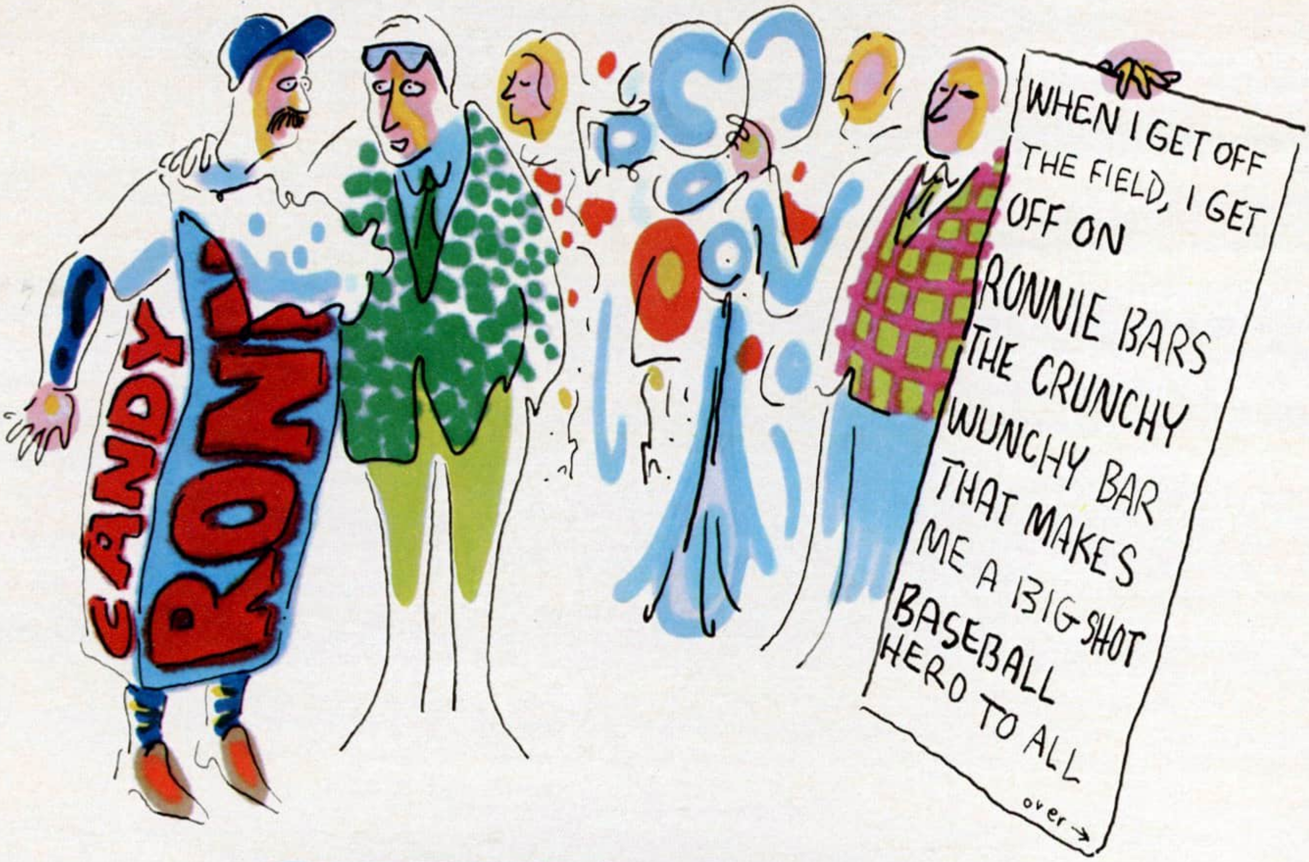


"Anaconda Gypsum . . . splitting 3 for 1 . . . watch it."

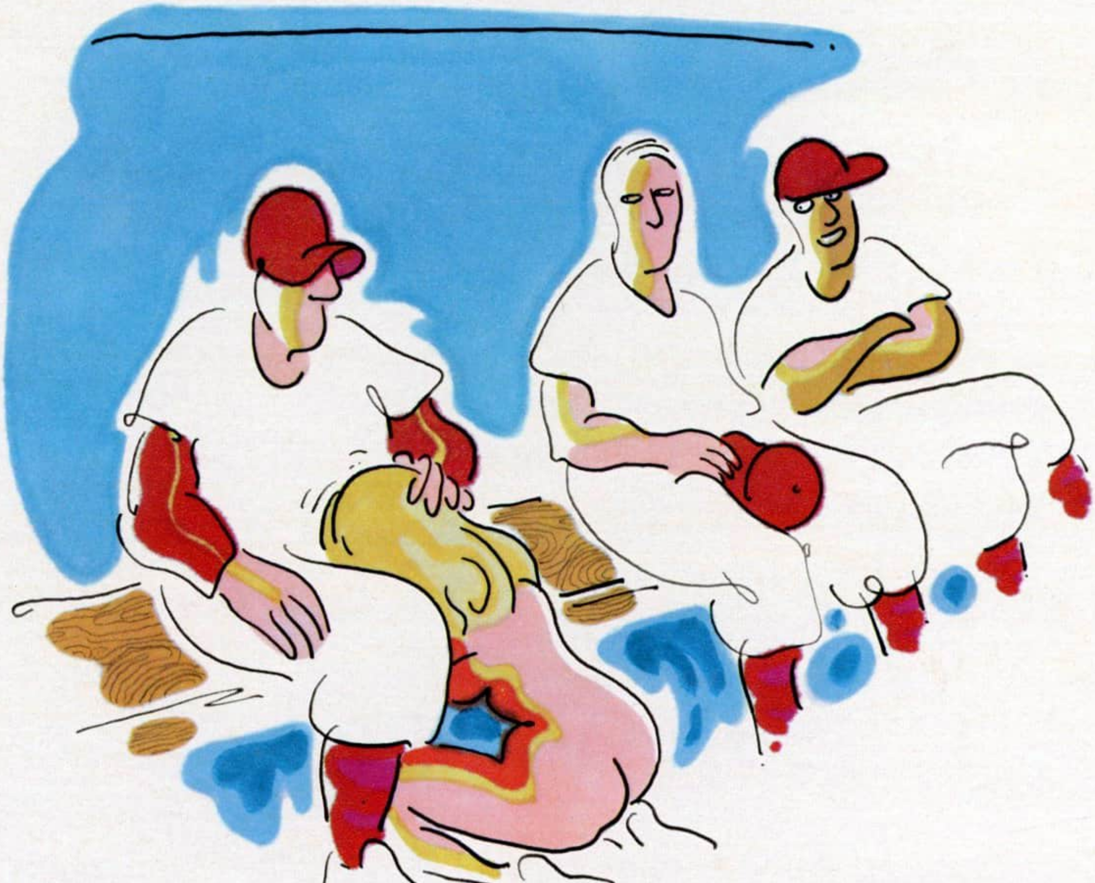
scavenger), and Reggie Jackson might well be referred to as the Rip Van Winkle of baseball: he falls asleep in April and doesn't wake up until the smell of World Series money stirs his senses in September.

Professional baseball offers the average citizen a unique form of entertainment. The price of a bleacher ticket will buy you the right to watch two groups of multimillionaires running around in knickers and argyle sox, hitting cowhide spheres with a big stick. Nor does it end with baseball. All professional sports, when viewed realistically, give the legend of Horatio Alger a whole new perspective. Delivering a backwoods, hillbilly description of his first view of gridiron activities, Andy Griffith once described football as a game in which grown men were "runnin' around in the mud, in their underwear, chasin' a pumpkin, while tryin' to keep from fallin' down or steppin into somethin'." I wonder what he would have said if he had waited a few years more to see Joe Namath wearing panty hose in a television commercial—for a price!





CANDY
RONN
WHEN I GET OFF THE FIELD, I GET OFF ON RONNIE BARS THE CRUNCHY WUNCHY BAR THAT MAKES ME A BIG-SHOT BASEBALL HERO TO ALL
over →



"She's in his contract."

JADE McGOWAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

dead, and why are you?"

"Miller knows about that loan I cosigned. They's something else, too. I was cosigned for Bumpas at the Police Credit Union. When he disappeared, I was out, altogether, over a thousand dollars. I had to pay up."

"Where did a cop with your income and your bills get a thousand dollars?"

"Nem'mind," said Malino.

"And Miller thinks you'd kill a brother officer for a thousand dollars?"

"He done it hisself once. Back in the forties, when he was just coming up. The same thing. He'll tell you if you get him to drinking."

McGowan was making notes.

"He don't want no scandal," continued Malino. "He's sure I done it, but he wants to keep it out of the papers. He'll see that I get punished, on the sly."

"You mean he'd kill you?"

"He'll fix it up to look like an accident. He's told me he's planning to do it in a few days if Bumpas don't turn up. That's why I'm in a fix. That's why I come to you. Philip and Lewis, they said you could find Bumpas if he was anywhere alive on earth."

"I don't care what happens to you cops," said McGowan. "Why can't you find him? Cops are good at finding people."

"Miller is set on the notion that I done it, 'cause he once done something like it. I mean, he's set! He ain't interested in proving otherwise. He won't let me look for him. He won't let anyone on the force look for him. As far as Scatboat Miller is concerned, Bumpas is dead, and I done it, and he's fixing to settle it all in the family."

"I can't do anything," said McGowan.

"I've got ten thousand dollars for you if you try."

"Ten thousand dollars? Are you serious? Ten thousand dollars? Where would a cop with your income and your bills get ten thousand dollars?"

"Nem'mind," said Malino.

"You got the money on you?"

"In little bills."

Malino took an envelope from inside his tunic and handed it to McGowan.

"Count it. It ain't hot. It ain't counterfeit or stole."

"For this kind of money, I've got to find Bumpas," said McGowan, "even if it is doing a cop a favor."

At that instant the dog's sleeping potion wore off, and it leaped for McGowan's throat but missed because its timing was still imperfect, from the pill.

Malino grabbed the dog and sat on it while McGowan got a few facts about the missing policeman to start work on.

It was nearly noon when Malino left.

McGowan stayed in his office until it was dark; then he got into his late-model Spaatz-Imbatta, one of the ones with the electric brakes, and headed out along the bay to where Blacky Kingsnake Malino lived.

He had something very important to do before starting to look for Sonny Junior Bumpas.

It was almost midnight when Blacky Kingsnake Malino got home, but his house was lit up.

He went to the kitchen, opened the refrigerator, and looked inside.

"Baby Lee!" he called to his wife, who was somewhere up front. "Baby Lee, what's this in the blue bowl?"

"You save some of that for the cat!" she yelled back.

Baby Lee Malino appeared, wearing a puce toque and eating cold, diet chili out of the can.

She lay down on the floor and started doing sit-ups.

"What's the hat for?" asked Malino.

"I wear it in the second act," said his wife, who was active in the outdoor summer theater on Crown Point. "Why are you so late?"

"I had to work. Did you rehearse tonight?"

"No. The director is getting the transvestite chorus in shape. Has Sonny Bumpas turned up yet?"

"No. Transvestite chorus? What sort of a show are you doing?"

"A panorama of the sea and Indian. Gideon Dismark of the New York stage has come down to play the Fish Prince. He's been here a week already."

"There's no place for a transvestite chorus in a panorama of the sea and Indian."

"You know very well there's a transvestite chorus in everything Greenway Wolfe directs. It's his hallmark!"

"Sounds like just an excuse to me."

"What do you mean by that?" she screamed. "Are you saying something about my brother? If you want to malign my brother, do it out in the open!"

She was sensitive about her twin brother, Beryl Lee. He had tried to make it as an interpretive dancer in the little town where they grew up, but it was impossible. He left home and went to New York, where he found employment as an Arrangement of Queen Anne's Lace. Baby Lee and Beryl Lee had an older sister who put on a good mens' cologne and, on the strength of it, shipped out of Galveston as an ablebodied seaman.

Malino undressed and fell into bed and was soon asleep. His wife continued doing sit-ups on the floor. She did three hundred every night to keep her muscles tight and her weight below eighty-one pounds.

Malino lived on Tarpon Drive, near the bay. McGowan spotted his house easily among dozens just like it, tiny houses with ceramic fruit on the walls and too many people squeezing around inside them. The police dog was outside, breathing flames and trying to pull down the cyclone fence that enclosed its run.

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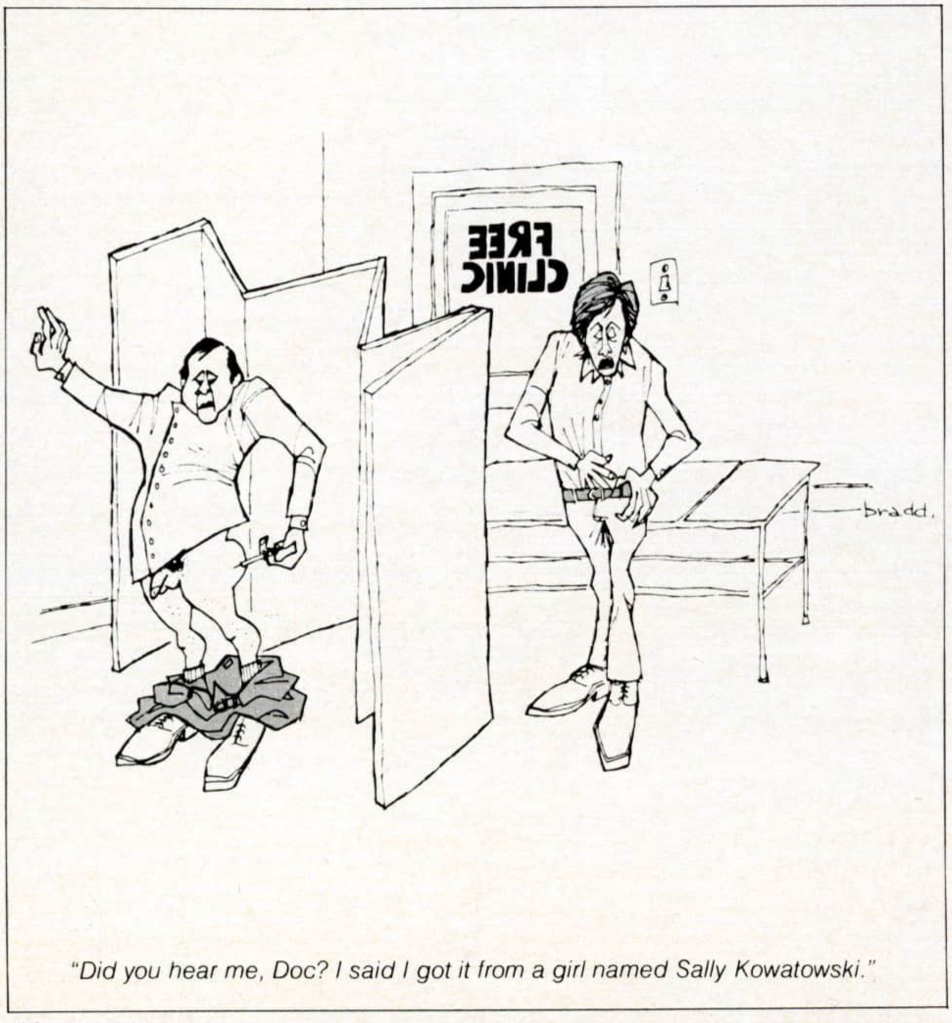

"Did you hear me, Doc? I said I got it from a girl named Sally Kowatowski."

What a man serves is often a reflection of the man.

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The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

PETE ROSE

Have I been disloyal
to the Cincinnati Reds? That's
bullshit. Loyalty's fine,
but loyalty's a two-way street.
The Reds sure as hell
didn't show *me* any loyalty.

At an age when most sports stars have long since retired to oversee their investments, thirty-eight-year-old Pete Rose is baseball's most spectacular player. In May of last year he became the thirteenth player in major-league history to accumulate 3,000 base hits, and in June and July he went on a batting spree that resulted in a forty-four-game hitting streak, a National League record. And this season Rose is the highest-paid player in baseball history.

Regardless of how much money Pete Rose makes, however, he will never be mistaken for an athletic mercenary. Now in his seventeenth season, Rose continues to perform with the intensity that earned him the nickname "Charlie Hustle." Sliding into bases headfirst, bowling over catchers at home plate, crashing into anything or anyone standing between him and the pop-ups he's after—Rose is sheer aggression on a baseball field. That pugnacity hasn't always served him well, however. In the 1970 All-Star games, Rose was trying to score and violently barreled into Cleveland catcher Ray Fosse; the collision left Fosse with a separated shoulder and a ruined career. Millions of television viewers were turned off by Rose's excessive zeal, but what would they have thought if they had known that Rose and Fosse had been talking baseball until four in the morning? The moral is clear: friend or foe, look out when Charlie Hustle is coming down the line.

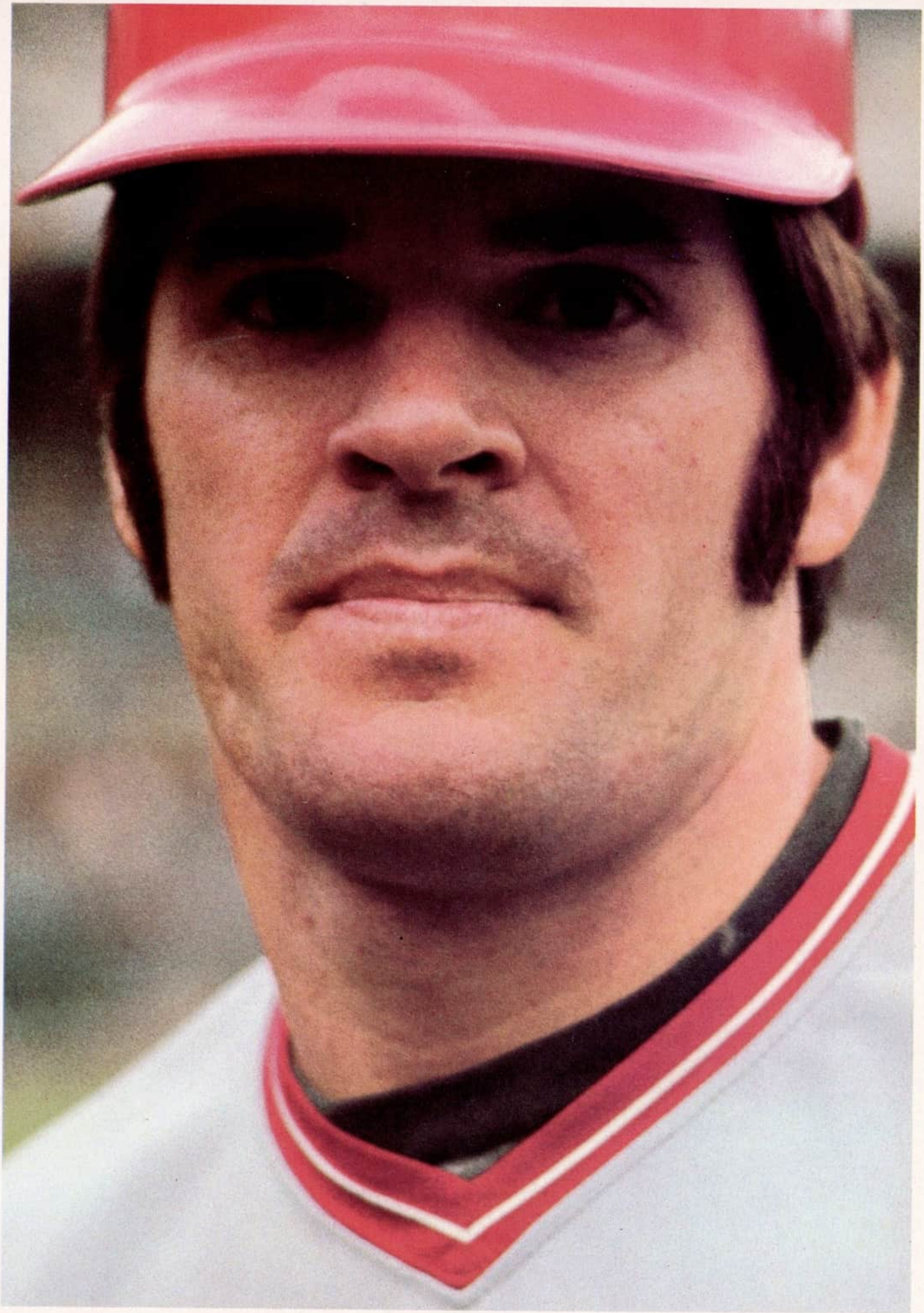
But Rose is much more than a hellion on the base paths. A consistently outstanding hitter, Rose has batted more than .300 for thirteen of the last fourteen seasons. He's been an All-Star at two infield and two outfield positions, and he's missed only nine games in the last nine years. At five feet ten and one-half, Rose is a compact, thickly muscled 200-pounder who looks more like a fullback than the first baseman he has now become.

Peter Edward Rose was born in Cincinnati on April 14, 1941, the son of a well-known semipro athlete, Harry Rose, who played baseball and football until he was forty-two. When Pete first began Knot Hole League baseball, his father supervised his progress. "Dad always told me if I didn't win, I didn't accomplish anything," Rose says. "I believed him." When Rose graduated from Western Hills High School, the Cincinnati Reds weren't really interested in signing a 145-pound second baseman but did so at the insistence of scout Buddy Bloebaum, who just happened to be Pete's uncle. After three impressive seasons in the minor leagues, Rose joined the Reds in 1963 and was named the National League Rookie of the Year. He was Cincinnati's combative field leader for sixteen years.

At the end of the 1978 season, however, he and the Reds couldn't agree on a new contract. Rose promptly announced that he would become a free agent, which meant putting himself on the open market. After a brief but furious bidding war, Rose signed an unprecedented four-year, $3.2 million contract with the Philadelphia Phillies. For the Phillies it meant the acquisition of a crowd-pleasing player who would almost certainly lead them to a fourth straight division title and perhaps an appearance in the World Series. For Rose it meant that he had become the highest-paid player in baseball history.

Just before the start of spring training, *Penthouse* sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with Rose in Cincinnati, where he and his family continue to live. Linderman reports: "Just after I arrived in Cincinnati, Rose picked me up in his top-of-the-line Porsche and drove us to his favorite hangout—a huge, incredibly sleazy, and totally comfortable bar and grill called Sleep Out Louie's, where he introduced me to his younger brother, Dave, an excellent baseball prospect until he tore up a leg. The three of us then ate lunch at a round table with several Cincinnati wise guys. Afterward, we stepped through the sawdust and over the fallen bodies and found a table in the back where we could talk. Rose turned out to be as friendly and candid a guy as any I've interviewed in some time. When I finally turned on my tape recorder, he proceeded to demonstrate that he is the kind of player who eats, sleeps, drinks, and talks baseball and only baseball. His record-breaking contract was still in the news and provided the opening subject for our conversation."

Photograph by Curt Gunther Camera 5



Penthouse: The four-year contract you recently signed with the Philadelphia Phillies—for $800,000 a season—made you the highest-salaried baseball player in America. How important was it for you to be number one?

Rose: It was *very* important, because in terms of years of experience, statistics, consistency, and popularity, I think I earned it. I've been there more than any other active player—I've made the most All-Star teams, I've gotten the most hits, and I also lead the league in doing commercials.

Penthouse: We weren't aware that doing commercials qualifies an athlete for a higher salary. Does it?

Rose: Sure it does, because it helps sell tickets. But the real reason I'm making a lot of money now is that no player with my statistics ever put himself on the market by going through the free-agent draft. I've got a lifetime batting average of .302, I've tied an all-time record by getting more than 200 hits a season nine times, I'm only the thirteenth guy in history to get more than 3,000 hits, and last year I set a National League record with a forty-four game hitting streak. Do you think I have a chance to go to the Hall of Fame?

Penthouse: Don't *you*?

Rose: Of course I do. Think about this: has there ever been another free agent who'll get into the Hall of Fame on the first ballot? Don't say Reggie Jackson, because he's not a cinch to make it on the first ballot. In fact, he might not even make the Hall of Fame. Anyway, that's why I'm getting my money: because I challenged the market, and because I've proved I can still play like I did when I was twenty-eight. I'll be thirty-eight by the time the season gets going, but I don't play like a thirty-eight-year old. I haven't slacked off.

Penthouse: If that's true, then why did the Cincinnati Reds seem so willing to let you go to another team?

Rose: They just wouldn't compete financially with other teams. Last summer, right after I got my 3,000th hit, I told Dick Wagner, the general manager of the Reds, that I didn't think it was fair that I should be the third-highest-paid player on the team. I felt that after sixteen years of working my ass off for the Reds, I'd reached the top of my profession and that a guy at the top of his sport shouldn't be its seventeenth best-paid player. Wagner said, "Well, hell, you're in the top 10 percent," and I told him that wasn't good enough for me. I said, "Listen, the president of a company is supposed to make the most money because he's the top man—you don't pay sixteen other guys in a company more than the president." I may be wrong, but I really *do* feel I'm at the top of my profession.

Penthouse: Were you surprised when the Reds didn't offer you a big raise?

Rose: Only in this respect: the owner of the Reds is a grand fella named Louis Nepper, and Dick Wagner wouldn't let me talk money to him. When I put myself on the open market, the *only* people I talked to were team owners. Right now, I think the Reds have to be mad, because they could've had me for $425,000 or so. Last May, Reuven Katz, my attorney, and I asked Wagner for a nonguaranteed career contract, meaning that as long as I could make the team, the Reds would pay me—let's say—$425,000 a year. He told me it wasn't club policy to discuss contracts during the season, but only a week before, Wagner had been negotiating Mike Lum's contract.

Asking for a nonguaranteed contract, by the way, was like giving them a license to steal. Let's say I signed a four-year nonguaranteed contract. As far as I'd be concerned, it would be worth only one season, because if I got hurt or didn't make the team, they wouldn't have to pay me after the first year. The Reds weren't willing to guarantee me a *thing*. Meanwhile, I wound up with a four-year guaranteed contract with the Phillies. If I break a leg today, I'll still get paid for the next four years.

Penthouse: Were the Reds aware that a number of teams would engage in a bidding war for your services?

Rose: No, I think they were optimistic that, because of my age, other teams weren't going to be interested in me. They said they couldn't give me a contract for the rest of my career and that they wanted me to prove I could still play baseball. So then I went on a forty-four-game hitting streak, and it just backfired in their faces. Once they said no to negotiating with me during the season, I had everything to gain and nothing to lose by becoming a free agent.

Penthouse: How high did the bidding go?

Rose: I could've been the highest-paid athlete ever—in any sport—if I had taken Atlanta's deal. Some people say that Pélé, the soccer player, was given $1 million a year. Well, Ted Turner, who owns the Atlanta Braves, offered me $1 million a season plus $100,000 a year for life. If I live thirty more years, that deal would've been worth $7 million.

Penthouse: Did Turner's offer seem slightly insane to you?

Rose: Well, yes and no. Yes, in the respect that you don't think anybody's going to pay that much for a ballplayer; but no, when you realize he wanted to use me to help sell his cable television system, which is in 750 cities via satellite. This year, he's televising 105 Atlanta Braves games. So his offer to me was a smart move, because I'm well known right now. If he signed me, more people would've tuned in to watch those games.

Penthouse: Why didn't you take his offer?

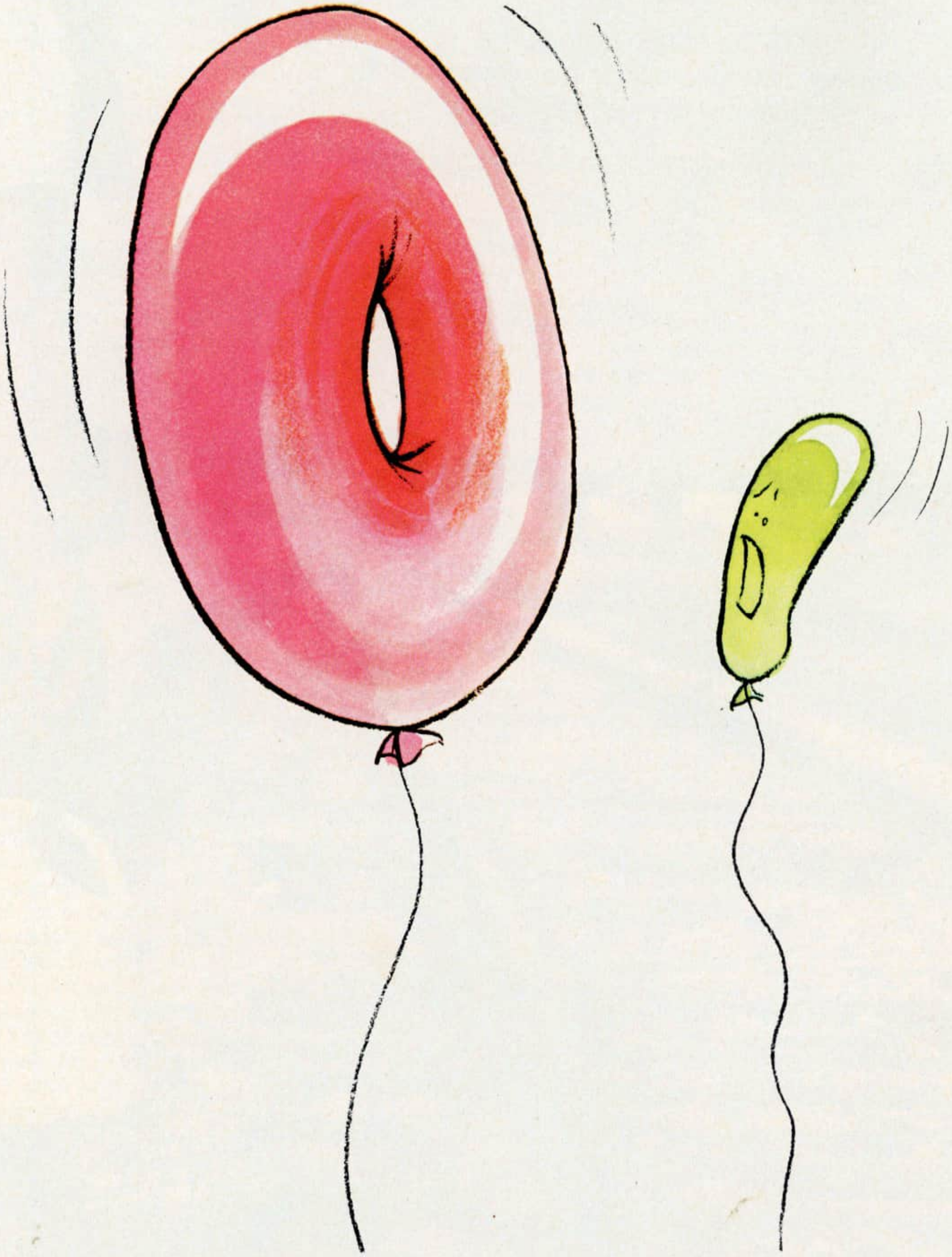
Rose: Because I didn't think I'd be the difference between Atlanta winning and losing. I'd have made the Braves more competitive—hell, I'd make *any* team more competitive—but not enough to make them win the Western Division. And I wanted to play for a team that could get to the World Series.

Penthouse: Did it feel at all strange to turn down $1 million a year?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

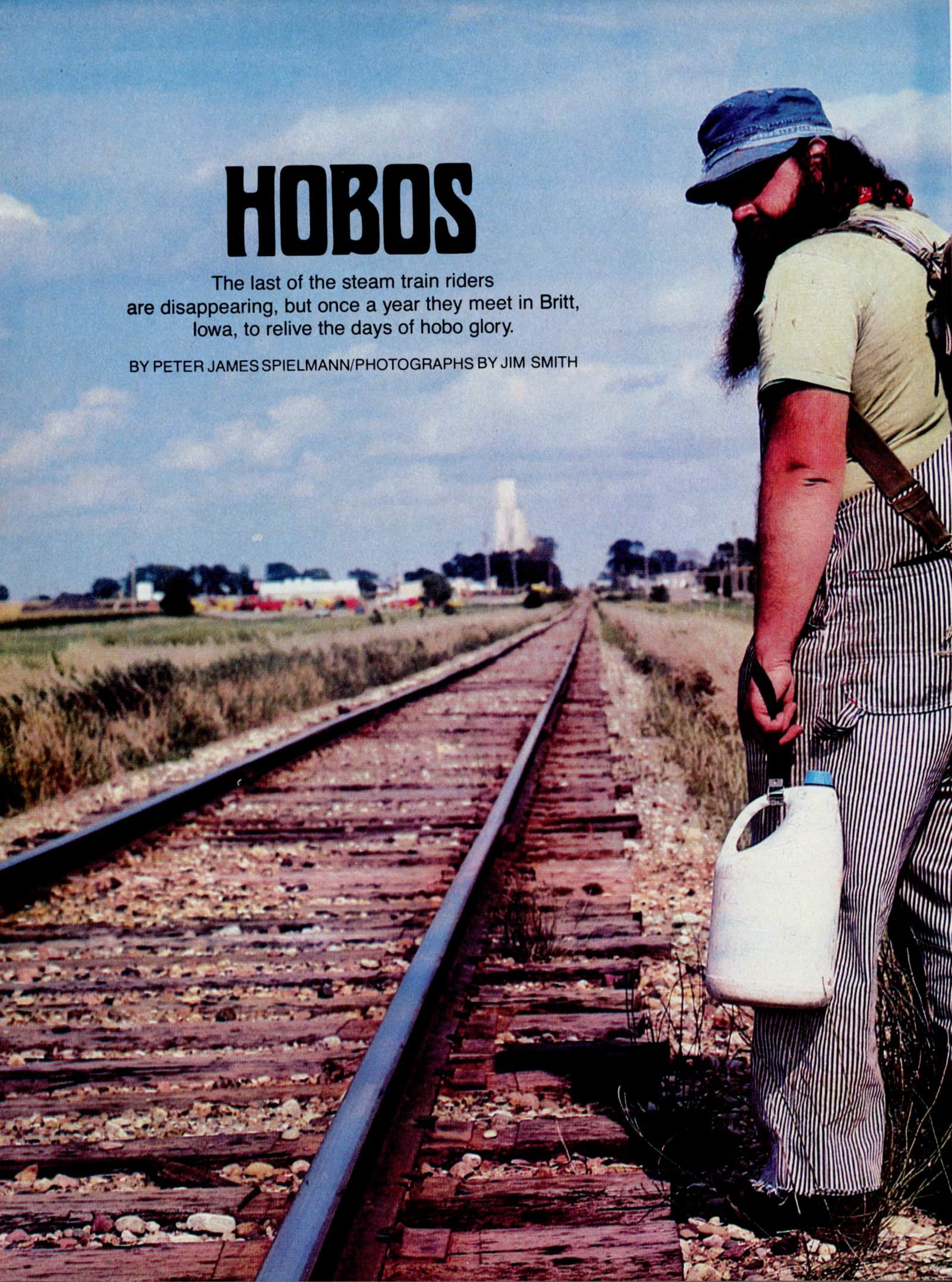


"I don't know what it is, Gladys, but you make me feel so damned inadequate."

HOBOS

The last of the steam train riders are disappearing, but once a year they meet in Britt, Iowa, to relive the days of hobo glory.

BY PETER JAMES SPIELMANN/PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM SMITH



The townies are safely buttoned into their airtight, night-proof houses, studying space-cop-variety television, sheltered from the cool, clear, starry, God-given Iowa night. The town is Britt, the night is August, and the town's yearly guests are starting to arrive. Dropping off of midnight freight trains, hopping out of autos driven by generous prairie dwellers, or riding in on the Dog (the Greyhound), they blow in from California, Virginia, Montana, Oregon, New York, Pennsylvania—from the far corners of America. The last hobos drift in one by one, shedding their habitual solitude for their one annual convention. A few days from now applauding Iowans and tourists will acclaim one of them the new King of the Hobos, but tonight is relaxing time, catching-up time, time for tales never heard before and for legends etched onto every hobo heart, time to dust off the archetypal American hobo, to renew the myth.

The hobo jungle is located where the main street of Britt crosses the Milwaukee Road tracks, with a great Moloch of a grain elevator rising above, looming stark white against the twinkling pitch black of the night. In the jungle a dance is happening around the low, flickering fire: Steam Train Maury Graham is two-stepping to tunes picked on the guitar by Rattlesnake

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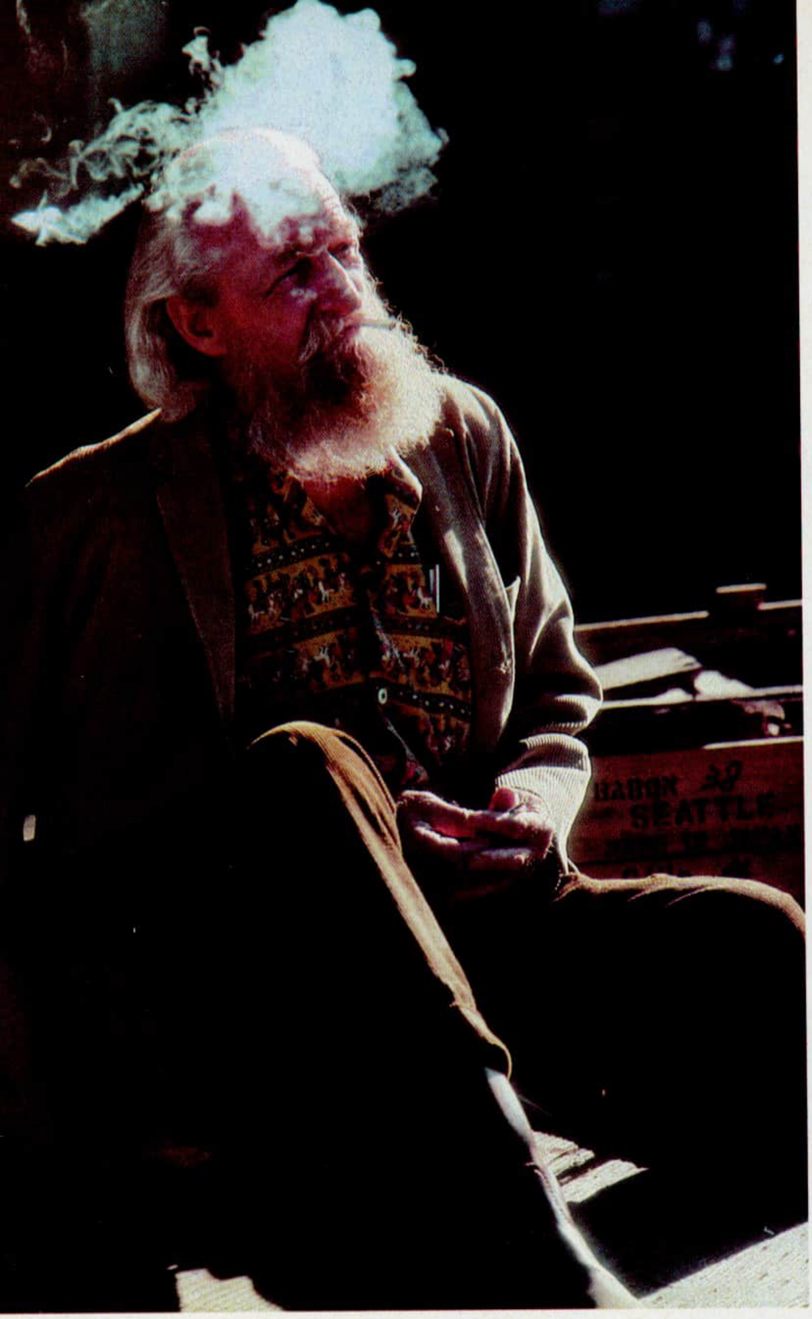
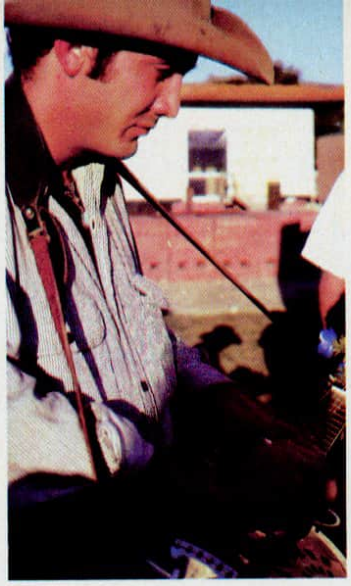
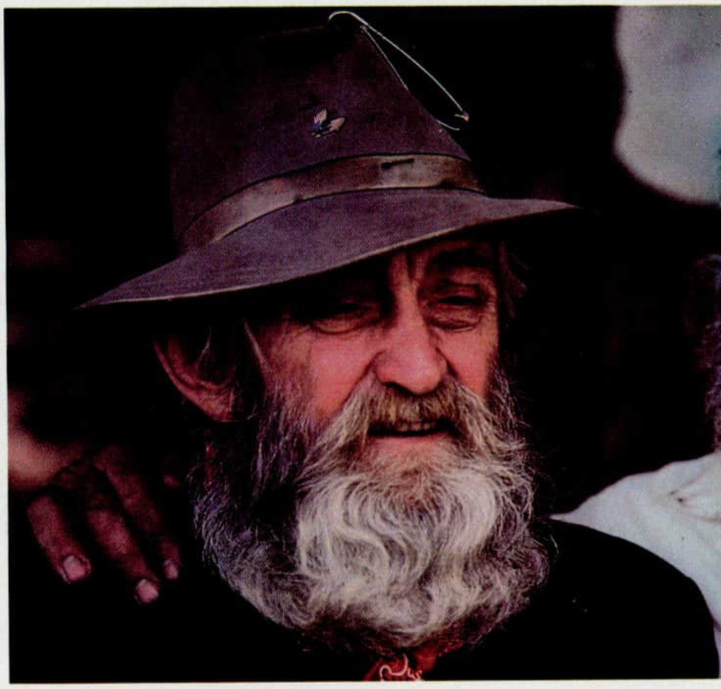
We hear the merry jingle,
The rumble and the roar,
As she dashes through the woodland,
As she creeps along the shore.
We hear the engine's whistle
And the hardy hobos' call,
As we ride the rods and brakebeams
On the Wabash Cannonball.

(left) Portland Grey, waiting to hitch a freight out of Britt. (above) Steam Train Maury, King of the Hobos, who travels east of the Mississippi.







"Come, boy," said the bo, "and let us go
To the land of milk and honey.
I'll show you the bees and the cigarette
trees
And the soda water fountains.
We'll romp and sing by the lemonade
spring
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

(clockwise, this page, from above) Adam Ydobon (Nobody spelled backwards), philosopher and hobo candidate for president of the United States, enjoying a smoke and a quiet moment of contemplation; Rattlesnake Dick, from Montana, who also plays banjo and mouth harp and does rope tricks, picking a tune on his Dobro guitar; the Cheyenne Kid, seasoning the communal mulligan stew in the hobo jungle outside of Britt; Sparky Smith and Steam Train Maury, two of the old-timers from the days of the steam trains, reliving the good old days when the freights were slow and easy to hop; the Cheyenne Kid joining Frisco Jack, Mountain Dew, Frypan Jack, and the other bos at the annual Hobo Convention, held every August.

Dick. Steam Train is a hobo Saint Nick, with long, snow-white hair and a thick beard. Potbellied, he is swinging his gnarled cane, cutting a hilarious figure in the firelight, making every heart young that sees his white-haired but light-footed dance. Other bos sit in the shadows, hoo-hawing, clapping, stomping feet, raising dust that doesn't settle until two days after the last bo has packed up and left.

Hobos have always been proud of their culture and their class; this solidarity supports their legend and holds the wandering bos together. Since 1900, when some local entrepreneurs decided to put backwater Britt on the map by hosting a "hobo convention," the bos have been returning to Britt each August with the fidelity of the swallows of Capistrano. The tourists withdraw after sunset, leaving the two dozen or so bos to their coffee, mulligan stew, and stories. The old-timers come back again and again to the great steam train rides of the 1920s–40s, when trains had to stop every few miles for water or coal, so that any bo could climb aboard; when railroad cops threw men off moving trains, or beat them, or jailed them; when whole families or even communities were Okie-ing to California, always searching for that American Dream just over the horizon.

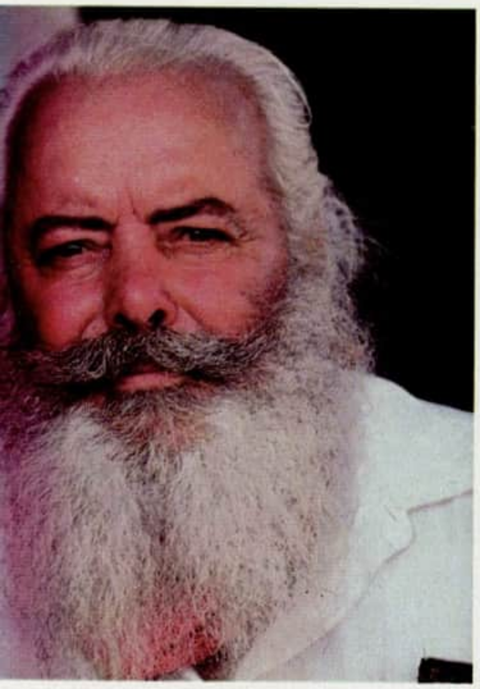
Those days live again around the jungle campfire. Frisco Jack—a rider since the thirties, clad in blue denims, red bandanna fastened round his neck with a Southern Pacific pin, brown felt Jimmy Durante hat—reels off his tale.

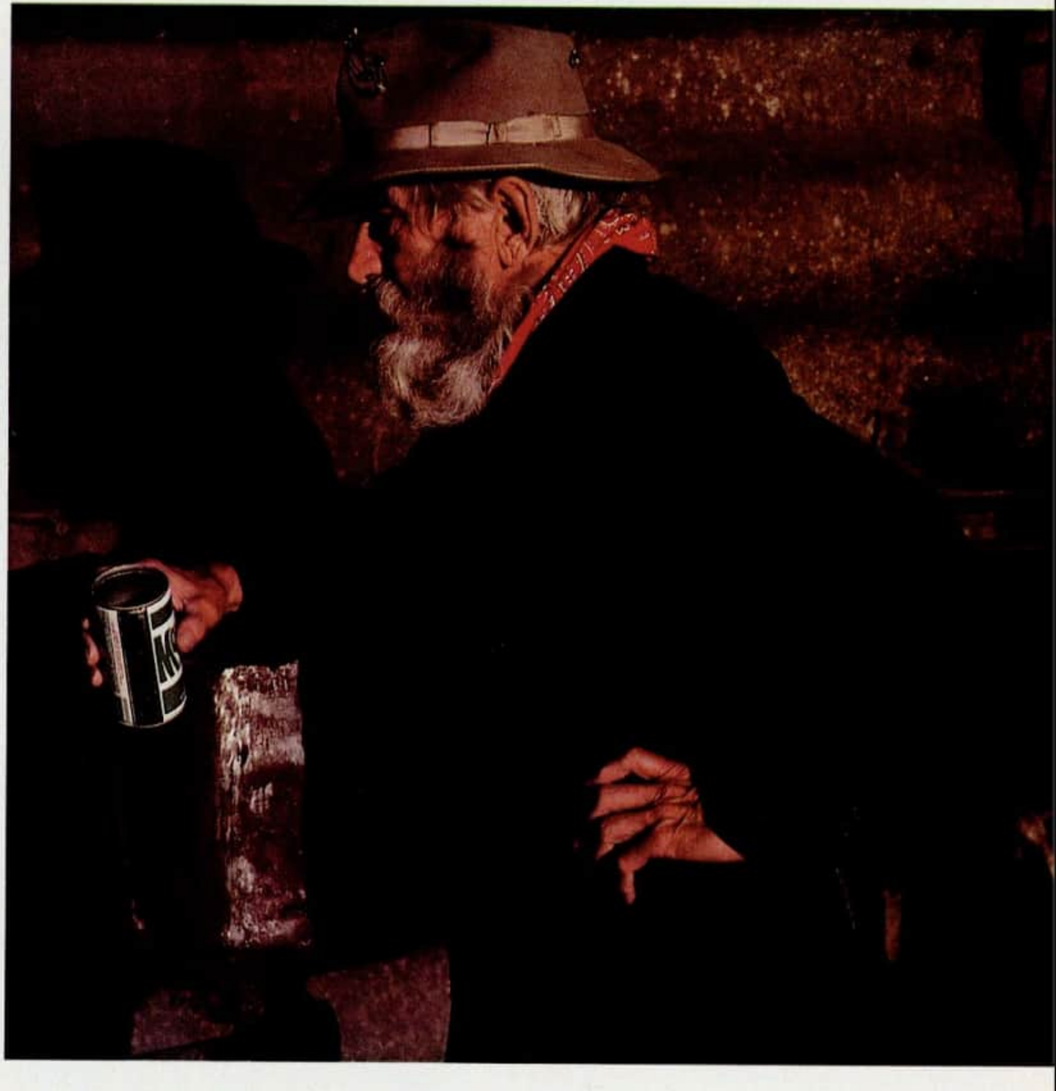
"Just as we were waiting for the train, the 'town clown' comes along, flashes his badge and says, 'All right, get the hell out!' Just then the train pulls in; so we jump onto it. As soon as we get on, the railroad dick comes along; so what the hell are we supposed to do? Two guys jumped off one side; I jumped off the other. I run ahead, and as the train pulls out, I jump back on again."

The bos barnacled themselves onto any part of a train that offered a handhold or foothold: "I've seen guys tie themselves to the runway across on top of a boxcar," Jack said. "They'd be sleeping up there, belted on so they wouldn't roll off. Going across the desert, that was the only way you could sleep. Or the reefers [refrigerator cars] had this hasp on the trap door on top, like they seal up boxcars with." A man could climb in there and hide from the railroad dicks, riding in cool comfort on top of the ice. "But if the trainman came through and put a pin through that hasp, you'd be a trapped pigeon. They pulled many dead men out of those cars. Whereas if you'd put the hasp inside the trapdoor and shut it, then you'd have control of the door. But now they've got these self-contained refrigerator cars," sighed Jack.

The sigh went around the circle. Slim, gray-bearded Sparky Smith, natty in his old pin-striped, double-breasted "suit" with mismatched pants, picks up the lament: "It's getting rougher every year. Along the railroad tracks there used to be markings about where you could get a

Nobody knows where the hobo goes,
Nobody knows where he gets his clothes;
Nobody knows but Jesus.
Nobody knows, nobody heeds,
How he gets his beers or bums his feeds,
Nobody knows but Jesus.

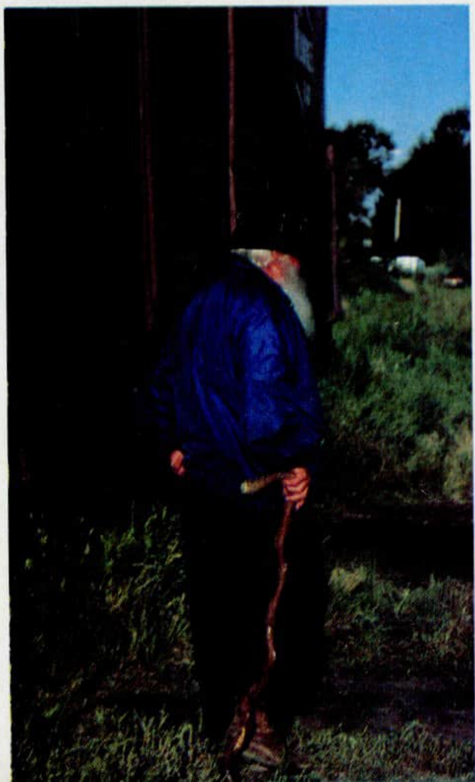


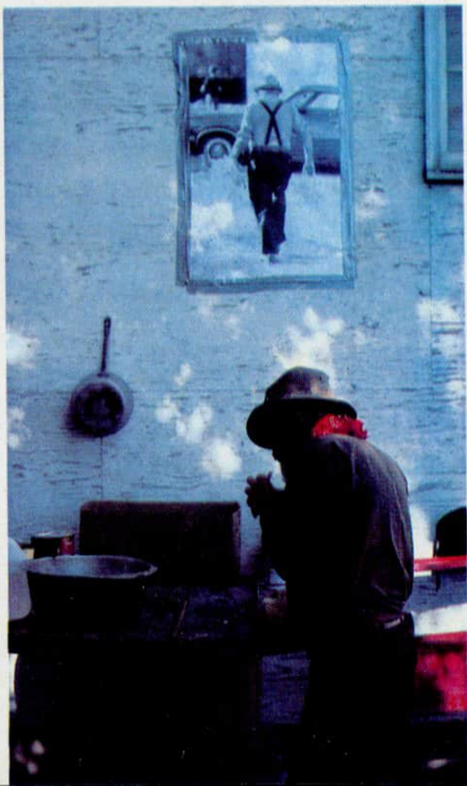


(above, left) Cross Country Slim and his brother Boxcar Frank Wright, splitting a six-pack and deciding where to go. (above, right) Sparky Smith, a former King of the Hobos.

I was taking in the harvest
In the fall of ninety-eight,
"K.C. Dick" and "Mealy Shorty"
Hailed me from a passing freight;
They were cooking in the jungle
Where the lonely chickens stray;
And I frisked some spuds and onions
Just to pass the time away.

(above) Steam Train Maury resting a spell before hitting the road. Steam Train, besides being King of the Hobos, is an honorary policeman in several eastern cities. (this page, far right) Sparky Smith, who says: "I tell people it's no life; it's really not. There are things in it I like; I like the open road. It's free, and you don't have to kiss somebody's fanny to get something. You're just on the road, and you got your own way of being, and you don't have to knuckle to nobody." (near right) Steam Train Maury, leaving Britt and hitting the road again. "It's been a lot of responsibility being king. You get letters and cards, and they all want an answer, and they never send no return postage. It's not a good way to get rich."





handout. Them markings are all gone now. There's nothing left of them, and you just have to hunt out your own house. And if you get a handout, you're lucky; and if not, you just thank 'em and go on anyhow.

"And there's not enough fellows to spread around hobo songs anymore. . . ."

Sparky's wavery whiskey voice rises and falls in the cool night air, intoning a dirge for the hobo world when the steam trains were easy to hop. "Now you've got to beg a ride. It's getting to be hitchhiking more than it is trains nowadays. There's just four or five of the steam trainers left; any others are getting old, and taking their Social Security and settlin' down in hotels and just staying put."

Steam Train Maury agrees. In five years, he claims, no one will ride trains anymore. They run too fast and far; the cars are locked up, redesigned, streamlined. The railroad bulls keep the bos out of the yards, the only places where they can hop the train nowadays. The old-timers around the fire nod in agreement, but back in the shadows some younger figures look at each other quizzically and shake their heads silently, out of deference to the elder bos.

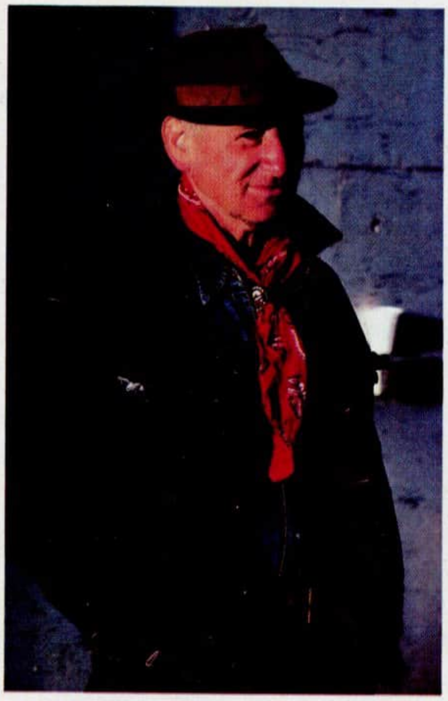
The old steam trainers have worked out "gaffes," rackets to keep themselves in money and safely on the road. There is the classic scissorbill work that Bigtown James Gorman plied for years, until he became too ill to make the latest convention. Carrying a small electric scissors sharpener, Bigtown would enter an office building and sharpen scissors and knives for a buck or so. Bigtown's livelihood is gone now; after he had a heart pacemaker implanted, his sharpener's electric motor nearly killed him by jamming his pacemaker with static when he sat down to sharpen scissors in front of a hardware store. Today he rests in a nursing home, trying to recoup his strength so that he can hit the road again at age eighty-four.

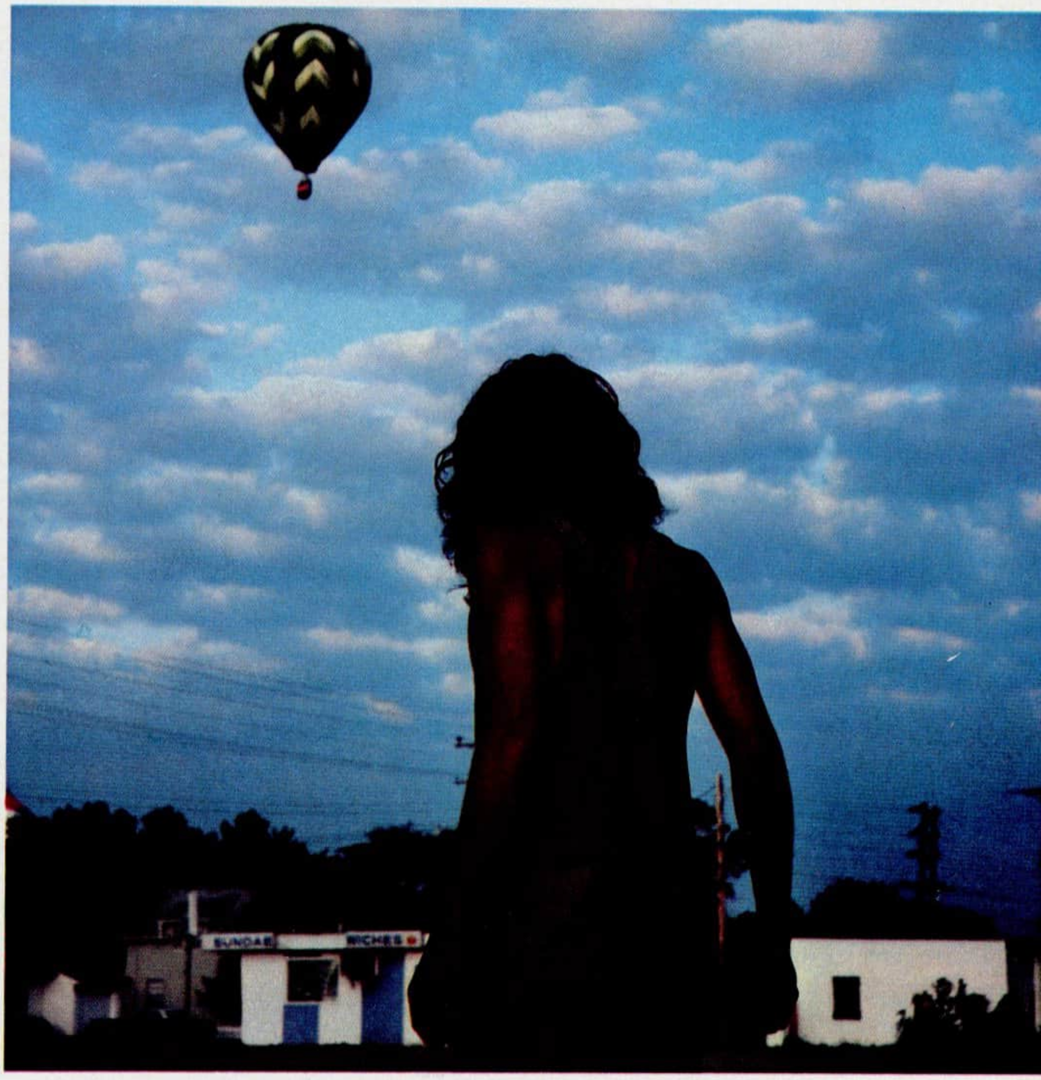
Making yourself look like the comic-strip caricature of a hobo can help you get by: old floppy hats, dungaree coveralls, and red bandannas. Steam Train Maury has an old black coat covered with railroad pins, buttons, patches, and other souvenirs of his travels. He hands out greeting cards with his face peeking out of a boxcar to anyone who helps him along.

"In the East, where I travel, it's a matter of becoming known to the railroad workers," Steam Train explained. "Even the police will often put me on the right train just to get me out of the yards. They don't want me to get hurt there. They'll say, 'Your train's not leaving till four this afternoon; so clear out of the yards up into the woods or somewhere. Come back at 3:30, and we'll get you on the right train.'

"When I go in the yards, the railroad men all welcome me with open arms. Most places in the East they'll throw you in jail, but they know I'm getting old and won't be around much longer; so they get a kick out of me coming through.

"A young guy would have it hard because they're bothered with thieves so much. They see a young guy in the yard,





The hobo went to the doctor man,
"I'm all balled up," said he.
"Give me some pills, and to wash them
down,
Some Three Star Hennessy."

(this page, above left) Frisco Jack, a hobo since the thirties. (lower left) Steam Train telling Portland Grey about the days of the great steam train rides of the 1920s–40s. (above, right) Iowa Blackie, the vegetarian hobo.

and they figure he's up to no good. If you can prove you're a genuine hobo, then they won't bother you. One way to prove it is to be carryin' a bedroll and gear with you," advised Steam Train. But he's worked out an even better gaffe after years of travel; he delves into his back pocket and dredges up a large billfold crammed with business cards.

"If I run into someone I don't know, or if they don't know me, this damn billfold gets me by," he says as he lays out card after card after card from it. Steam Train appears to have the personal card of every railroad dick, city police chief, and railroad official east of the Mississippi; he is even an honorary policeman in several cities.

"Two dicks were really going to work me over in Detroit; and if they're sadistic, they have the privilege of knocking the hell out of you and getting away with it. I showed them *this* card, from the chief of police for the Northwestern Railroad, and said, 'This man is my personal friend. If you hit me, you're going to be in a heap of trouble. And I've got eight or nine other Northwestern detectives' cards, and they're all personal friends of mine, and they ask that you leave me alone.' And they got off me right away, 'cause it was their boss's card.

"Yeah, this wallet's saved me from getting beat up many times. And most of these folders in here have two or three or four cards in them; I don't have room to show them all." Steam Train's got a ticket to ride.

Gaffes are as varied as the men riding the rails. Mountain Dew, who travels the feared South, carries a tiny crowbar with him. While walking the tracks, he spies out the "date nails" pounded into the ties, which tell when the tracks were laid. The head of the nail has the last two digits of the year printed on it; antique dealers and railroad buffs pay good money for these, especially if the date goes well back into the nineteenth century. Mountain Dew has considered making pins out of the nailheads so that people could buy their birth-year nail, but he hasn't got around to it yet.

Then there's Virginia Slim from Richmond, a religious wanderer. In the preface to a booklet of his poems that he sells for a quarter, he introduces himself: "I am a Christian and feel people can live closer to God when they have a modest outlook." Slim carries on the tradition of the wandering devotee, a calling more common in Asia than in America but one that suits the hobo rather well. Most of the bos would agree with Slim's sentiments even if they wouldn't frame them in overtly religious terms.

Poets come in all sizes, shapes, and styles. To counterbalance Virginia Slim, there is Lord Open Road from Kansas City, a traveller in denim overalls who will probably never be called Slim. Lord Open Road either charms or alienates his audience by reeling off poetic phrases a hunk at a time, sometimes rhymed, sometimes blank. Before Lord Open Road joined the convention, the rest of the bos wondered when he'd arrive. One described him as a "word junkie," and another said, "If Lord Open Road heard that, he'd say, 'Word junkie. I like that phrase.' And then he'd go look it up to see what it meant."

Lord Open Road realizes that his gift/curse of language is a mixed blessing: "My flowery, rhetorical speeches—folks have told me—will get me nowhere. I'm contributing to my own defeat, with my own talk. Well, you know I talk over their heads, like a Greek philosopher or statesman. Well, I don't mean to, but it comes out, and alcohol consumed over a long period of time, loosens your tongue." When Lord Open Road's tongue is properly loosened, his stories fall into spontaneous blank verse:

I'm a 1933 dropout.
We had droputs then
just like you've got now,
but what they're doing now
we've already done,
nothing new under the sun,
and before that,
retroactive back.

> "There are just four or five of the steam trainers left; any others are getting old and taking their Social Security and settlin' down in hotels and just staying put."

Lord Open Road spun a tale, a blend of free association, storytelling, verse, and epic, compacting some of the joys and frustrations of the road into this tidy package:

This year clime conditions were unnatural,
it wasn't too favorable.
So I had to take on whatever Mother Nature
threw at me
as her most ardent pupil,
as I walk into the sunset of hobo oblivion.
I must be getting senile
by the mile.
I've been through burning deserts,
snowcapped mountains,
and other isolated places where our version of civilization
has not fully penetrated or even been recognized.
Finally, the miles were down to just a handful,
and I just started slowing down,
fourteen, thirteen, eleven miles an hour,
no rides, no smiles,
angry housewives locking the car doors,
refusing to commit an act of benevolency.
I said, "Oh-oh.,"
Finally, a man stopped in a little bitty car,
and my pack was bigger than his car.
So I said, "Why don't you put your car in my
pack
and we'll all walk?"
Haw haw.

The hobos in Britt even had a presidential candidate: Nobody. Perhaps you remember the "Nobody for President" campaign that succeeded in getting on the ballot in some states in 1976. "Nobody," better known as Hobo Adam Ydobon (which is nobody spelled backwards), came to Britt to swap stories and run for king. Nobody's hair is the color of winter sleet, but his mind and body are a lot younger than the 1898 birthdate on his Social Security card would lead you to believe. He explains that when he wrote "true detective" stories in the thirties and forties, he used the pen name Nemon, the Hebrew word for Nobody, "which was the name on my clothes when I was found abandoned in China during the Boxer Rebellion. They didn't know who my parents was; so they kept me there until I was eight years old, and then they shipped me back here." Nobody summarizes his philosophy and his campaign platform in this way: "Being is important, but being important is not that damned important. But, of course, we all have our vanity. Let's not forget that. The other thing I have to say is, 'Let's make peace habit-forming.' "

The tales of the Golden Days of steam go on, as do the laments for the Vanishing American Hobo. Steam Train said it, Sparky said it, just about all of the bos here repeat the refrain: times are changing, there'll be no more riding, we're the last. But when all these steam-train riders are finally gone, there will still be these bos in the jungle, who are dismissed as "not real hobos" by some of the elder bos but who will be the "real" bos when the old-timers are gone.

Rattlesnake Dick stands in the shadows, picking tunes on his banjo and guitar, blowing his mouth harp, a new Will Rogers performing music and rope tricks in bars and rodeos across Montana. He carries with him stories of the jungles, dives, and cities the bos intersect in. Rattlesnake Dick carries on the literary hobo tradition.

Off in the weeds are Cross Country Slim and his brother, Boxcar Frank Wright, splitting a six-pack and deciding where to go from here. Slim and Frank are just two middle-aged transient workers, riding freights, walking, and hitchhiking from job to job. Slim wears plain jeans and a casual shirt. Frank has on work pants and shirt. There is nothing especially hobo-looking about them; they could slip in and out of most towns without causing a ripple of notice. They represent the plain-dressed, roving-worker bo still found by the thousands.

Iowa Blackie hangs around the jungle, in it but not of it. Blackie is a vegetarian and doesn't put into or take out of the communal mulligan stewpot; so there's no bond between him and the other hobos. Blackie is a leftover from the hippie movement, roaming Iowa clad only in overalls —no shoes or shirt. I saw Blackie jump barefoot off a moving freight onto the cinders along the tracks

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

Lingerie courtesy of Glydons, Los Angeles, Calif.

‘Sometimes I wonder if I'm psychic. I'm so adept at sensing people's slightest moods—particularly men's—that they accuse me of reading their minds. Maybe I actually do!’

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL STANLEY

MARIANNE

"A man once told me," confides Marianne Walters, "that I'm the kind of girl who's far too sexy to take home to Mother." We can see what the bedazzled fellow meant. Marianne's sultry pout and level-eyed gaze may be a little too provocative for polite drawing-room chatter.

"I hate small talk anyway," confides our 36-23-36-inch Pet. "I'm really at my best when I'm dressed in just a tiny bit of flimsy lace, lying on smooth satin sheets and having a whispery, one-on-one pillow talk." When pressed, she couldn't think of a single disadvantage to being so sexually alluring. "Not that I always look this way," she added modestly. "When my face is scrubbed clean, I just look like the pretty girl next door."

"It's only when I'm perfectly made up that I feel gorgeous and irresistible." Her fascination with cosmetics, in fact, has led her into a budding career as a professional makeup artist. "Instead of working with canvas, I work with living faces."

"I feel great when I'm transforming someone—like a magician!" When asked what else fascinates her, she answers, "Anything to do with the occult. I'm a prototypical Gemini, for one thing," she begins. "So I've always believed in astrology."

❛I'm at my best lying on satin sheets and having a whispery, one-on-one pillow talk.❜

"And I think that all the incredible coincidences we observe every day can't simply be chance. I've attended séances and gone to fortune-tellers. Sometimes I even wonder if I'm psychic. I'm *very* adept at sensing people's slightest moods . . . particularly men's! Sometimes I'll literally take the words right out of a man's mouth. Men accuse me of reading their minds—and maybe I actually do!" It's easy for us to believe. Our raven-tressed temptress seems to possess enough magic of every kind to cast a spell on *any* mortal man.

❛When my face is scrubbed clean, I look like the pretty girl next door.❜

JADE McGOWAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

McGowan stopped his car in the shadows a hundred yards away and waited there until all the lights in the house went out; then he took a .22 caliber carbine from under the backseat, fitted it with a silencer, started the car again, and drove slowly past Malino's house. From the moving car he squeezed off four rounds into the dog, and it rolled over and was no more.

It was hot. The night was so hot that toward daylight the blob of candle wax Malino used to plug a hole in the screen at his bedroom window melted away enough to admit one mosquito.

It went straight for Malino's nose, and he breathed it in and woke up in hysteria.

"What's the matter with you?" asked his wife.

"I breathed in a mosquito!"

"Well, I wish you'd settle down. How can I sleep with you flopping around?"

"Will you shut up! I got a mosquito in my nose!"

"You and your nose!"

"Stop it! I'm nervous! I'm in a lot of trouble!"

"Well, don't worry me about it! You should have thought about being nervous before you did whatever it is you did!"

They went back to sleep, discussing theology.

"Goddamn you!" he said.

"Goddamn *you*!" she said.

Malino got up early the next morning and was in the bathroom, shaving, when Baby Lee entered and leaned against the door frame.

"And as for last night," she said, "I don't care if you have a religion or not, as long as you're looking for one."

"Is there anything for breakfast?"

"I don't have time to cook. I've got to go over my lines. Could you eat a candy bar? There may be some diet chili left."

"Why don't you ever stuff a turkey?"

"Turkey is dry. I could open you some soup except last night I lost the can opener."

"I'll get something downtown."

"Sometimes the way you act I don't think you appreciate me. What other woman my age can do three hundred sit-ups?"

Malino continued to shave.

"I think I'll grow a mustache."

"Oh, no you won't!"

"Why not?"

"Then you'll look just *like* your mother!"

"One of these days I'm gonna have enough of you and just tie right into you!"

"Tie into me, are you? Well, get this: your ever-loving dog is dead!"

McGowan got to his office early that morning and started trying to locate the missing police officer Bumpas. His secretary had obtained Bumpas's complete file from the Central Credit Bureau: "Sonny Junior Bumpas, age thirty-two, wife Thelma, residence 1616 Coffee Cup Lane; previous, 131 National; previous, 1888 Felix the Cat Cove; previous, Hotel Cherokee. Employed ten years city police department. Salary, verified, $1,378 a month.

"ACTIVE ACCOUNTS: Bluebird Finance, owing $3,956, secured by chattel mortgage on household goods; Cut Rate Finance, owing $2,589, secured by chattel mortgage on two pickup trucks; No-Bind Credit, owing $8,956, secured by conditional sale contract on 1977 sedan; Jack's Jiffy Thrift, owing $100, secured by signature; Maxie's Thrift, owing $100, secured by signature; Time Thrift, owing $100, secured by signature; Thrift Thrift, owing $100, secured by signature; Products Acceptance Corporation, owing $3,275, secured by conditional sale contract on package deal consisting of a set of weightlifting equipment, electric lawn-sprinkling device with attached water softener, four chrome-plated hubcaps, and a twenty-seven-volume set of the *Encyclopedia of Sexuality.*

"RECENT REJECTS: Whistles Family Discount Store, rejected reason three (poor pay); Speedy Transmission Rebuilders, rejected application to finance replacement of transmission in 1977 model sedan, reason three; Sing Chow Corner Grocery, rejected, no reason given; Frank's House of Prescriptions, rejected, reason four (overloaded).

"RECENT INQUIRIES: Organic Health Food Sales Company; Happy's Termite and Roach Company; Slippery Oil Credit Company; National Oil Credit Company; Dr. E. D. Hardeesty; Helen's Maison de Paris; Latex Rubber Novelties Company; Illustrated Bible Sales; Aluminum Foil Siding Sales Company."

McGowan's telephone rang.

"This is Blacky Kingsnake Malino. I'm broke up. They got Ol' Peach. Last night."

"Ol' Peach?" asked McGowan.

"My dog. He's dead."

"Somebody poison him?"

"Shot him. Four times. Four shots in a circle the size of a half-dollar. Somebody around here is one sure shot!"

"That's a tough break, pal," said McGowan. "I could tell you were close. You have any suspects?"

"I know who done it. No question."

"Who?"

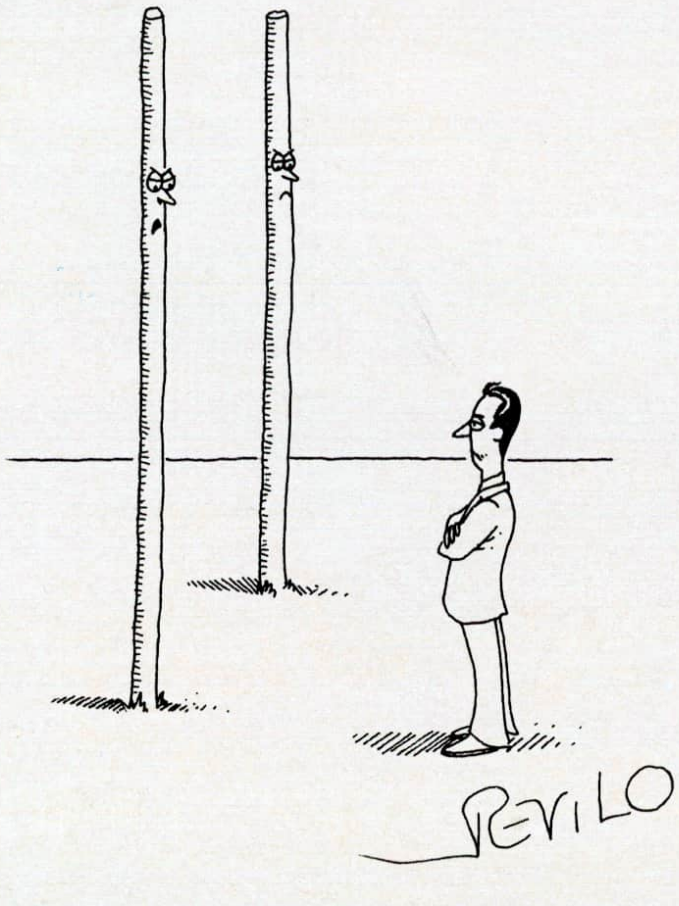
"The suh mitch as lives next door. He done it. Last summer Ol' Peach eat up his youngest baby. That's motive, ain't it?"

"Might be," said McGowan.

"I can't prove it, but I got my ways of getting even. I'll tell you this on the sly. Tonight me and two brother officers, we gonna frame him on a morals charge. That'll fix him! Ruin him! He'll prolly kill hisself!"

"It might backfire."

"Not a chance. We got this fourteen-year-old idiot boy we use all the time when we want to frame a suspect. It always



"What do you mean the poles have been wrong before?"

OVER THE COURSE OF TIME, THE TASTE HASN'T ALTERED A DEGREE.

One may detect a certain leeway in the taste of some Scotch from bottle to bottle.

But Cutty Sark, without exception, tastes like Cutty Sark. And people with great taste the world over have come to recognise it.

Perhaps this is why the Cutty Sark drinker can tell instantly if he has been served something other than the genuine article.

So even if your taste for Cutty Sark is only recently acquired, it won't take you long to regard it as "Old Faithful."

CUTTY SARK

"CUTTY SARK," "CUTTY," THE CUTTY SARK LABEL & THE CLIPPER SHIP DESIGN ARE REG. TMS OF BERRY BROS. & RUDD LTD., LONDON, ENG.
86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORP., N.Y., N.Y.

SCOTS WHISKY

works."

"You might have the wrong man."

"Not a chance. It's almost worth losing Ol' Peach just to get a chance to pull it off!"

"Keep in touch," said McGowan; then he hung up the telephone and went back to Bumpas's credit records.

Where to start calling? The only entry that did not fit the pattern of slow pay and overloaded was the recent inquiry from Helene's Maison de Paris, a ladies' dress shop where the prices were beyond the means of those in public service.

McGowan telephoned Helene's and asked to speak to the credit manager. "This is Sonny Junior Bumpas," said McGowan. "A while back I made a application for a charge there. Whatever become of it?"

The credit manager left the telephone to check his records and he returned. "Mr. Bumpas, according to our files, we were unable to approve your application, but I note that you made a sizable purchase on the twenty-fifth of January and paid for it with your Eternal Victory Credit Card. In light of that fact, perhaps we could reconsider your application."

"Okay, reconsider it," said McGowan. "I'll be back in touch."

McGowan looked up Bumpas's home telephone number and dialed it.

A woman answered.

"Mrs. Bumpas?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"This is Monsieur Gaston at Helene's Maison de Paris. I'm calling to inquire if you found everything satisfactory."

"What did you say, mister?"

"I merely called to inquire if you found our merchandise satisfactory."

"Is this a obscene call? If it is, you sure gonna be sorry. My husband's on the cops; and when he catches you, he'll bust your ass flatter than a pancake!"

McGowan hung up.

Bumpas's wife knew nothing about an expensive purchase from Helene's Maison de Paris. Bumpas either bought nice things for a girl friend or to dress up in himself. McGowan inclined to the latter. He walked across Tarpon Square to Helene's.

"I'm from the bank," he said to the manager. "I need your assistance in correcting an error in our traffic department. Several weeks ago a Mr. Sonny Junior Bumpas made a purchase here and paid for it with our Eternal Victory Credit Card. I need to see the actual sales slip to verify the total."

"Here is the sales slip," said the hireling who had been assigned by the manager to find it. "It was for a custom-made ladies' lounging coat of crushed kid. Very unusual dimensions, as I see. Height, seven feet six inches; bust, eighty-three. Most unusual, you'll agree.

"The total cost, $2,745.89, and that includes tax," said the hireling.

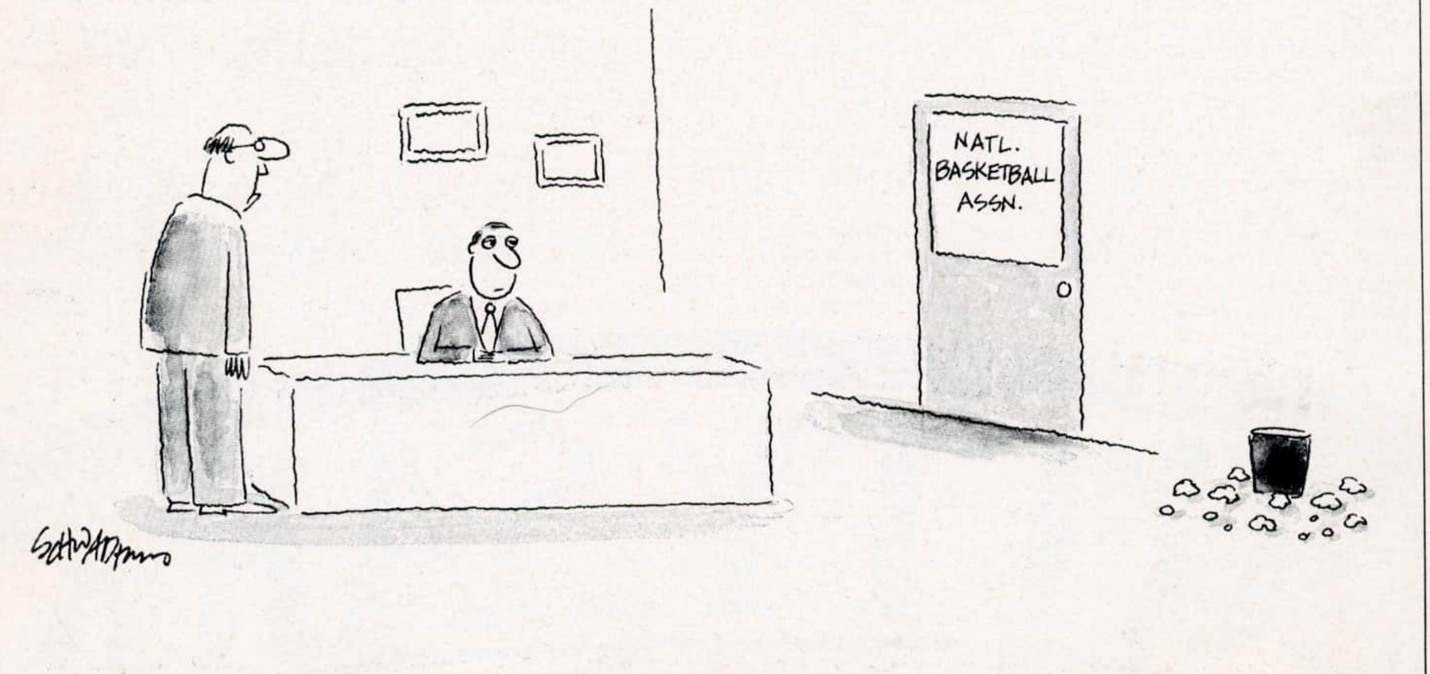
McGowan took the slip and examined it. There was no address on it. It was a *will call*. Bumpas had picked it up himself.

Jade McGowan went back to his office and started looking for a big woman. He made telephone calls to all the ladies, clothing stores that handled tall ready-to-wear, telling them he was from the newspaper, doing a piece on tall women, and asking whether they would give him the names of a few, especially those in the vicinity of seven feet six. None of them had ever heard of anyone that size.

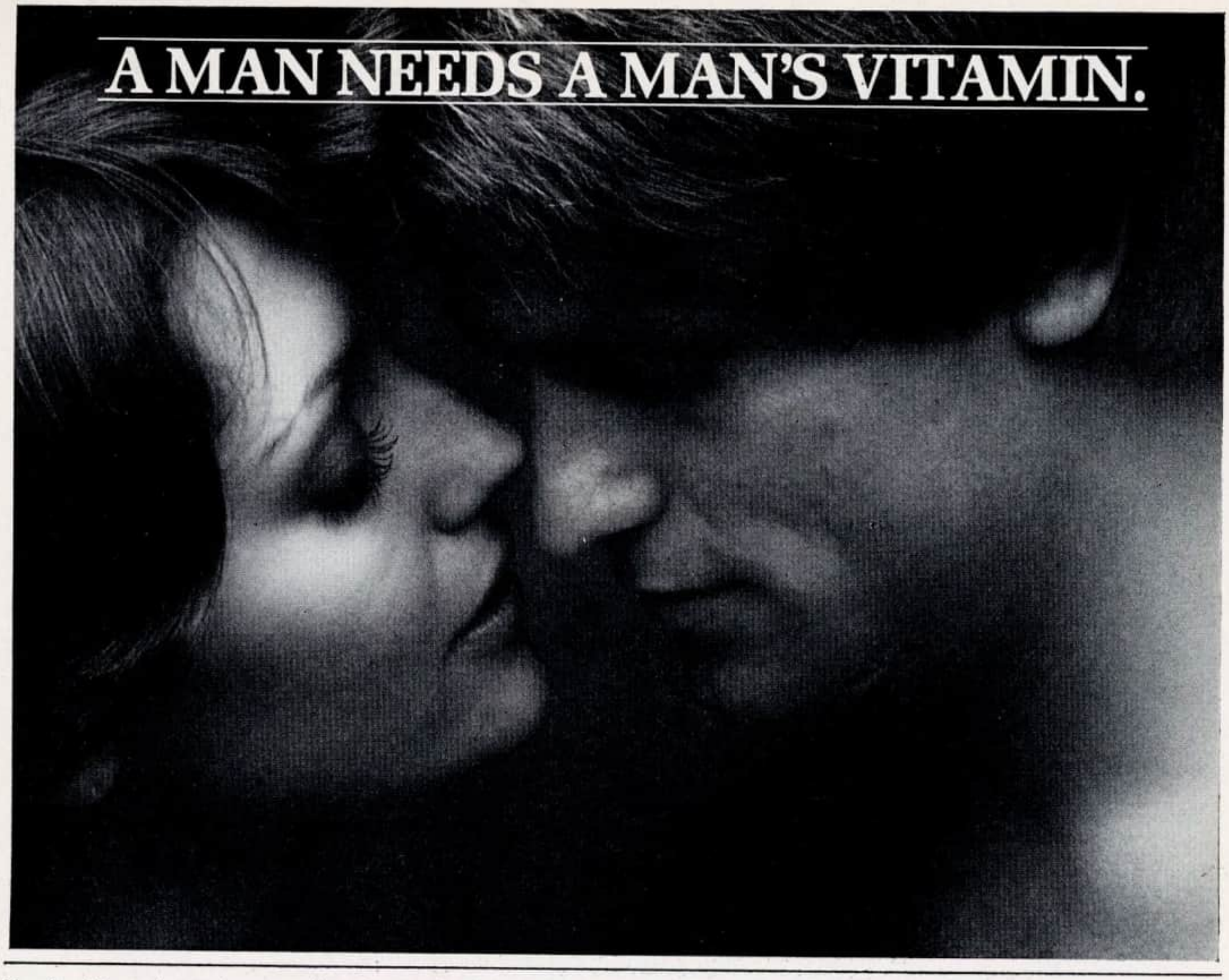
McGowan's secretary got a telephone directory and divided the Yellow Pages among the staff, and they started calling all dressmakers, couturiers, and specialty shops. No luck. They started on "sewing," then on "alterations," and McGowan called the two places in town that sold tall men's clothing, on an off chance. Then he started calling the theatrical costumers and scored with the very first, Maitland-Snade, Fagin, Bakemoon & Two Brothers.

"We sell to a Miss Attila the Honey, of those dimensions," said the manager. "She lives in the old Waterfleet mansion and operates a gentlemen's rest home there. Will you be sure to mention in your story that she is draped by Maitland-Snade, Fagin, Bakemoon & Two Brothers? Oh, something better! We are costuming the Fish Prince! At this moment in our shops we have ten women sewing over three hundred thousand reflectorized plastic, floral tint, fish scales on a pink velvet tuxedo. It would make a great color spread!"

McGowan got to the old Waterfleet man-



"McPherson, you're fired!"


A MAN NEEDS A MAN'S VITAMIN.

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In certain areas of the world, men's sex organs don't fully develop. This is brought on by diet deficiencies of a certain mineral, zinc. Though it is unlikely this problem could occur in the United States, this research shows the necessity of proper nutrition. Reports from returning POW's and others who had been forced to live on substandard diets showed a marked decrease in libido. Authorities hypothesize that this condition occurs when certain necessary nutrients are absent from the diet. The truth is sexual satisfaction depends on both physical and emotional well-being, and in order to assure contentment they must exist in complete harmony.

It is known that emotional distress does not necessarily cause physical debilitation, but problems can and often do lead to emotional difficulties. Because of the unique bond of mind and body in the human sexual condition it is sometimes necessary to treat the body to activate the mind. Today's demanding pressures, unguarded eating habits, and the total absence of some vital nutrients from the diet may, together, lead to sexual incapabilities.

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HEAD START

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sion in ten minutes. The gate was open, and he walked into a dense, junglelike park, up a winding, red-brick sidewalk, and knocked at the door.

The door was opened by a red Indian named Victor Half Beaver, who was six feet tall, weighed one hundred pounds, and had but half a stomach, the other half having been shot away when he was a reservation policeman and had tangled with two stoked-up Arapahos who were running in uninspected meat puppies to unload for the Thanksgiving trade. Victor Half Beaver was packing iron in a shoulder holster that was visible beneath his beaded vest.

"How," he threatened.

"Tell Miss Attila the Honey that Jade McGowan is here to see her on official business."

"You wait in here," said Victor Half Beaver, pointing to a sitting room.

Soon there was the rustle of beaded curtains, and then Miss Attila the Honey appeared, running her hands through her long, black hair. She was wearing an abbreviated costume of harness leather spiked with brass and a pair of black, high-heeled shoes, the kind with the airtight instep, that could have come only from Belfini's in Bucharest, at three thousand dollars a pair.

"Jade, darling!" she exclaimed. "What a delight to see you again!"

"Annie! Are you Miss Attila the Honey?"

"Wouldn't you know it?" she agreed.

Miss Attila the Honey had grown up in Jade's old neighborhood over in Bay County, and they had played together in the days before she developed. After high school she had gone to London, where she served an apprenticeship in the notorious Mayfair rooms of Sir Darkness Huggers. Five years ago she came back, rented the old Waterfleet mansion, opened up a gentlemen's whipping parlor, and advertised in certain periodicals.

Tense fellows living in sterile towns would take their two-weeks vacations from the Post Office or from jobs in unlicensed candy factories where they ran the machines that wrapped sticks of Lemon Butter Brickle, come to town, check in at Miss Attila the Honey's, wait for a minute while old Doc Ethan Goose listened to their hearts, then turn themselves over to her.

Miss Attila the Honey took two thousand dollars a week, gave a receipt, then bound them in wet leather, and toyed with them until they had to catch a Greyhound bus home or a jet plane out.

"You look fine, Annie," said McGowan.

"Aw, I look a mess. I know it. But tell me about you! Why are you here?"

"I'm looking for a man. I think he might be registered."

"What do you want with him?"

"I've been paid to find him."

"Are you in that kind of business?"

"Sort of."

"What's his name?"

"Police Officer Sonny Junior Bumpas."

"What is it about policemen that draws them to a place like this?" asked Miss Attila the Honey. "It seems like all I've had lately is peace officers, truck drivers, professional football players, and cowboys. Bumpas? Yes, he's here. He's been here about three months. He'll be graduating soon."

"May I see him?" asked McGowan.

"Surely, Jade, but he's not exactly dressed to receive."

"That won't matter. Where is he?"

"Third door on the left, upstairs."

"I'll just be a minute, Annie Lee."

"Aw, you remember my real name! Jade, you're a jewel!"

McGowan found the door upstairs and entered. The room was empty of furniture. There were a few mats on the floor, and the place smelled like wintergreen antiseptic. There was a naked man hanging by his ankles from a chain fastened in the ceiling. He was swaying gently as McGowan approached him.

"Sonny Junior Bumpas?"

"Talking."

"Are you the missing policeman?"

"Is the pope a duck? Can a Catholic swim?"

"My name's McGowan. Your partner, Malino, hired me to find you. He wants you to turn up. Bad."

McGowan waited but Bumpas said nothing.

"Scatboat Miller thinks Malino killed you, and he's going to see that Malino is punished. In a big way."

"What's all that to me?"

"A man's life depends on your leaving here and letting the world know you're still alive."

"Leave here? Are you crazy? I wouldn't leave here to save no ten lives!"

"What about your family? They're worried."

"Sheet!"

"You won't come out?"

"Would you, if tomorrow Miss Attila the Honey was gonna burn her initials on the cheek a'your ass?"

At the prospect Bumpas almost swooned.

"Malino will be killed," said McGowan.

"So what? Killing's nothing new to me! Now get out, mister. I'm paying good money for this, and I wanna enjoy it in peace!"

Downstairs Miss Attila the Honey was waiting at a table set with two places. She had changed into a demure gown with a high lace collar and was pouring tea and setting out little almond-flavored egg cakes.

"I found my man, but he won't help me," said McGowan.

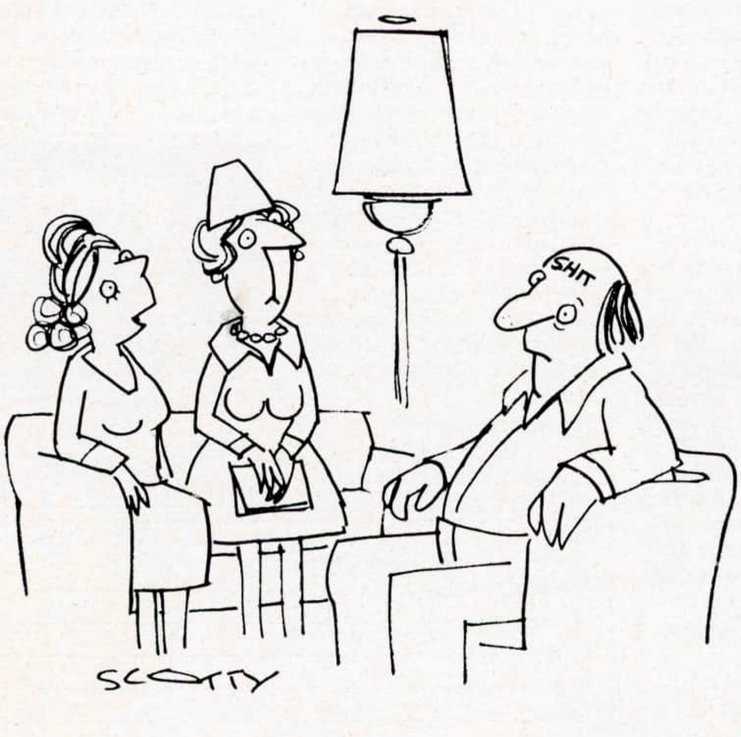
"What will happen now?"

"Nothing important."

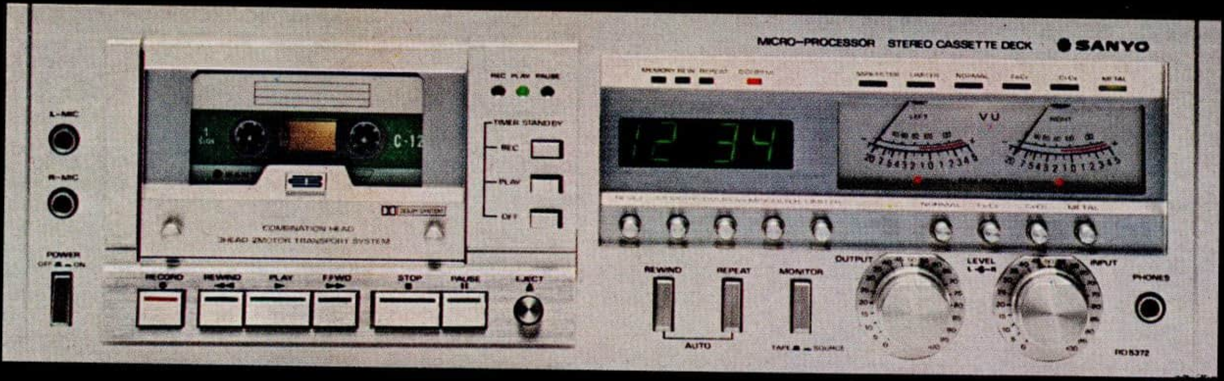
"What interesting work you must have!" said Miss Attila the Honey.

"Not as interesting as yours," said McGowan. "I remember when you wanted to be an airline hostess, a nurse, a department store buyer . . ."

"Those are little jobs, Jade. They're what



"He had it tattooed on his head years ago when he was a hippie with a lot of hair."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RD5372

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RD5370

Two big mistakes you can make buying a cassette deck (and two great new ways to avoid them).

Mistake #1: missing out on metal tape.

If you've ever noticed that conventional cassette recordings seem to lack some of the brilliance and "sparkle" of the original source, you're ready to move up to the new metal particle tape. With about 5dB more "headroom" at low frequencies and up to *10dB* more at high frequencies, these new cassettes deliver sound quality you could only get from discs or open-reel tapes before.

However, it takes special modifications to a cassette deck to realize these benefits — modifications that other companies are charging plenty for. But with the new Sanyo RD5370, you can get superb metal tape performance for no more than a lot of decks without this feature: just $399.95.* So even if you're shopping decks in the $300 price range, you definitely ought to consider spending the extra money for a deck that won't be made obsolete by metal tape.

Mistake #2: paying too much.

Other manufacturers are asking $700 and up for cassette decks designed for metal tape. Sanyo offers you a choice of two machines — both under *$500.* Besides the RD5370 mentioned above, there's the $499.95* RD5372. It's loaded with features like a microprocessor-controlled dual motor solenoid tape transport, separate Sendust Alloy record and playback heads, electronic digital tape counter, programmable automatic rewind and repeat, timer standby, plus switchable peak limiter and MPX filter.

And in case you thought the less expensive RD5370 was a stripped down version, it gives you all of the above except the electronic counter and auto rewind/repeat! Both machines deliver performance you have to hear to appreciate (like 30-19,000 Hz ±3dB response with metal tape, and 0.04% WRMS wow & flutter).

So before you buy any tape deck, find a Sanyo dealer and put the RD5370 and RD5372 through their paces with a metal particle cassette. If you don't, you could be making a big mistake.

SANYO

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* Manufacturer's suggested retail value. Actual selling price determined by dealer.

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kids want to do. What about you? Did you ever make it through law school? You always wanted so much to be a lawyer and see justice done."

"I'm not a lawyer anymore, but I do get to see a lot of justice done."

She went outside with him and along the walk through the jungle. It was hot, and a mist of steam and heavy perfume rose from the dark, wet foliage.

"Did you ever marry?" she asked.

"No."

They reached the street.

"This is oleander," she said, touching a bank of green. "A poisonous evergreen shrub of the dogbane family, with fragrant, red-to-white flowers."

McGowan kissed her hand.

"Good-bye, Annie."

When Miss Attila the Honey returned to the old Waterfleet mansion, Victor Half Beaver noticed her eyes were red.

"Raven Hair cry?" he asked.

"Aw, Chief, I just hate being so damned bitching tall!"

She picked up a thin bamboo switch and ran upstairs to work off her frustration by tormenting a man named Longchamps from New Orleans, who spoke in an Irish Channel accent and who made a living by dealing in iced-broiler futures.

When McGowan got back to his office, Malino was there, waiting.

"What about Bumpas?" he asked, anxiously. "Have you found him?"

"I can't find him," said McGowan. "If you didn't kill him, then he's disappeared by himself. He's gone. Vanished."

"Coming up soon is the deadline," said Malino. "Scatboat Miller's gonna settle it then."

"Can't you get out of town? Why do you have to stay and take it? Get out of town, Malino!"

Malino reflected for a moment.

"I may hide out, but I won't leave town. Not just yet, anyway. I know what! I'll go cross the bridge and hole up in one a'them rooming houses. That's what I'll do!"

"They'd find you there in a minute. That's just where they go to find people. Put on a good suit and check in at the Plantation Hotel. Use another name. They'd never think of looking for you in a place like that."

"I'll do it. I guess that's the best."

"Before you go, I want to give back your money," said McGowan.

He opened a drawer, took out the envelope containing Malino's ten thousand dollars, and pushed it across to him.

"I haven't been able to do you any good," said McGowan. "So you get a refund."

Malino pushed the envelope back to McGowan.

"Keep it, for your expenses," he said. "Keep it; I got plenty more hid."

"All right, then," said McGowan. "Call me when you're settled."

Late that afternoon Malino telephoned.

ENG. COMP.
CHPT IV-V
PP 122-138

"I'm sure you will all appreciate, class, that since praying is no longer allowed I'm going to let you all masturbate instead."

"I'm at the Plantation Hotel, like you said. Room 306, but it's hell. This waiting is getting me. Come on over and set with me."

McGowan found Malino in a fifty-dollar-a-day room.

Malino had brought up magazines, *True Detective*, *Real Detective*, *Guns of the Old West*, *Sexology*, *Guns and Ammo*, and lots of comic books. He had leafed through them all and had eaten all the glazed doughnuts and peanut bars in his suitcase.

He was drinking beer out of a waxed paper cup.

"I got more troubles," said Malino. "My wife run out on me."

He handed McGowan a note.

"This was stuck in the bathroom mirror when I got home at noon," he said.

McGowan read the note.

"Dear Blacky. This is it and good-bye. I am leaving for New York with the Fish Prince. He has promised to get me a place with hand-painted draperies and baseboard heat, buy me a piano, and take me out to eat. I have given Blacky, Jr., to the Welfare, who will put him in a home. There is some rock candy for your supper in a dish on the drainboard."

McGowan handed the note back to Malino.

"How do you feel about this?" he asked.

"About her leaving?" asked Malino. "Don't mean nothing to me. I'm glad she's gone. I just feel sorry for the Fish Prince."

Malino sat on the bed, wearing his police uniform pants, his varnished boots with ten belts and buckles on them, and a sleeveless undershirt. He'd had three showers and was redolent of a popular cologne.

"I'd better try to run for it, after all," he said. "I know a fishing camp, about a hundred miles from here. I'll go there. Then, later, start over in some new town."

"It's going to be hard for a man who weighs three hundred pounds to hide anywhere," said McGowan.

"I'll take a bus out of town," said Malino. "I know the police ways. I can get by 'em."

"If I were you, I'd try to get out of town in a truck, covered up with onions or something."

Malino hung his head and sniffed.

"The worst part of running off is leaving my boy. I got a boy, Blacky Junior Kingsnake Malino, just coming up. I want you to do me one favor, Jade McGowan. I want you to promise to get him out of that welfare home Baby Lee put him in and send him to live with my sister, Princess Grace Malino. She's on the police force here in town. She's a meter maid. She'll take Blacky Junior and raise him up right. I want you to promise, too, that you'll see he gets my Indian chief made out of slugs. Promise?"

"I promise."

"Tell him if he wants to make a buffalo, he'll have to go on the police hisself and get enough slugs on his own."

"I'll tell him," said McGowan.

There was a soft knock at the door.

"I'll get it," said Malino, and he opened the door.

There stood Police Chief Scatboat Miller:

six foot three; two hundred and fifty pounds, manicured and polished fingernails, big diamond ring, glistening natural-alligator shoes, black suit, pearl-gray Stetson hat, and rimless eyeglasses with tinted lenses.

"Hello, Malino," he said softly.

Scatboat Miller was not all bad. He had run Zeno Bogue out of town; he had closed down Dr. Silkencat's abortion mill and obscene tattoo parlor, and he did break up the Satin Goggle Mob.

"How'd you find me?" asked Malino.

"It's hard for a three-hundred-pound man to hide anywhere," said Scatboat Miller.

Miller turned to Jade McGowan.

"What's your name?" he asked.

McGowan was about to say, "I'm from Maximum Adjustment Company, here to collect a bill from this deadbeat," when a damsel, scantily clad even for summertime, entered through the open door.

She wore shoes a full size too long so she could hide folding money in the toe.

"Who was it here wanted a party?" she asked; then she saw Scatboat Miller, recognized him, and ran back out the door.

"So," said Miller. "You boys were planning a party! I might have known, seeing the doughnut sack, the Peanut Buddy wrappers, the funny books, the beer. That's pretty low-down, isn't it, Malino, with your partner Police Officer Sonny Junior Bumpas laying out somewhere, in a lime pit?"

"I don't know what's become a'Bumpas. I honest t'Pete don't."

"Sure, Blacky," said Scatboat Miller. "Put on your tunic; it's time for you to go on duty. We'll drive you to the station house."

"We?"

Two detectives, who had been standing outside the door, entered. They wore enamelled American flags in their lapels.

"I guess this is it," said Malino to McGowan.

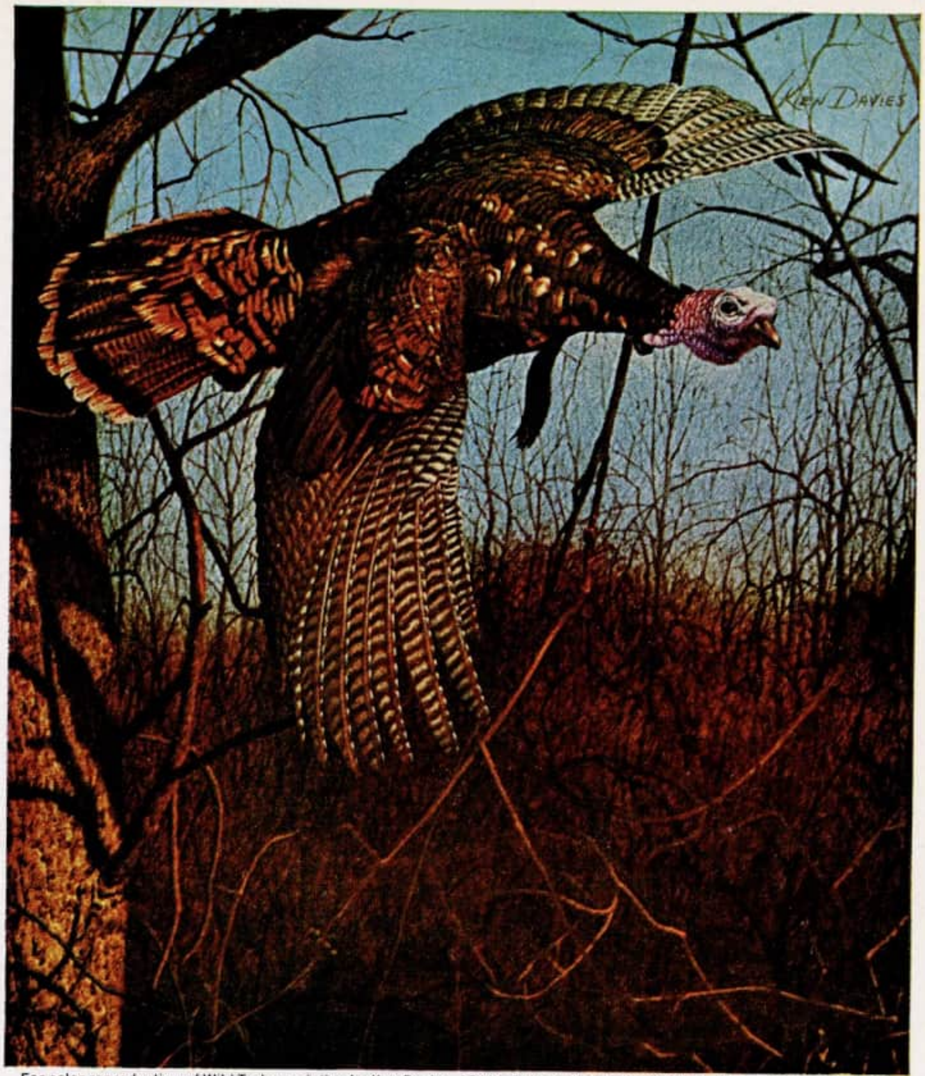
"It's a tough break, pal," said McGowan.

Five days later on the front page of the *Morning Call* there was a news story about the death of Police Sergeant Blacky Kingsnake Malino. Malino had been alone, returning from duty, and had apparently gone to sleep at the wheel of a 1952 pick-up truck parked on a railroad track at the crossing. He had been hit broadside by the Cannonball Express and killed instantly.

The story quoted Police Chief Scatboat Miller on the tragedy: "Malino was an outstanding police officer, popular on the force, and now mourned by dog and man, alike." Another news story on the inside pages of the same issue reported that Police Officer Sonny Junior Bumpas, missing for three months, had returned to duty.

"Bumpas appears to have suffered an attack of amnesia," said Police Chief Scatboat Miller, "and claims to have no idea of his whereabouts for the past three months."

McGowan had made ten thousand dollars in one week, and he felt like celebrating. He picked up the telephone and dialed the old Waterfleet mansion. "Annie? This is Jade. What are you doing tonight?"



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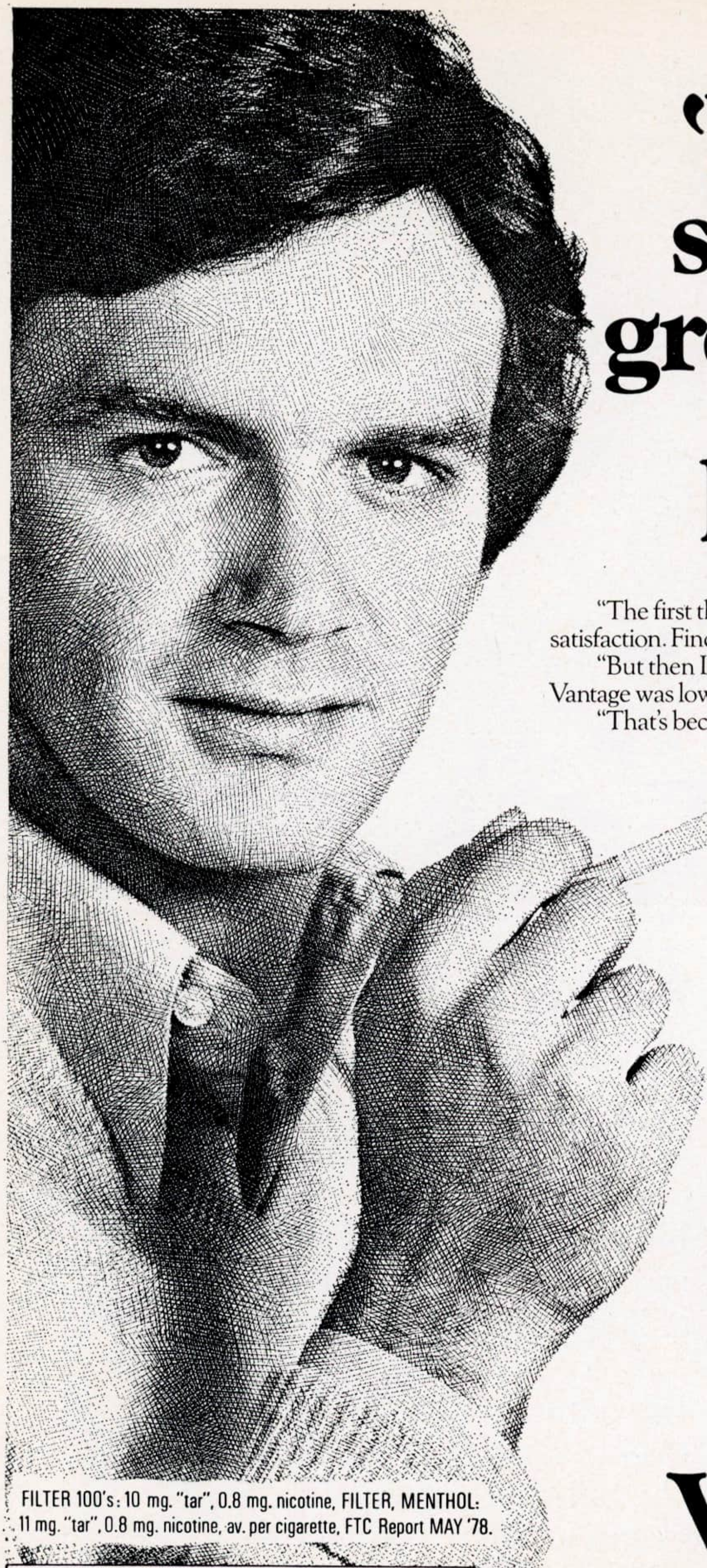


'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

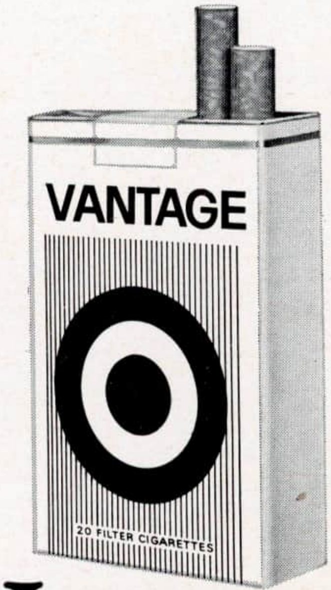
"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



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He swam with his sex hard. They approached each other with a crouching motion, as if for a battle.

WOMAN ON THE DUNES

FICTION BY ANAÏS NIN

Louis could not sleep. He turned over in his bed to lie on his stomach and, burying his face in the pillow, moved against the hot sheets as if he were lying over the woman. But when the friction increased the fever in his body, he stopped himself.

He got out of bed and looked at his watch. It was two o'clock. What could he do to appease his fever? He left his studio. The moon was shining, and he could see the roads clearly. The place, a beach town in Normandy, was full of little cottages that people could rent for a night or a week. Louis wandered aimlessly.

Then he saw that one of the cottages was lighted. It was set into the woods, isolated. It intrigued him that anyone should be up so late. He approached it soundlessly, his footsteps lost in the sand. The Venetian blinds were down but not tightly closed; so he could see right into the room. And his eyes met with the most amazing sight: a very wide bed, profusely covered with pillows and rumpled blankets, as if it already had been the scene of a great battle; a man, seemingly cornered in a pile of pillows, as if pushed there after a series of attacks, reclining like a pasha in a harem, very calm and contented, naked, his legs folded out; and a woman, also naked, whom Louis could see only from the back, contorting herself before this pasha, undulating and deriving such pleasure from whatever she was doing with her head between his legs that her ass would shake tremulously, her legs tighten as if she were about to leap.

Now and then the man placed his hand over her head as if to restrain her frenzy. He tried to move away. Then she leaped with great agility and placed herself over him, kneeling close to his face. He no longer moved. His face was directly under her sex, which, her stomach curved outward, she held before him.

As he was pinned under her, she was the one to move within reach of his mouth, which had not touched her yet. Louis saw the man's sex rise and lengthen as he tried with an embrace to bring her down upon him. But she remained at a short distance, looking, enjoying the spectacle of her own beautiful stomach and hair and sex so near to his mouth.

Then slowly, slowly, she moved toward him and, with her head bowed, watched the melting of his mouth between her legs.

For a long while they maintained this position. Louis was in such a turmoil that he left the window. Had he remained longer he would have had to throw himself on the ground and somehow satisfy his burning desire, and this he did not want to do.

He began to feel that in every cottage something was taking place that he would like to be sharing. He walked faster, haunted by the image of the man and woman, the round, firm belly of the woman as she arched herself over the man . . .

Then he reached the sand dunes and complete solitude. The dunes shone like

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snowy hills in the clear night. Behind them lay the ocean, whose rhythmic movements he could hear. He walked in the white moonlight. And then he caught sight of a figure walking before him, walking fast and lightly. It was a woman. She wore some kind of cape, which the wind billowed like a sail, and seemed propelled by it. He would never catch up with her.

She was walking toward the ocean. He followed her. They walked in the snowlike dunes for a long while. At the ocean's edge, she flung off her clothes and stood naked in the summer night. She ran into the surf. And Louis, in imitation, discarded his clothes and ran into the water also. Only then did she see him. At first she was still. But when she saw his young body clearly in the moonlight, his fine head, his smile, she was not frightened. He swam toward her. They smiled at each other. His smile, even at night, was dazzling; hers, too. They could scarcely distinguish anything but the brilliant smiles and the outlines of their perfect bodies.

He came closer to her. She let him. Suddenly, he swam deftly and gracefully over her body, touching it and passing on.

She continued to swim, and he repeated his passage over her. Then she stood up, and he dove down and passed between her legs. They laughed. They both moved with ease in the water.

He was deeply excited. He swam with his sex hard. Then they approached each other with a crouching motion, as if for a battle. He brought her body against his, and she felt the tautness of his penis.

He placed it between her legs. She touched it. His hands searched her, caressed her everywhere. Then again she moved away, and he had to swim to catch her. Again his penis lay lightly between her legs; then he pressed her more firmly against him and sought to penetrate her. She broke loose and ran out of the water, into the sand dunes. Dripping, shining, laughing, he ran after her. The warmth of the running set him on fire again. She fell on the sand, and he over her.

Then at the moment when he most desired her, his power suddenly failed him. She lay waiting for him, smiling and moist, and his desire wilted. Louis was baffled. He had been in a state of desire for days. He wanted to take this woman, and he couldn't. He was deeply humiliated.

Strangely enough, her voice grew tender. "There is plenty of time," she said. "Don't move away. It's lovely."

Her warmth passed into him. His desire did not return, but it was sweet to feel her. Their bodies lay together, his belly against hers, his sexual hair brushing against hers, her breasts pointed against his chest, her mouth glued to his.

Then slowly he slipped off to look at her—her long, slender, polished legs; her rich pubic hair; her lovely, pale, glowing skin; her full breasts very high; her long hair; her wide, smiling mouth.

He was sitting like a Buddha. She leaned over and took his small, wilted penis in her mouth. She licked it softly, tenderly, lingering over the tip of it. It stirred.

He looked down at the sight of her wide red mouth so beautifully curved around his penis. With one hand she touched his balls; with the other she moved the head of the penis, enclosing it and pulling it gently.

Then, sitting against him, she took it and directed it between her legs. She rubbed the penis gently against her clitoris, over and over again. Louis watched the hand, thinking how beautiful it looked, holding the penis as if it were a flower. It stirred but did not harden sufficiently to enter her.

He could see at the opening of her sex the moisture of her desire appearing, glistening in the moonlight. She continued to rub. The two bodies, equally beautiful, were bent over this rubbing motion, the small penis feeling the touch of her skin, her warm flesh enjoying the friction.

She said, "Give me your tongue," and leaned over. Without interrupting the rubbing of his penis, she took his tongue into her mouth and touched the tip of it with her own tongue. Each time the penis touched

Illustration by Nicholas Gaetano

her clitoris, her tongue touched the tip of his tongue. And Louis felt the warmth running between his tongue and his penis, running back and forth.

In a husky voice she said, "Stick your tongue out, out!"

She again cried, "Out, out, out, out . . . " obsessively, and when he did so, he felt such a stirring through his body, as if it were his penis extending toward her, to reach into her.

She kept her mouth open, two slender fingers around his penis, her legs parted, expectantly.

Louis felt a turmoil, the blood running through his body and down to his penis. It hardened.

The woman waited. She did not take in his penis at once. She let him, now and then, touch his tongue against hers. She let him pant like a dog in heat, open his being, stretch toward her. He looked at the red mouth of her sex, open and waiting, and suddenly the violence of his desire shook him, completed the hardening of his penis. He threw himself over her, his tongue inside of her mouth, and his penis pressing inside of her.

But again he could not come. They rolled together for a long while. Finally, they got up and walked, carrying their clothes. Louis's sex was stretched and taut, and she delighted in the sight. Now and then they fell on the sand, and he took her and churned her and left her, moist and hot. And as they again walked, she in front of him, he encircled her in his arms and threw her on the ground so that they were like dogs coupling, on their hands and knees. He shook inside of her, pushed and vibrated and kissed her and held her breasts in his hands.

"Do you want it? Do you want it?" he asked.

"Yes, give it to me, but make it last; do not come. I like it like this, over and over and over again."

She was so moist and feverish. She would walk, waiting for the moment he would thrust her into the sand and take her again, stirring her and then leaving her before she had come. Each time she felt anew his hands over her body, the warm sand against her skin, his caressing mouth, the caressing wind.

As they walked, she took his erect penis into her hand. Once she stopped him, knelt before him, and held it in her mouth. He stood towering over her, with his belly moving slightly forward. Another time she pressed his penis between her breasts, making a cushion for it, holding it, and letting it glide between this soft embrace. Dizzy, palpitating, vibrating from these caresses, they walked drunkenly.

Then they saw a house and stopped. He begged her to conceal herself among the bushes. He wanted to come; he would not leave her until then. She was so aroused, and yet she wanted to hold back and wait for him.

This time, when he was inside of her, he began shaking, and finally he came, with a violence. She half climbed over his body to reach her own fulfillment. They cried together.

Lying back, resting, smoking, with the dawn coming upon them, lighting their faces, they now felt too cool and covered their bodies with their clothes. The woman, looking away from Louis, told him a story.

She had been in Paris when they had hanged a Russian radical who had killed a diplomat. She was then living in Montparnasse, frequenting the cafés, and she had followed the trial with a passion, as all her friends had done, because the man was a fanatic, had given Dostoevskian answers to the questions put to him, faced the trial with great religious courage.

At that time they still executed people for grave offenses. It usually took place at dawn, when no one was about, in a little square near the prison of the Santé, where the guillotine had stood at the time of the Revolution. And one could not get very near because of the police guard. Few people attended these hangings. But in the case of the Russian, because emotions had been

> ❛As the condemned man was flung into space and death, the penis gave a great leap inside of her, gushing out its warm life.❜

so much aroused, all the students and artists of Montparnasse, the young agitators and revolutionaries, had decided to attend. They waited up all night, getting drunk.

She had waited with them, had drunk with them, and was in a great state of excitement and fear. It was the first time she was to see someone die. It was the first time she was to see someone hanged. It was the first time she was to witness a scene that had been repeated many, many times during the Revolution.

Toward dawn the crowd moved to the square, as near as the rope, stretched by the policemen, would allow, and gathered in a circle. She was carried by the waves of crowding and pushing people to a spot about ten meters away from the scaffold.

There she stood, pressed against the rope, watching with fascination and terror. Then a stirring in the crowd pushed her away from her position. Still she could see by standing on her toes. People were crushing her from all sides. The prisoner was brought in with his eyes blindfolded. The hangman stood by, waiting. Two policemen held the man and slowly led him up the stairs of the scaffold.

At this moment she became aware of someone pressing against her far more eagerly than necessary. In the trembling, excited condition she was in, the pressure was not disagreeable. Her body was in a fever. Anyway, she could scarcely move, so pinned was she by the curious crowd.

She wore a white blouse and a skirt that buttoned all the way down the side as was the fashion then—a short skirt and a blouse through which one could see her rosy underwear and guess at the shape of her breasts.

Two hands encircled her waist, and she distinctly felt a man's body, his desire hard against her ass. She held her breath. Her eyes were fixed on the man who was about to be hanged, which made her body painfully nervous, and at the same time the hands reached for her breasts and pressed upon them.

She felt dizzy with conflicting sensations. She did not move or turn her head. A hand now sought an opening in the skirt and discovered the buttons. Each button undone by the hand made her gasp with both fear and relief. The hand waited to see if she protested before proceeding to another button. She did not move.

Then with a dexterity and swiftness she had not expected, the two hands twisted her skirt around so that the opening was at the back. In the heaving crowd now all she could feel was a penis slowly being slipped into the opening of her skirt.

Her eyes remained fixed on the man who was mounting the scaffold, and with each beat of her heart the penis gained headway. It had traversed the skirt and parted the slit in her panties. How warm and firm and hard it was against her flesh. The condemned man stood on the scaffold now, and the noose was put around his neck. The pain of watching him was so great that it made this touch of flesh a relief, a human, warm, consoling thing. It seemed to her that this penis quivering between her buttocks was something wonderful to hold on to, life to hold while death was passing.

Without saying a word, the Russian bowed his head in the noose. Her body trembled. The penis advanced between the soft folds of her buttocks, pushing its way inexorably into her flesh.

She was palpitating with fear, and it was like the palpitation of desire. As the condemned man was flung into space and death, the penis gave a great leap inside of her, gushing out its warm life.

The crowd crushed the man against her. She almost ceased breathing, and as her fear became pleasure, wild pleasure at feeling life while a man was dying, she fainted.

After this story Louis dozed off to sleep. When he awakened, saturated with sensual dreams, vibrating from some imaginary embrace, he saw that the woman had gone. He could follow her footprints along the sand for quite a distance, but they disappeared in the wooded section that led to the cottages, and so he lost her.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU NORMAL?

FIND YOUR DEVIATION QUOTIENT

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Fifty questions that separate the meek and unique from the freak

PSYCHOGRAPH

"Normal" is what you are and everyone else isn't, right? Actually, that's probably as good an explanation as any other you're likely to run across, for the enormous range of acceptable human behavior makes normality almost impossible to define. (The ancient Romans seemed to be on the right track: the word *normal* is derived from the Latin word meaning "square.")

The fact that normality can't be easily defined has not kept social scientists from trying to isolate thousands of characteristics which—when taken together—form a profile of the average male. We have hacked our way through this statistical rain forest to bring you this psychograph, because we thought that you might enjoy seeing how your attitudes and behavior compare with those of other American men.

We have reviewed enough census tracts, sex surveys, demographic charts, market research studies, public-opinion polls, and psychological questionnaires to drive a normal man to abnormality. Out of all this, we've compiled a list of questions that have been posed to American men. Since virtually all of the questions have been submitted to statistically valid samplings of the general population, we know how the "normal" man would answer them.

Naturally, there are no "correct" answers. The answers listed at the end represent the average or most popular response. The more your answers correspond with them, the more "normal" you're likely to be.

1. Do you prefer women to be active or passive sexual partners?
   (a) active
   (b) passive

2. What is your favorite way to spend an evening?
   (a) dining out
   (b) visiting friends
   (c) watching television
   (d) going to a movie or the theater

3. Here are two statements about creativity. With which one do you agree?
   (a) You shouldn't get involved in a creative endeavor (art, music, dance, writing) unless you're willing to commit yourself to it
   (b) You should be able to enjoy all forms of creativity without feeling that you must become an expert

4. If you have sex with a woman and she fails to achieve orgasm, do you feel at least partly to blame?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. Is the face value of any and all life insurance you own
   (a) less than $50,000
   (b) more than $50,000
   (c) I don't have any life insurance

6. Do you furnish your house more for
   (a) comfort
   (b) style

7. How do you travel to work?
   (a) bus
   (b) train or subway
   (c) car
   (d) walking
   (e) any other means

8. What do you think women really want from their relations with men?
   (a) love
   (b) a home and children
   (c) sexual satisfaction
   (d) security

9. Here are several ways in which you might improve yourself. Which would you rate as most important?
   (a) becoming more socially competent
   (b) becoming more spiritually oriented
   (c) becoming less influenced by the opinions of others
   (d) getting ahead at work
   (e) learning how to enjoy life more

10. Would you rather own
    (a) a dog
    (b) a cat

11. If you see an older person who pays a lot of attention to his or her appearance (dressing stylishly, using cosmetics, and so on), are you more likely to
    (a) admire the person
    (b) feel that he or she is foolish for paying attention to such things

12. Do you think that you watch
    (a) too little
    (b) too much
    (c) the right amount of television

13. How often in the course of a *week* do you brush your teeth?
    (a) seven times or less
    (b) eight times or more

14. Would you say that you're
    (a) very happy
    (b) fairly happy
    (c) not too happy

15. Have you taken at least one foreign trip in the last five years?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

16. When you perform cunnilingus on a woman, do you do it
    (a) because you enjoy it
    (b) because you want to please the woman, even though you don't enjoy it much yourself
    (c) I don't perform cunnilingus

17. How many television sets are in your home?
    (a) one or none
    (b) two or more

18. How much did you pay for your last pair of leather shoes?
    (a) less than twenty-five dollars
    (b) twenty-five dollars to forty dollars
    (c) more than forty dollars

19. Here are four groups of U.S. presidents. Which do you feel includes the greatest men?
    (a) Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln
    (b) Kennedy, Truman, and Washington
    (c) Washington, Lincoln, and Franklin D. Roosevelt
    (d) Kennedy, Lincoln, and Franklin D. Roosevelt

20. In which temperature ranges would you function more effectively?
    (a) forty to seventy-five degrees
    (b) fifty to eighty-five degrees
    (c) sixty to ninety-five degrees

21. Which kind of woman do you think would intimidate you more?
    (a) beautiful and highly intelligent
    (b) wealthy and very sophisticated sexually

22. Do you think brand names are usually better than lesser-known products?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

23. Do you think that UFOs are
    (a) real
    (b) just in people's imaginations

24. Which would you say is the surest sign that a person is cultured?
    (a) owning antiques
    (b) having a classical-record collection
    (c) keeping abreast of current events
    (d) understanding references to famous people when they're mentioned in conversation

25. Approximately how many pieces of mail do you receive in a week?
    (a) fewer than five
    (b) six to ten
    (c) eleven to fifteen

(d) more than fifteen

26. If you had to play one of the following sports, which would you prefer?
    (a) bowling
    (b) tennis
    (c) golf

27. Does your car use regular or premium gasoline?
    (a) regular
    (b) premium
    (c) I have a Diesel-powered car and don't use either
    (d) I don't have a car

28. Do you wish that the women you go to bed with would employ more varied sexual techniques and different positions than they do now?
    (a) yes, variety is the spice of life
    (b) no

29. Are you more likely to buy
    (a) a book
    (b) a record

30. Do you have (or would you like to have) your monogram embroidered on your clothes and accessories?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

31. Have you consumed a soft drink (other than as a mixer) in the past month?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

32. Here are three statements about the meaning of life. Which most closely agrees with your own view?
    (a) life is governed by mysterious forces that control our fate
    (b) anything in life that seems mysterious really has a scientific explanation
    (c) I used to believe that science could explain everything, but now I'm not so sure

33. How often in the past month have you been to a fast-food restaurant like McDonald's or Arthur Treacher's?
    (a) not once; I wouldn't even send that food to starving kids in India
    (b) one to three times
    (c) four or more times

34. How many times in the last six months have you dined at an honest-to-goodness, sit-down restaurant?
    (a) not at all
    (b) one to four times
    (c) five times or more

35. How do today's liberated women compare with what they used to be?
    (a) better
    (b) worse

36. How many times a year do you go to the movies?
    (a) not at all
    (b) one to three times
    (c) four to six times
    (d) seven to nine times
    (e) ten times or more

37. Would you rather be
    (a) famous
    (b) highly respected

38. Do you think that women tend to be more moody than men?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

39. Do you think that synthetic fibers and plastics have made life
    (a) better
    (b) worse

40. Do you use after-shave at least occasionally?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

41. How much have you spent during the past year on liquor (from package stores only)?
    (a) less than $50
    (b) $50 to $100
    (c) more than $100

42. Do you own a credit card?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

43. Do you think that beings like us live elsewhere in the universe?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

44. What do you think is the best number of children for a family to have?
    (a) none
    (b) one
    (c) two
    (d) three
    (e) four or more

45. If you could choose your boss, for whom would you prefer to work?
    (a) a man
    (b) a woman

46. Do you usually eat
    (a) butter
    (b) margarine

47. Do you believe in capital punishment for murder?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

48. Do you believe in capital punishment for rape?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

49. Would you be more sexually aroused by
    (a) a nude woman
    (b) a woman dressed in a sexy, sheer nightgown

50. Would you prefer to be single with many sexual partners, or married with a sexually exclusive relationship?
    (a) single
    (b) married

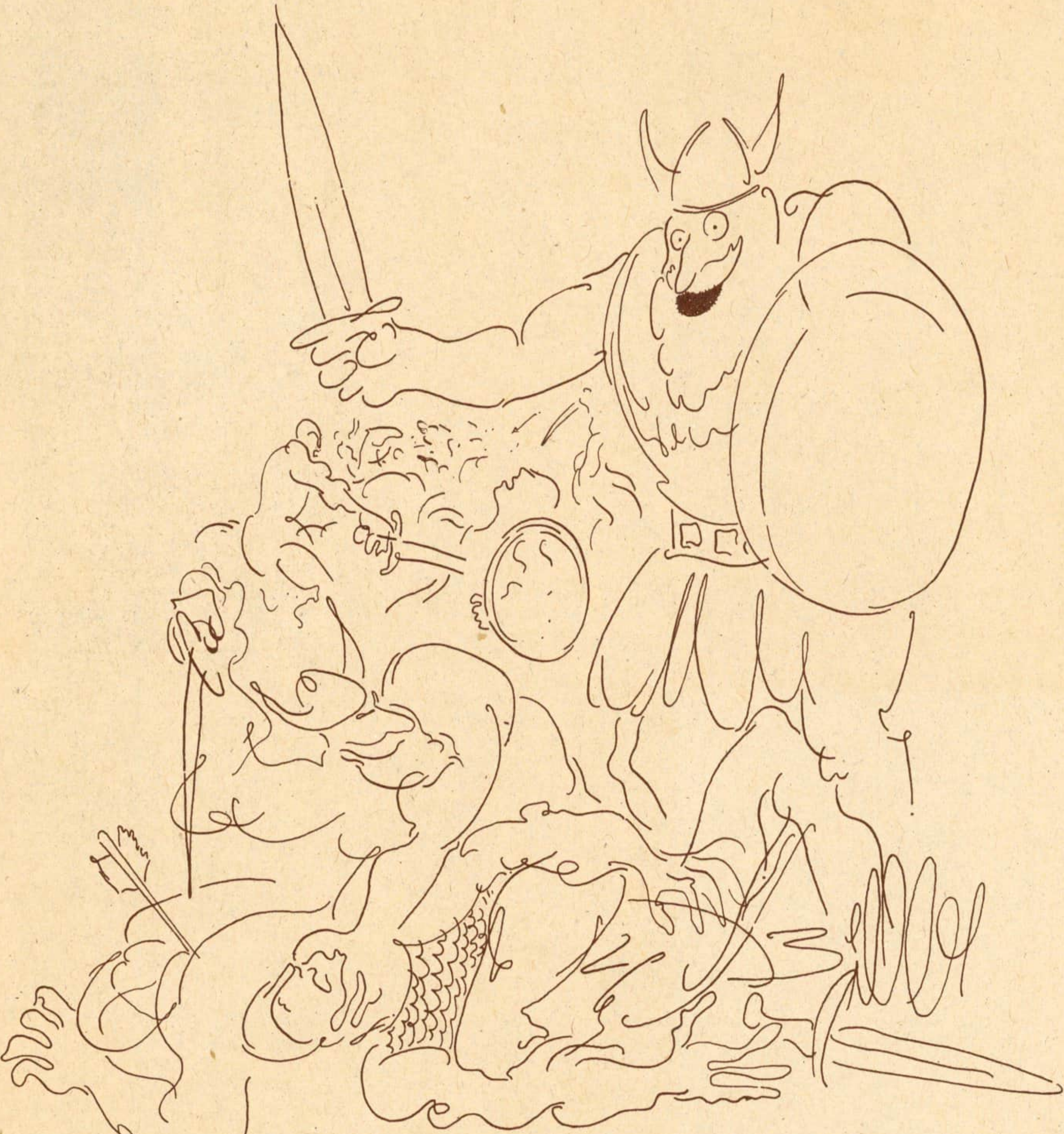
SCORING

These are the answers that we could expect the "normal" man to select.

1. a	11. a	21. a	31. a	41. b
2. c	12. c	22. b	32. c	42. a
3. b	13. b	23. a	33. b	43. a
4. a	14. b	24. c	34. c	44. c
5. a	15. b	25. b	35. a	45. a
6. a	16. a	26. a	36. c	46. b
7. c	17. b	27. a	37. b	47. a
8. d	18. b	28. a	38. a	48. b
9. e	19. d	29. a	39. a	49. b
10. a	20. b	30. b	40. a	50. b

Give yourself two points for each of your answers that agrees with those above.

If you scored 92–100 points:
You are so normal that you are almost abnormal. In virtually every category you reflect the attitudes and the behavior of the average American male. In fact, you are so normal that you should think about renting yourself out to advertising agencies as a one-man test market.
64–90 points:
You are normally normal. You are in tune with society, but you exhibit enough individuality to keep you from being a faceless cipher. You are fairly comfortable with your life and with the world around you.
30–62 points:
You have a strong streak of individuality. You often stand out in a crowd, but at the same time you still retain enough sense of reality to be accepted by that crowd. Other people may envy the independence of those in this category, but they usually respect them and look to them for leadership.
0–30 points:
You are a fugitive from the law of averages. Being around you may be an unsettling—but interesting—experience, since there's no telling what you'll do next. You are probably highly self-reliant. You may also be completely wacky. People like you are often found in the vanguard of the world of art, fashion, and intellect. They're also found in asylums. Take your choice.



"It's hard to believe that we've accomplished all of this without the influence of television violence on our formative childhood years."

BRANDO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

cannot remember that Marlon ever again escorted me to a Japanese restaurant.

An evening later I learned that my father had died. My brother, Bosco, called from New Delhi to notify me. According to Bosco, he had been fatally shot; the body was cremated a few hours later without an autopsy. If Bosco knew more of the mystery, he wouldn't tell me. I never learned further details of my father's death. He was forty-nine years old. Although separated by distance, we had been close in spirit. He had telephoned me a month previous to advise against marrying Marlon: "He's a bum. I don't care if he is famous—he's still a bum." I had slammed the phone down on him for his impertinence. Now I couldn't reason with him. He was beyond regrets. I felt a giddy sensation of falling in space.

Pressures continued to build up in succeeding days. My governess telephoned from India to offer condolences; she ended by supporting my father's judgment of Marlon. Then my ex-fiancé, Enrico Mandiaco, appeared on my doorstep after a year's silence. He, too, urged me to forgo marriage with Marlon. "It would be the greatest mistake of your life," he repeated over and over. Instead of crushing his skull with a skillet, I took a sleeping pill and retreated to bed.

At the end of the week, a row with Marlon flared up. We were lying in bed together—at his house—when we heard a commotion at the front door, downstairs. Between banging and pounding noises, a woman's voice screamed out, "It's me, Rita! R-I-T-A! Rita! Let me in! Goddamn it, let me in!" Marlon didn't appear startled. "I'd better go down and see what she wants," he said. "After all, I can't offend her feelings." I suppose it was his calm tone as much as the presence of Miss Moreno that incensed me. "What about my feelings? Get her out. It's her or me," I screamed at him. "Make a choice—right now!" Marlon went downstairs, where I could hear muffled bits of conversation over the next twenty minutes as he persuaded the lady to depart without violence. I dressed and passed Marlon on the stairs as he was coming back to the bedroom. *"I'm leaving, my dear Rico!"* I screeched, knowing his vulnerable points. *"All right, my dear Rita!"* he hollered back. We stood on the stairway for five minutes, calling each other Rico and Rita until I burst out laughing at the ridiculous scenario we were playing out. His face purpled; he choked and began to stammer. Laughing at him is, for Marlon, the ultimate indignity. I stomped from the house, slamming the front door with a crack that rang into the night like a rifle shot.

When Marlon telephoned the next day, I told him, "I don't want to get involved with a sick person like you," and hung up. I returned his mother's earrings and other personal gifts from him. He brought them back a day later. We talked. We huffed and puffed. And, as usual, we ended with mutual pledges of devotion. Furthermore, in this instance, we set a date for our marriage—within the following two weeks.

Fixing a wedding date did not preclude further quarrels between us. Perhaps we were both apprehensive about the forthcoming event—we argued over Marlon's house (I was fearful of living in the place, with its many stairways and slippery floors); we argued over other women; and when I discovered that I was pregnant, we argued over the probable color of the baby.

"What is yours is half mine, and what is mine is half yours," Marlon said, paraphrasing a line from *Sayonara*. He appeared delighted with the prospect of fatherhood—he had always been fond of children—but fretted that the baby might have a dark color. In his anxiety about the baby's racial traits, he bought and read several books on the mechanism of genetic inheritance. "Are you familiar with Mendel's law?" he asked and proceeded into a discourse on genes, chromosomes, ova, spermatozoa, and the peas and pods in Mendel's garden. It gave Marlon visible pleasure to survey this field; from his reactions, one might have thought him personally credited for the genetic engineering involved.

Several days before the wedding, Marlon and I drove to Riverside, Calif., for a license and the mandatory blood tests. Riverside was chosen to preserve secrecy; our impending marriage remained, for Marlon, at this late date, an appointment *in pectore*. We were escorted by two of Marlon's business associates from Pennebaker Productions, George Glass, a veteran motion picture publicist previously associated with Stanley Kramer, and Walter Seltzer, an ex-publicist for Hal Wallis. Both men circled around Marlon protectively, like destroyers conveying a richly laden merchant ship. They shielded him from passersby, intervened with clerks, and stood at ready-alert as the nurse withdrew a blood sample. I felt like a piece of flotsam bobbing in their wake.

Our final premarital argument centered on the type of ceremony we should engage for consecrating our nuptials. My long-held desire was for a Buddhist ceremony. I admire the simplicity and symbolism of the Buddhist rites—the incense offering, the exchange of beads, the meditation and chanting of a sutra. Its peaceful setting contrasts with the hectic gaiety of the Christian sacrament. Marlon contended that no Buddhist monk could be located in Los Angeles, and so we compromised with a Presbyterian minister reading the conventional marriage vows.

As news of our marriage surfaced, reporters set out on our trail. After tracking us to the Palm Desert Ranch, they spied on us with binoculars or phoned the house with the usual silly questions: What were we eating? Were we holding hands? Did we share the same toothbrush?

Meanwhile, other reporters were probing my background. They located my mother and stepfather, William Patrick O'Cal-

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laghan, living in Wales. Mr. O'Callaghan allegedly claimed to be my father, and according to the same sources, my mother did not dispute this claim. By the time Marlon and I had returned to Los Angeles from Palm Desert, the local press was printing leaders such as: "Who is Anna Kashfi?" "Who Is Joanne O'Callaghan?" "Was Marlon Brando Taken In by a Ringer?"

I had always thought my appearance to be typically Indian—black hair, high cheekbones, sepia skin, and copper-penny eyes. If there are native Welsh who match that description, I have yet to discover them. I had used the name of Joanne O'Callaghan on my passport to circumvent the quota on Indian admissions to the U.S. I had used the name while I was hospitalized, and Marlon had addressed letters to me and arranged for plane reservations in that name. Subsequently, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service checked and confirmed my Indian origin as attested to on our marriage license application. I was still traveling abroad with the "green card" issued to foreigners. I had applied for permanent resident status but was not granted that designation until the birth of our son.

With the furor over my name and nationality building to a crest, Marlon disappeared. His two public-relations men from Pennebaker, George Glass and Walter Selzer, burst into our home to resolve the controversy by inquisition. "Where were you born?" "Produce your birth certificate!" "Who are your parents?" "Did you marry Marlon for his money?" They stood over me on either hand, alternating questions so that I was forced to respond by swinging my head from side to side. I was reeling on the brink of hysteria before they relented. Their verdict was reached in private consultation and, I presume, presented to Marlon. I was half expecting a public burning to be proclaimed for the following dawn. Surprisingly, Marlon dismissed the incident as inconsequential. "It's just some garbage rooted out by a flock of vultures," he said. "When it blows over and the truth comes out, we'll sit down and have a good laugh about it together." Still, I could sense that he was reserving his final judgment. Later I found letters sent in his name to private investigators in England, France, and India. What, if anything, was exhumed from the past, I never learned.

When the hackles raised by the Joanne O'Callaghan affair had smoothed themselves out, we were able to resume a normal relationship—normal, that is, for Mr. and Mrs. Brando. Even in his rejection of convention, Marlon is not a textbook nonconformist. Normality for us was redefined with each sunrise.

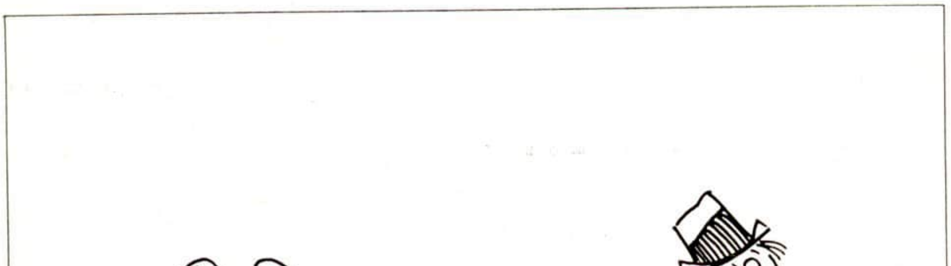
It seemed that the ink was barely dry on our marriage contract before the gilt was off the gingerbread. Home for Marlon became "a place to hang his T-shirt" (in the words of one observer) between nocturnal wanderings. In rare domestic moods, he would take me to a neighborhood movie or a round of the local beatnik hangouts. More often, he would decamp to a friend's apartment, and I would not see or hear from him for several days running.

When Marlon did remain at home, he would typically sleep until 1:00 P.M.—having hammered on his bongo drums until the previous dawn. He would then rise, brew a cup of coffee, and drive away to return in time for the next bongo session. Since I was enrolled in a 9:00 A.M. dance class, it was a rarity when we encountered each other.

Sporadically, I attempted to discharge my housewifely duties. I was not an accomplished cook, and my efforts in that department went unsampled. Marlon did not appreciate ornately prepared foods; like many Americans, he could swallow a meal while he was in motion or in his car at a drive-in eatery. I also tried to mend his dressing habits. I ordered suits for him and laid out his clothes. Left to his own initiatives, Marlon frequently went about with unmatched socks.

By default, I inherited the household management chores. A part-time maid and a gardener were our sole employees. "Have Pop open up a joint account for you at the bank," Marlon said, "so you can handle whatever we need." Marlon, Sr., was then acting as his son's business manager. He showed up at our house to supervise my conduct with the joint account. I was asked to produce the sales slips from the grocery markets, which he then audited with the scrupulousness of a bank examiner. "Aha," he said at one point, "it's evident you don't know much about shopping. You paid thirty-one cents for this roll of toilet paper! You married my son for his money. In this state there is a community property law—that's why you married him." I didn't know the meaning of community property, but he explained that the law conferred on me 50 percent of Marlon's income and equal voting rights for its control. "In that case," I said, "I herewith exercise my 50 percent. You're fired!" Marlon supported my decree, and Sr. was replaced by a Los Angeles management firm. I was learning to flex the sinews of power.

In December *Sayonara* was scheduled for its Los Angeles premiere. However, I couldn't bring myself to attend the opening in the glare of publicity. I knew that Marlon had inserted several incidents from our courtship—in one scene he presents his Japanese girl friend with a gift wrapped in a silk scarf, exactly as he had once done with me in the early days of our courtship when I was suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis at the City of Hope Hospital. Later Marlon and I went together to a Beverly Hills theater where *Sayonara* was playing. The sight of fragments from my private life amplified on the screen triggered a rage against Marlon. I erupted with a temper tantrum and refused to speak with him for several days.



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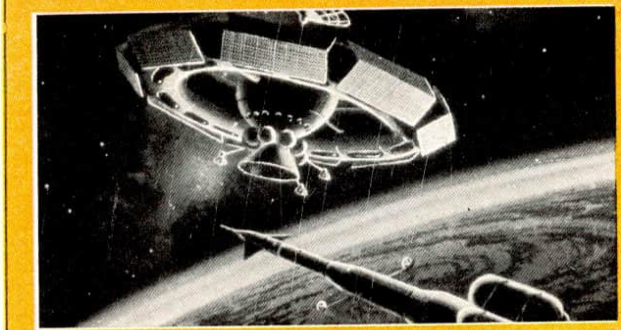

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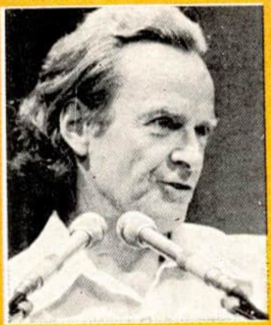

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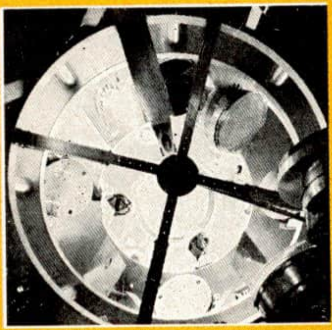

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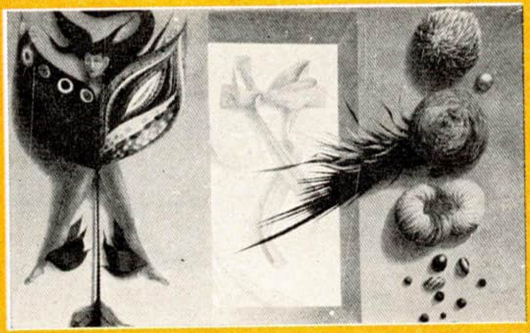

INTELLIGENCE DRUGS

THE CYBERNETIC WAR—Welcome to World War III—the Cybernetic War, created by machines for machines. The soldiers in this conflict are of course computers, and by 1999, there will be roughly one *billion* of them either on or orbiting the planet. The arsenals of the Cybernetic War are stocked with cruise missiles, MIRVs, and smart bombs; its battle plans utilize such tools as robotics, pattern recognition, coding and game theory, cryptography, and simulation. All depend upon one superweapon, the indefatigable computer that, paradoxically, is also the best hope for human liberation. We've programmed the full story for the May *Omni*.

CHEMICALS FOR INTELLIGENCE—Feeling dumb these days? What if you could take a pill that would increase your ability to learn, or a quick squirt from a nasal spray that has been proven to improve memory? Although *smart pills* and *memory sprays* sound like dreams from a distant future and like the stuff of science fiction, researchers Sandy Shakocius and Durk Pearson claim that such things are available now—some of them right at your local drugstore. They are called psychopharmaceuticals, and you can find out what they are in the next *Omni*.

INTERVIEW/RICHARD FEYNMAN—Not long ago, *Omni* editor Frank Kendig asked a number of leading scientists who they felt was "the smartest man in the world." By far the man most cited for this perhaps dubious distinction was the freewheeling physicist Richard Feynman. Feynman joined the Manhattan Project at the tender age of twenty-four and held his own among the world's most eminent nuclear scientists. Seven years later he won the Nobel Prize for uniting quantum theory and electromagnetism. In this exclusive interview, Feynman talks about the special kind of "prejudice" needed for frontier work in science and reminisces about the days when he sat in his pajamas drawing the "silly pictures" that are today the routine tools of high-energy physics. Meet an unconventional mind, perhaps the most powerful and provocative in twentieth-century science, in the next *Omni*.

RED STAR IN ORBIT—The first space colonist is already an adult, and although his or her identity is unknown, a good guess can be made about the nationality—Russian. "We believe that permanently inhabitable space stations with interchangeable crews are going to be humanity's main road to the universe," said a top Soviet space official recently. In the next *Omni*, frequent contributor Jim Oberg presents an in-depth look at Russian plans to colonize space. In next month's *Omni*, you'll also find a rare gallery of Soviet space art as well as an excerpt from a new novel by the celebrated Russian engineer and science-fiction writer Vladimir Savchenko.

riage were widening into chasms. Marlon expressed his view to a Hollywood columnist: "I can't really talk to Anna. She is so emotional, so immature." That he would descend to any public comment betrayed his discomposure. I called the same columnist and struck back: "As a romancer, Marlon leaves a lot to be desired. He's just plain clumsy, and that's the truth. If he were not a film star, I doubt that he'd get to first base with women."

I cannot say that I understood Marlon at any significant depth during our marriage. "You've got to shape up, Marlon; your antics are breaking us up," I told him on New Year's Eve in 1958 from my smug and bunkered vantage point. He only stared at me; Marlon considered such attacks unworthy of defense.

The renascent spirit of the new year did promote an effort to doctor our sickly marriage. We agreed that moving to a new house could prove salutary. Marlon suggested that I look for a Japanese-style cottage—one with the privacy that fitted his description of his hotel suite in Kyoto during the filming of *Sayonara*. "And make sure," he instructed me, "that the house has no white rugs, no white drapes, and no swimming pool." After canvasing scores of homes in the Hollywood area (via numerous real-estate brokers), I found a single-level Japanese house on Mulholland Drive—the ridge dividing the western half of Los Angeles. It was a small place—two bedrooms, a maid's quarters, a teakwood-floored living room, dining room, and a kitchen—the rental for which was $1,000 per month. It commanded a panoramic view of the San Fernando Valley to the north and the canyons to the south. It also had white carpets, white drapes, and a swimming pool. Marlon was enchanted with it. We settled ourselves and our possessions there within the week. Marlon hung out a sign on the gate: "Unless you have an appointment, under no circumstances disturb the occupant."

Secure behind the transcendent moat surrounding our hilltop *shiró*, far from the madding crowd, Marlon was able to concentrate on his business and film ventures. Associates were summoned to the mount rather than gathering at the Pennebaker offices on the Paramount lot. Marlon installed a four-foot, gold-filigreed Chinese gong in the living room and convened meetings by striking the gong with a massive, leather-headed clapper. He also sounded the gong's thunderous clamor to gain the attention of his confreres when overlapping conversations threatened the conference. Throughout the house dishes rattled in the cupboard, chandeliers swayed, and heads throbbed whenever the gong was detonated. It might have presaged the entrance of Genghis Khan or the beginning of a J. Arthur Rank movie.

Shortly after we had moved into this house, Marlon awakened me at two in the morning to offer a suggestion: "Why don't you move to Hawaii and live there?" He was just climbing into bed. "But, Marlon, my

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friends are here; my pediatrician is here. Why would I want to move to Hawaii?" "Well," he said, "there's so much prejudice here in America; it might be wiser to avoid it. Also, you being Indian and I American, we have to think of the baby—we don't know what color the baby will be when it is born, do we? Anna, we must consider the baby." I rolled out of bed and dragged the sheets and blankets into the spare bedroom. Weeks passed before we returned to sleeping together.

Earlier, Marlon forbade my engaging help for the kitchen. Then he reversed his position and insisted that we hire a full-time cook. I thought a cook superfluous since I usually found myself the only person in the house at dinnertime. However, I rang a friend, Pier Angeli, who recommended a woman who exuded an aura of imperious culinary competence, and who, indeed, demonstrated her worth by preparing imaginative and appetizing meals. For a month she evidently attended to her job without incident. Then her employment was abruptly terminated one evening. Marlon and I had gone to a movie; and when we returned, about midnight, I heard the dishwashing machine chugging in the kitchen, rinsing a final load of dishes with glasses.

From the maid and others, I pieced together the story of the cook's enterprising ways. Whenever we went out for the evening, she would lay out the best china, the best crystal, the best silver, and the richest linen. She would then telephone a Sunset Boulevard bistro manager. He would relay invitations to all patrons present to drive up to our home for a guided tour of the Brando residence. She greeted these tourists at our front door, charging fifty cents per person. Coffee and hors d'oeuvres were available on the dining-room table. Also included was a running commentary by the woman herself: "Marlon and his wife, Anna, sleep in this bed. This bathroom is where Marlon goes potty." She was outraged when I fired her, evidently believing her sideshow concession to be a logical job perquisite. I couldn't decide whether to be annoyed by her audacity or amused by the ludicrousness of her guided tours. "Fifty cents per person!" Marlon said. "I should think the traffic would bear a dollar."

A short time later we received a telephone call from Henry Fonda. Marlon answered and heard Mr. Fonda say, "Marlon, I'm in the process of hiring a cook here who's given your name as a reference. What do you think of her?"

"Grab her, Hank," he said into the phone. "She's the greatest."

If nothing else, life with Marlon was never uneventful. He was a lightning rod for a range of people and events, and in turn he aroused a range of responses. Even among his friends, opinions oscillated from "a pure genius" and "the brilliant brat of the cinema" to "a Janus-faced shamster" and "a Balzacean character without charm." One actor who shared a motion picture with him asserted that "Brando is a great actor; he should be kept caged until the director shouts, 'Camera!'" Robert Mitchum, asked on a talk show whether he had ever made a film with Marlon, replied that "Brando has never made a film *with* anyone." A director of one Brando picture said, "You must remember that Marlon, for all his intellectual pretensions, is really a child."

Marlon kept 16mm prints of his motion pictures at home and often watched himself on the screen despite his statement of disrespect for his own acting. One evening I was running *Desirée* (Marlon as Superman/Napoleon) on the screen in our living room. Marlon and a group of friends were also present, watching the picture. I had my eyes closed, concentrating on the audio, probing the vocal nuances of Jean Simmons (in the title role) and Michael Rennie, an articulate actor (we became neighbors several years later) who had studied and mastered the art of elocution. By comparison, Marlon's voice filtered through as a mumbling monotone. It suddenly occurred to me that the sound was not mumbling, but an ingrained quality. "Marlon!" I said spontaneously, "you have a speech impediment. You lisp." With that opinion he left the room. I didn't see him for more than two weeks.

A natural question, as my pregnancy advanced, was whether the birth of our child could bridge our increasing emotional gulf.

IN THE MAY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

MÉNAGE À TROIS

Participating in a *ménage à trois* can be as fine an art as good lovemaking itself. That's what *Forum* author Mike Sheeter found out in his first adventure with two voluptuous women, when his Arabian Nights fantasy turned into a Chinese fire drill. Sheeter stuck with it, though, and shares the fruits of his labors with *Forum*.

SQUEEZE NO LONGER

The squeeze technique is the most common treatment for premature ejaculation, but it leaves a lot to be desired. Pierre Beautrais offers hope for all those couples who have suffered through stop-and-go lovemaking—a technique that allows for continuous action.

AMATEUR HOOKER

Tracy Cabot wanted to write *the* book on hooking; so she went to Lake Tahoe to find out what it's like to score big with horny conventioneers. She found that there's more to turning a trick than a plunging neckline and a come-hither glint in the eye.

MONEY

More couples—married and unmarried—are splitting these days, and the main reason isn't sex; it's money. Women are entering the work force in unprecedented numbers, and many relationships can't handle the change. *Forum*'s West Coast Editor Helen Colton, a marriage counselor, offers practical solutions to the problem.

SENSUOUS MASSAGE

Not many men ever give their mates an erotic massage, and one reason is that most men just don't know how. *Forum* International Editor Anne Hooper thinks that this is a damn shame; so she devised techniques for erotic massage that are guaranteed to drive a woman into ecstasy.

Marlon appeared to offer little if any concessions to my pregnancy, perhaps because I never ballooned up into prominence. He continued his peregrine habits, coming home to roost unannounced for unpredictable interludes and departing with an equal lack of ceremony.

On May 11, 1958—Mother's Day—the uterine contractions increased their frequency beyond the critical threshold. I dressed and drove myself to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles. At 7:30 P.M., virtually at sunset, Dr. Leon Krohn delivered a boy weighing seven pounds ten ounces. It was an easy birth—no pain, no complications, just a slight push, as if I were overcoming constipation, and the baby emerged with a mild plaint of protest against the outside world. He was a beautiful child, brown-eyed, tow-headed, with exquisitely miniature fingers and toes, and smooth skin—not wrinkled like the shrunken version of Winston Churchill that many newborn babies resemble. He was not a stranger to me; we had established a relationship over the previous two months. I had spoken to him when I was swimming on my back or lying in bed in night. I had asked his preferences in food and drink, and I had admonished him whenever he kicked out rambunctiously. We had become intimate before he was born.

Marlon appeared at the hospital the following afternoon. I did not greet him with affection. I had carried my son for nine months without his support. I had given birth without his presence. "Well, Marlon, I hope he is the right color for you," I snapped at him. He didn't react but went to inspect the baby (temporarily held in a separate room to thwart photographers who were disguising themselves as doctors in attempts to locate him). When he returned, he sat on the bed beside me, his eyes filming with tears. Never before had I seen him so emotional. For some time we were silent. Then Marlon said, "He's wonderful—beautiful. Thank God he looks more like you than me."

The next day Marlon again came to the hospital, this time with a reconciliation speech: "From now on, I'll be a perfect husband . . . I'll love you . . . I'll love the baby. . . ." I almost expected a soft-shoe dance while we sang, "And baby makes three. . . ." We had not previously discussed the name of our child. Now Marlon proposed "Christian" for his given name, after his boyfriend, Christian Marquand, who was designated as our son's godfather. I wished to perpetuate my father's name: "Devi." We compromised by entering "Christian Devi" on the birth certificate. Thereafter, Marlon invariably addressed our son as Christian or Chris, while I addressed him as Devi.

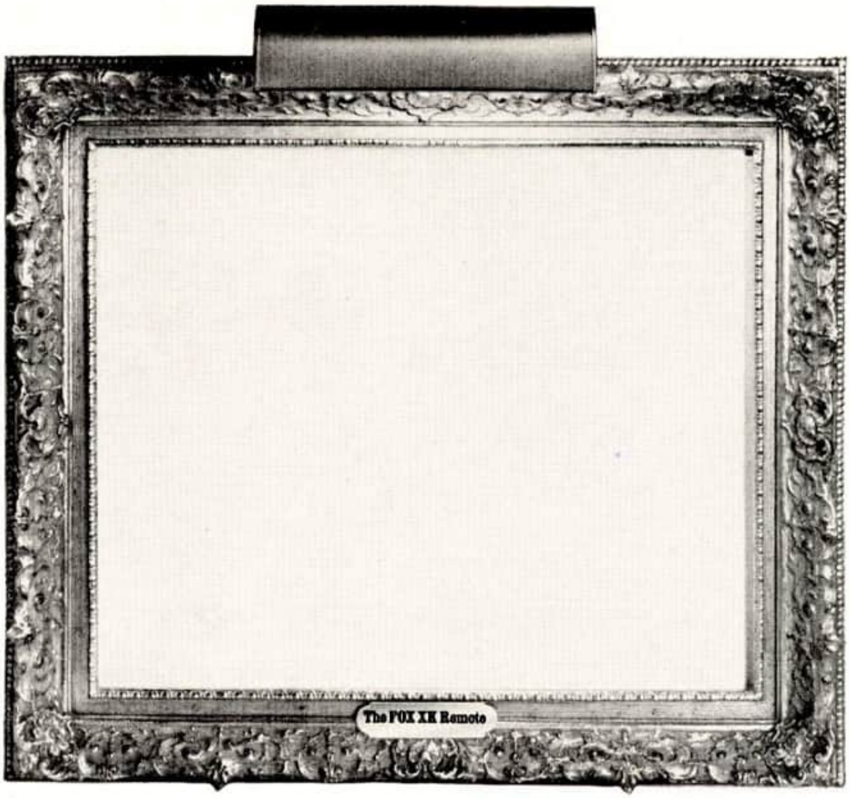
Hundreds of telegrams and baskets of flowers soon cluttered the hospital room. I saved those from personal friends and directed the others to the children's ward. It seemed that everyone in "show biz" wanted to acknowledge Marlon Brando's latest production.

Dr. Krohn raised the question of circumcision, the simple surgical procedure for excising the prepuce. I favor circumcision as beneficial to the child's hygiene and also because the incidence of uterine cancer is appreciably less in those women whose husbands are circumcised. Marlon, however, was adamantly opposed to the practice and was furious when he discovered the *fait accompli* (I had already given my permission to the doctor); a vehement quarrel ensued. "I've never been circumcised," he declaimed, "and my noble tool has performed its duties through thick and thin without fail." My impression was that Marlon considered the loss of the foreskin to be a loss in priapic stature—a psychological fear based on his own undistinguished pudendum. He also objected to the procedure as painful for the baby, despite the doctor's assurances that a three-day-old infant would not be traumatized by a brief pain. This concern, apparently, did not apply to girls, for Marlon had expounded on the desirability of female circumcision (a brutality advocated by some African tribes). Cutting or abrading the skin covering of the clitoris, he asserted, is painless, and it creates a greater degree of sensitivity. Listening to Marlon's dry, solemn lecture on feminine sexuality was like listening to a professor of ancient history: "And now, students, we will discuss the Roman emperor Clitoris the Second."

After I came home, behind the electric gates of our hilltop temple, after four days in the hospital, we soon reverted to our previous footing. I concentrated on ministering to the baby, and Marlon pursued his role as a free-lance eccentric.

Once, when the baby was several weeks old, Marlon walked into our home with France Nuyen on his arm. Miss Nuyen was dressed in tight pants, silk blouse, and bolero jacket, the epitome of glamor and sensuality. She was eighteen years old. I was in lounging pajamas, had just finished breast-feeding the baby, and was in the process of preparing my own dinner. Compared with her soignée demeanor, I probably looked like the old woman who lived in a shoe. She strutted into the kitchen, sniffed at the curry stewing on the stove, and exclaimed, "Curry! You're eating curry! You're eating curry while nursing a baby! Humph!" Then she opened the refrigerator and took out the last mango (my favorite fruit, of which I usually kept a plentiful supply). Marlon had brought her home, knowing that I knew of their relationship. Somehow, that act, by itself, didn't seem so outrageous as it did combined with Miss Nuyen's tut-tutting my curry and filching my mango. I ran into the bedroom, crying. Marlon followed me in to ask what upset me. "I'll give you thirty seconds to get her out of the house," I screamed at him. They left together.

Nor did the baby's presence diminish the parade of house guests invited by Marlon to occupy the spare bedroom. One guest, Maureen Stapleton (later to costar with Marlon in *The Fugitive Kind*), was recovering



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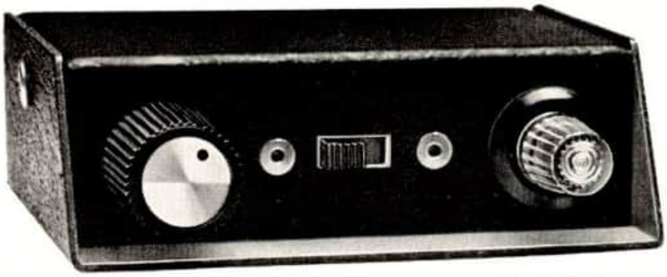

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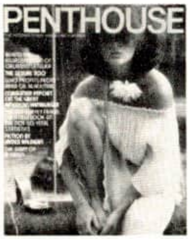
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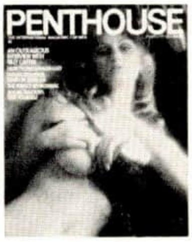
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from a tubercular infection. Although obviously sympathetic to any tuberculosis patient, I couldn't countenance her proximity to my baby. "You're big and fat and can take care of yourself," I told her and threw her out.

Between rages and chills of studied silence, between drinking and bouts of seeming madness, we continued a semblance of rational behavior. The intervals of tranquility, however, were becoming fewer and shorter. Marlon's private space-time dimension—vanishing here and reappearing there—precluded any appreciable degree of what one might call marital stability.

In June Marlon Sr., remarried. His bride was twenty-eight at the time, six years younger than his son. Senior called from New York to announce the marriage. I congratulated him, and then forced the phone on Marlon, who was dodging my efforts. "Hi, Pop, I hope you'll be happy," he said and slammed down the phone. "That goddamn son of a bitch," he swore at me. "Why the hell did you make me talk to him? I can't stand that man. The way he treated my mother. And now this . . . To hell with him!"

In early summer Marlon returned to his plan for a Western film, the screenplay for which now ran to several hundred pages; it was eventually released as *One-Eyed Jacks* (the title is a reference to man's basic duplicity). A six-month preproduction period followed before the cameras began rolling in December. Meanwhile Marlon asked director Stanley Kubrick to remold the script and prepare the shooting schedule. Mr. Kubrick, a shy, taciturn, insecure young man, had recently completed *Paths of Glory*, which, with *The Killing*, gained him a solid reputation (*Dr. Strangelove* and *A Clockwork Orange* are among his later works). He drove up to our house for almost daily meetings, as did producer Frank Rosenberg (who owned the rights to the source material, a Charles Neider novel, *The Authentic Death of Henry Jones*, and who had initiated the project two years previous), George Glass and Walter Selzer (executive producers for the Pennebaker production), and a series of screenwriters (including an unknown cat lover named Sam Peckinpah). All participants were adamantly requested to remove their shoes in deference to the fine teakwood floor. The Chinese gong was again heard throughout the house as Marlon used it to punctuate his authority.

I was tentatively assigned a role in the picture and thereby drew Mr. Kubrick as a watchdog. He followed me about for several days, taking notes on my actions and speech patterns. Only in the bathroom could I escape him. The shadowing, I presume, was part of his thoroughness in analyzing the personalities of his actors. Marlon, of course, found nothing odd in such behavior.

To escape the gong, I took to swimming or lying out by the pool when the *One-Eyed Jacks* meetings were in progress. Once, lying parboiled under the summer sun, I was jolted by the unmistakable odor of horse manure wafting across the pool. In our front garden stood ten horses—candidates for the motion picture—that had been brought up for Marlon's approval. Then an entire street scene was set up on the front lawn so that Marlon and Mr. Kubrick could check camera angles. Members of the wardrobe department came up from the studio to hold fittings in the dining room. As the summer progressed, our house became more and more indistinguishable from a movie set.

Despite the hectic activities, few solid accomplishments were scored that summer. Mr. Kubrick resigned from the project in order to direct *Spartacus* (replacing Anthony Mann). "We've been hacking at this script for months," he complained to Marlon, "and I still haven't the foggiest idea what the story is all about." "It's about the $350,000 we've already spent," said Marlon, showing a rare awareness of the financial pressures that had been mounting from Paramount Studio.

Finally, I jammed some clothes, toiletries, and personal papers into a few suitcases, called a taxi, tucked Devi under one arm, and fled the house on Mulholland Drive. Marlon went into the bathroom, found a used Tampax in the wastebin, mounted it on a wooden plaque, nailed a frame around the plaque, and hung it on his bedroom wall,

Life without Marlon was, for the first few days, a euphoric trance—as if I had gone from the oppression of a deep mine to the rarefied atmosphere of a towering mountain peak.

It was difficult to believe that Marlon, for his part, experienced depression, retrospections, or regrets over our separation. Most of his actions suggested the contrary. But, with Marlon, at least one jarring exception must accompany every rule. Less than a month after leaving, I was home reading one afternoon when Jay Kanter, Marlon's agent, telephoned. In a panic he blurted out his words in spurts: "Anna, it's awful . . . I'm here at Marlon's . . . He's in bad shape . . . He's taken some kind of pills . . . He's tied his hands together [*How does one do that?* I thought] . . . He's out by the pool . . . [Several beats passed here while Kanter gulped for air] . . . He's about to throw himself in!"

"Grab him! Hold him! Don't let him do it!" I shouted into the phone. "I'll be right up there." I ran out of my house (forgetting to check if the nurse was guarding Devi), tumbled into my car, and streaked up the canyon road to Mulholland Drive. The gate was open. I slammed to a stop inside and galloped around a wing of the house to the pool. There was Marlon, teetering on the edge of the diving board. He was wearing tennis shoes and dungarees. Jay Kanter was also poised on the board, tugging at his arm.

"All right, I'm here," I said to Kanter and then turned to Marlon and shrieked, "Now, you son of a bitch! Now, jump! I want to watch you drown!"

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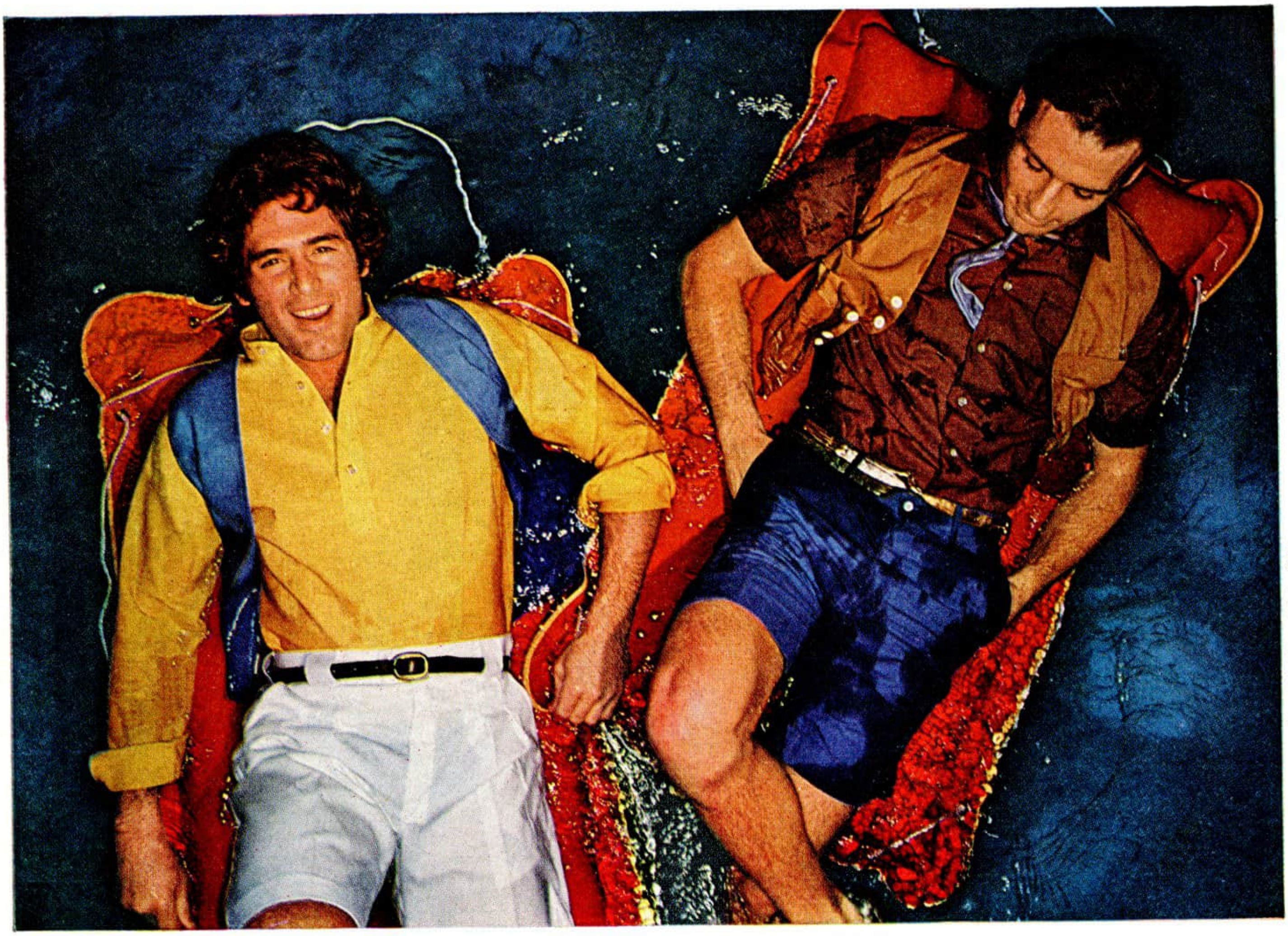
Hot, bright color is the coolest look for summer

APPAREL WHEN IT SIZZLES

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

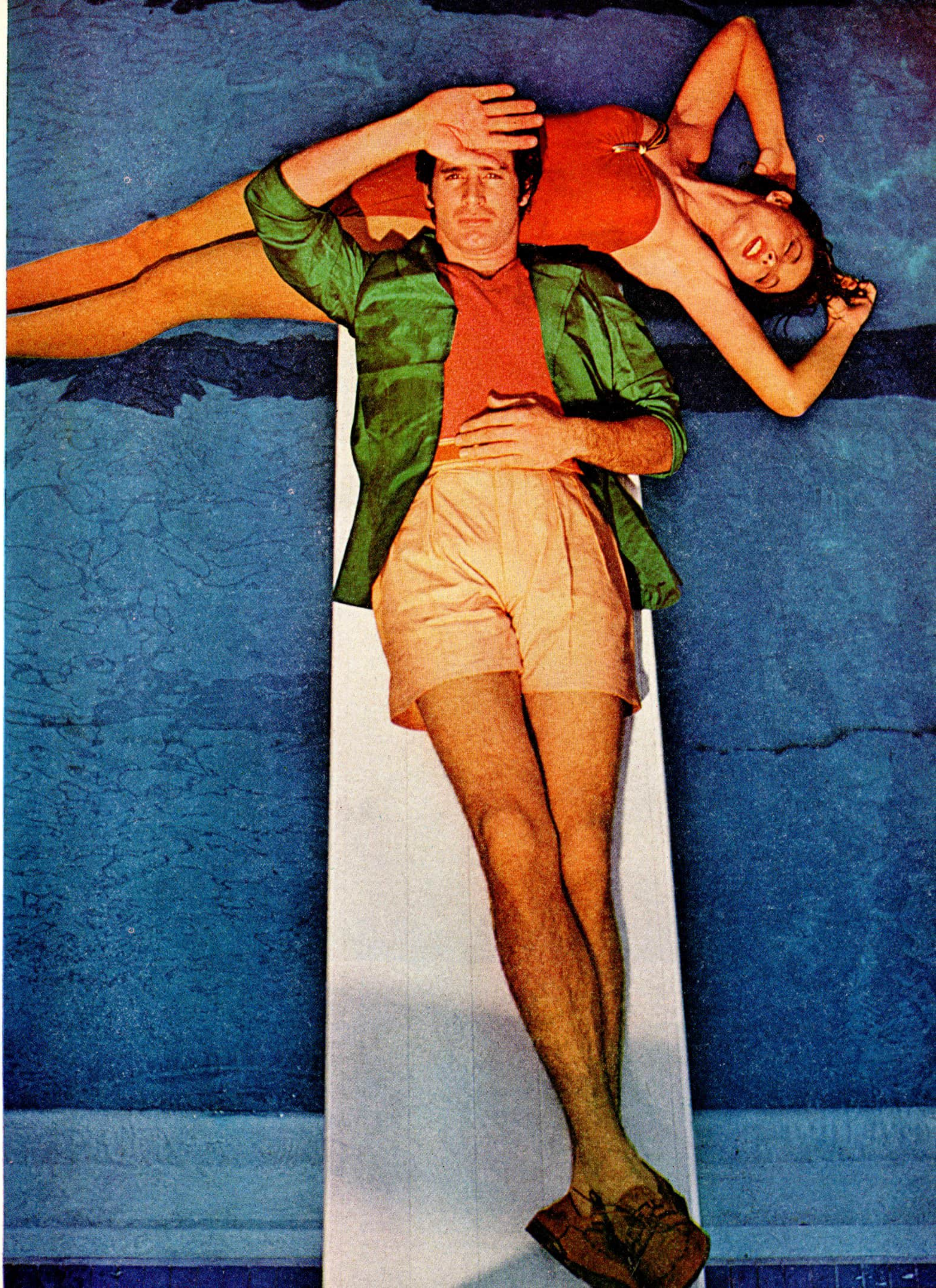


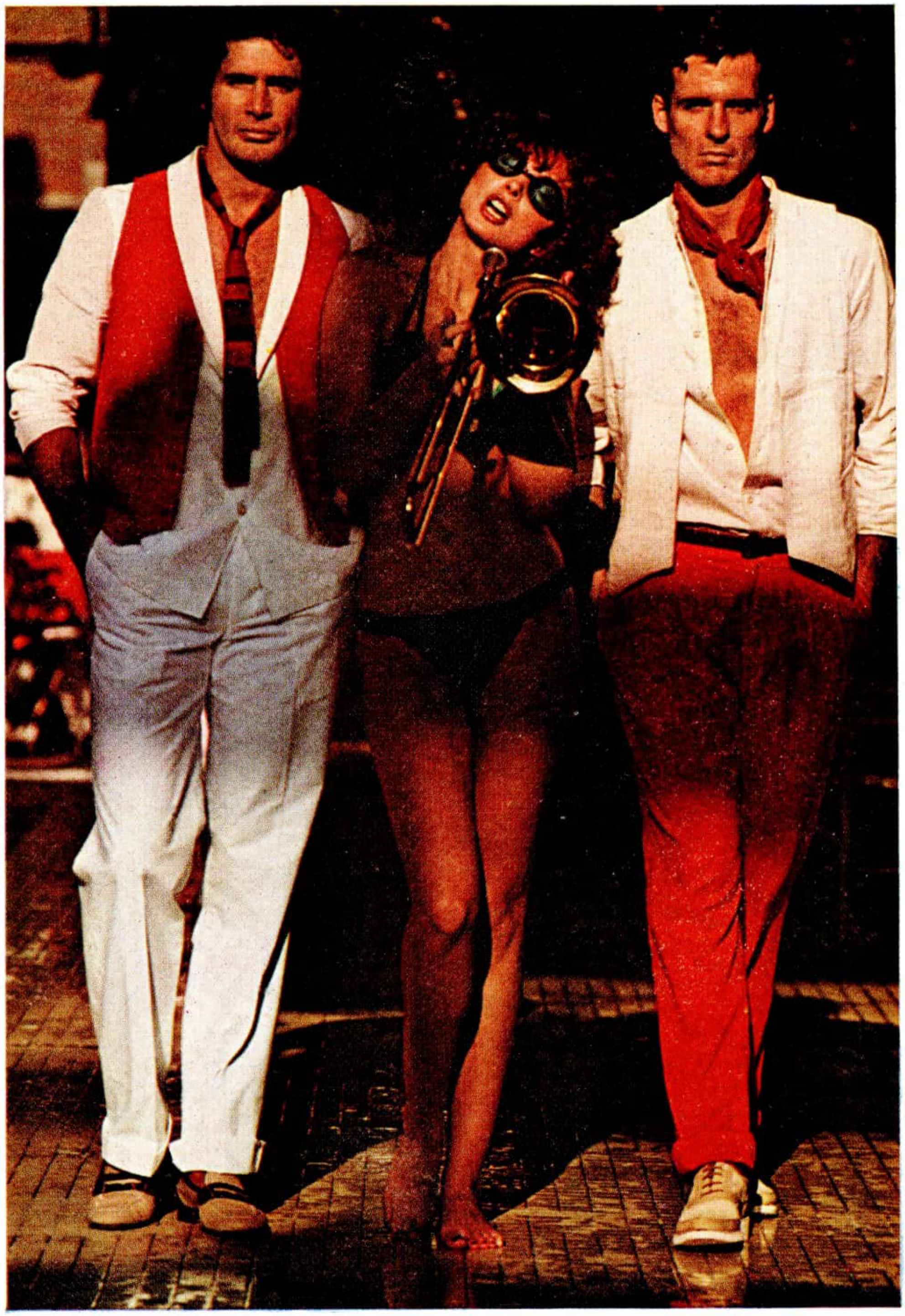
Photographed at Manhattan Plaza Health and Swim Club

For the progressive dresser in the summer of 1979, this is the first rule: white is right, but bright is righter. The classic whites are still around, but they're acting as muted understudies to the eloquent primary colors—reds, blues, greens, and yellows. Even the natural earth shades sport a deeper, vibrant richness of tone. Also gone is the monochromatic look. To get high contrast and higher visibility, colors should be mixed and matched with freewheeling abandon. As always during summer, natural fibers are favored: cotton and flax dominate daytime wear; raw silk and linen spotlight informal-to-flashy evening outfits. However, the one thing that *isn't* new under the sun is the casual, relaxed, and varied look that prevailed in spring designs. Pleated pants and walking shorts are baggy, tops can be skintight T-shirts or looser dress shirts. Vests, which have become perennial favorites, are still going over well—and going over everything. On the following pages our models hit the right fashion notes with clothes that are relaxed, spontaneous, and fun-filled enough for them to blow their horns about. What else is summer for?

(above) Summer is a shorts story in baggier versions. (left) the white cotton and polyester "Bermuda" walking shorts ($21) are by Jockey International. The blue polyester-and-cotton "burlap look" vest ($25) is by Charsel. The yellow polyester and cotton band-collared placket-front shirt ($23) is by Egon Von Furstenberg for TTI. The one-inch leather belt is by George G. Graham. A cotton ensemble combines a plum-colored shirt ($23.50) with a tan vest ($24.50) and blue cuffed shorts ($24.50) by Country Roads by Creighton. Tie by Camouflage; metallic belt by La Bagagerie.

(opposite) You can have the luxury of pure silk at a price you can afford with this jade green tissue-weight blazer shirt ($85) with two patch pockets; the shirt and the pleated tan cotton shorts for walking or swimming ($30) are both by T.T. Gurtner, Inc. The bright orange canvas cotton belt ($14) is by Nancy Knox, Ltd. The sandal shoes are by Pierre Cardin Men's Footwear. The hot-pink cotton and silk T-shirt ($40) is by Saint-Clair.





(above) Red and white is one of the summer's hottest combinations. (left) the red polyester and cotton "burlap look" with two pockets ($25) is by Charsel. The white, shawl-collared, all-silk blazer shirt ($115) is by Mark Birnbaum for Carara. The silk plaid tie ($10) is by Masseti; the all-cotton, pleated pants ($78) are by Saint-Clair. The all-cotton, pleated vest and bib-front band-collar shirt ensemble ($32) are by h.i.s. Sportswear. The full-cut, tapered-leg, red polyester and rayon four-pleated pants ($50) are by John Karl, Ltd. Silk ascot by Carara; shoes by San Remo.

(opposite) Hot colors on a "cool" scene: The abstract Hawaiian print on an all-washable rayon shirt ($60) and yellow cotton and silk V-neck T-shirt ($40) are both by Saint-Clair. The red polyester and cotton "bag" pants with tapered legs ($26) have a wrap-tie belt and are by Cheeks by Trendmaster. The white lace-up shoes are by Pierre Cardin Men's Footwear. All of the ladies' swimsuits are by Monika Tilley for Elon.

FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO FIND MERCHANDISE FEATURED HERE, SEE PAGE 188.

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

Rose: Well, I didn't wind up with too much less than that. But if I was just looking for money—yeah, I would've taken that offer. And if I'd already been a millionaire, I would've signed with Pittsburgh. John Galbreath, who owns the Pirates, offered me something that took him sixty years to develop. He's worked his whole life developing Darby Dan Farms, the premier thoroughbred racing stable in the world. It's something money alone can't buy into.

You can't buy studs like Graustark, Little Current, Roberto, or His Majesty, because they're not for sale. And when these Triple Crown winners are syndicated, there's twenty people there before you. A guy could be a billionaire, but the multi-millionaires who devote so much time developing the best bloodlines in horse racing aren't going to let him in. It's an elite company, and Mr. Galbreath was going to let me join it. He was going to give me brood mares and let me breed them with two of the best four studs in the world; he'd raise the horses for me, and after several years I'd have my own racing stable.

It was hard to figure out what that was worth, because you might come up with a Triple Crown winner, which would be worth many millions of dollars, or you could come up with bad legs. But Mr. Galbreath even offered to buy the horses back at a certain price if, at the end of so many years, I didn't like them.

On top of that, the Pirates would have paid me a salary of more than $400,000 a year.

Penthouse: Did you get any other offers that might be classified as exorbitant?

Rose: Yeah, and really, the hardest thing was eliminating teams I didn't want to play for, because the owners themselves couldn't have been nicer.

I finally narrowed it down to five teams: Atlanta, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Philadelphia. August Busch, who owns the Cardinals, was going to give me a big salary and some money for working with Anheuser-Busch, and he said he'd really help me try to get a beer distributorship in four or five years, although we wouldn't have put that in the contract.

And I was very impressed by Ewing Kauffman, who owns the Kansas City Royals. If the Royals had been in the National League, I probably would've signed with them and turning him down was the toughest decision of my life. The Royals are supertough, and they're very similar to the Phillies: great fan support and a great ball club, which has won three divisional titles in a row without making it into the World Series. Mr. Kauffman offered me a great deal.

Penthouse: How much?

Rose: Seven figures, counting the things he threw in besides the actual salary. He wanted me to sign a four-year contract, with options for one or two more years. I was really amazed that a guy would guarantee me that kind of money, knowing that, by then, I'd be forty-two years old. But he had an angle that he pursued. He said, "Pete, I think you have a chance to beat Ty Cobb's record of 4,191 career hits—and I want you to do it in a Kansas City uniform." I can't tell you how good that made me feel, because I was used to hearing Dick Wagner of the Reds tell me, "You're killing me. Baseball salaries are going to kill this sport." Well, if Dick Wagner's right, all the experts and owners I've talked to in the American and National League are wrong.

Penthouse: Are they?

Rose: With the salaries I had offered to me—and several other teams, like the Dodgers and the Mets, stayed in until the very end—I know there's no *way* baseball is in any danger. I disagree with the people who say that the free-agent draft will ruin the sport. I'll tell you exactly what the free-agent draft does: it gives a guy like me, who busted his ass for one team for sixteen years, an option to exercise. Instead of having to beg the Reds for the contract *they* wanted to offer me, I could go elsewhere and see what my worth was.

Penthouse: The Phillies evidently figured you were worth $800,000. Why did you sign with them for less money than you could've gotten elsewhere?

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 184–187, contact these manufacturers or stores.

CHEEKS by TRENDMASTER
390 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 736-1234
(or) 110 East Ninth Street
Los Angeles, Calif. 90015 (213) 680-1574

Macy's, all New York stores
Merry-Go-Round, all stores in U.S.
Gimbel's, New York, N.Y.
May Co. stores, Los Angeles, Calif.
Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.
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SAINT-CLAIR
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Macy's New York, N.Y.
Steven Burger, New York, N.Y
Irv Grumet, Oak Park, Mich.
Orpheus, San Francisco, Calif.
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Sir Real, Chicago, Ill.
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Roos-Atkins, San Francisco, Calif.
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h.i.s. SPORTSWEAR
16 East Thirty-fourth Street
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Parisian, Birmingham, Ala.
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EGON VON FURSTENBERG for
TTI INDUSTRIES
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Broadway Department Stores,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Arthur David, Miami, Fla.

JOHN KARL, LTD.
128 West Thirty-sixth Street
New York, N.Y. (212) 244-0414

Macy's, New York and San Francisco
Fred Segal, Los Angeles, Calif.
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JOCKEY INTERNATIONAL
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. (212) 760-1444

COUNTRY ROADS by CREIGHTON
350 Fifth Avenue
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SAN REMO SHOE CO.
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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Rose: Because I have close friends on the team, like Larry Bowa and Greg Luzinski, and I think that with me, the Phillies will play in the World Series this year. But I almost *didn't* sign with them. In November I went on a month-long tour of Japan with the Reds; and when I got back, I had a problem. Baseball's winter meetings were scheduled to start the following week, and I felt an obligation to all the owners to sign with a team before then: the team that got me might want to make some trades, and that would also hold true for the teams that had been trying to get me. I just didn't want to hang everyone up.

Well, Philadelphia's first offer was $2.1 million for three years. But after we heard what the other teams were offering, my attorney, Reuven Katz, told the Phillies what the ballpark figure was, and they withdrew from the negotiations. That was on a Thursday, and on Sunday Reuven told me that the Phillies might get back in it and might offer me what I finally signed for. He said, "If I can get the Phillies to offer you that, will you take it? Because if I call them back, and they say they'll give it to you, you can't say no." I said yes, because Philadelphia is where I wanted to play all along. And you want to know something else? I paid for my contract before I ever put on a Phillies uniform.

Penthouse: In what way?

Rose: The reason the Phillies got back into the bidding is that they went to WPHL, the station that televises their games, and asked if WPHL would guarantee the team another $600,000 a year for television rights if the Phillies could sign me. The station agreed to do that for three years. Plus, the Phillies have sold close to 4,000 more season tickets, and I think they believed their attendance would drop off, because people in Philadelphia were saying, "Hell, the Phillies will win the Eastern Division and then blow it again in the play-offs." Well, when you have another 4,000 people coming to eighty-one home games, at an average of four dollars apiece, it works out to almost $1.5 million in new business. So instead of losing attendance, they're gaining all that. I haven't cost them a penny..

Penthouse: You've been criticized for not showing any loyalty to the Cincinnati Reds. Do such charges trouble you?

Rose: No, because that's bullshit. Loyalty's fine, but loyalty's a two-way street. I don't think the Reds showed Sparky Anderson any loyalty when they fired him. And I don't think the Reds showed Tony Perez any loyalty when they told him, "Well, you're getting up in years now, and if you're going to play for us, it'll just be every other day." Tony wound up getting a much better contract with Montreal, where he's been playing every day. The Reds sure as hell didn't show *me* any loyalty. Was I really supposed to stay in Cincinnati and play baseball for what the Reds wanted to pay me, when I could make twice as much—or two and a half times as much—in other places? That makes me money-hungry? Whatever happened to free enterprise?

Penthouse: Judging from your contract, it's obviously alive and well—at least in Philadelphia. Aside from improved ticket sales, what do you think your presence on the team will mean to the Phillies?

Rose: I hope I can add that little dimension they need to develop the spirit to carry them past the play-offs and into the World Series. I think I'm real good for morale and spirit and things like that, because I work hard, I play the game hard, and I don't need to be pampered. Plus, I've been told there's a possibility I can wake up a couple of guys on the team who are really superplayers.

Penthouse: Who are you going to wake up?

Rose: Well, some people think I might just make Mike Schmidt the tremendous ballplayer he should be. Mike is off and on, and last year the fans booed him, and it bothered him. This year, when he goes around the league with me and sees the way fans boo me and the way I respond to it, it might help him. I'm booed more than any other player in baseball, including Reggie Jackson. I've had to be taken off three baseball fields because of garbage that was thrown at me. But I don't let that stuff bother me.

Penthouse: A lot of baseball observers feel that the Phillies simply choke whenever they get to the play-offs. Do you agree?

Rose: No, I just think the Phils have lacked the right leadership to get through a play-off. They've never had the experience of winning one and then playing in a World Series. I have.

Penthouse: Is that really important?

Rose: It is, but you don't know it until after it happens. I was in two losing World Series before I knew the difference between just getting there and winning the thing. You really have to forget about all the pressure and say to yourself, "Hey, this is what I started out for in spring training. This is being on national television for seven days. I'm just going to have fun and win this World Series." And that takes the load off.

If you want to know the truth, the pressure isn't in the Series; it's in the play-offs. You play a whole season, 162 games, and then you play a three-out-of-five series for the right to go to the World Series. The play-offs can be tough, because your team's pitching rotation will usually be out of whack if you've been in a tight pennant race. But that's baseball, and we all know it and live with it.

Penthouse: And worry about it?

Rose: *I* don't. I really think that the less you worry, the better off you are—and the better you'll play. My philosophy is just to go out there and put in my two and a half hours every day and have fun doing it. Baseball isn't work. If it becomes work, then get the hell out of it. And be nice to the players you're competing against, but once the game starts, bust your ass and try to beat the hell out of them.

Some of my best friends are on other

"Vaseline, shit! I need some poligrip!"

teams, but if they're covering second base and I'm coming in there, they know I'm gonna try to knock them on their ass. But I never do it dirty, and I never try to hurt another player. We all have families and bills to pay; so I don't believe in playing dirty. But I believe in playing rough. I play baseball like a football player would play it, but with more ability. I'm not timid, and I don't worry about getting hurt, because if it happens, it just happens; so why worry about it?

You *can't* worry about so many damn things, because in baseball one of the secrets of success is having a clear mind. That's one reason why I left home last summer. I was separated from my wife for four months, and it was my fault, but instead of arguing and not getting along I just realized I couldn't play baseball feeling like that; so I moved out till the season was over, and then I came back. In that situation, I put baseball ahead of everything. I mean, I'd seen a lot of players who weren't getting along at home, and it would affect how they played. A manager also sees that, and if the manager knows the player is having problems at home, he might call the guy in and try to iron out the problems.

Penthouse: Did Sparky Anderson, your manager at Cincinnati, help iron out *your* domestic problems?

Rose: Yes, he did. One reason why I really respect and love Sparky Anderson is because, when I had a personal problem, I could go to him and he would try to set it straight. When I had my family problem, Sparky called me in and he called my wife in, and he could understand the thing. He knows that I have some weaknesses. I'm not superhuman, and I'm not the only guy in the world who's ever had marital problems. He helped me a lot.

Penthouse: Anderson has described you as the last of a dying breed of ballplayer. Do you consider yourself a throwback to players of fifty years ago?

Rose: Yeah, I think I play like oldtime ballplayers did. By that, I mean that I play hard every day. I play hard when I have a cold, when I have a sore ankle, and when I have a sore arm. There are some players who get a headache and don't want to play for a week. In sixteen years I've missed a total of seventy-nine games. But people usually compare me to oldtime ballplayers because I'm ruthless out there, and I'm always sliding headfirst.

Penthouse: Is there any method in that particular madness?

Rose: Oh, there's no madness in sliding headfirst. That's the correct way to slide, because it's faster than sliding into a base feet-first. Second, it gives you tactical advantages as a baserunner. For instance, how many times have you seen a guy slide into second, the throw goes into center field, and he's still on his back, looking up at the sky? When I slide headfirst into second, if the ball squirts away, my peripheral vision will pick it up.

Another thing: I never get spiked on my fingers. I can get spiked anywhere on my arms, and I can play with that kind of injury. But in a feet-first slide, a guy can come down on your knee or your ankle, and it's a lot harder to overcome a knee or ankle injury than it is to play with bumps and bruises on your shoulders and arms. But I wouldn't recommend sliding headfirst into home, because a lot of times, when you go into home plate, you have to try to knock the catcher for a loop.

As I said, I play the game hard, but it's something I did for nothing as a kid, and now I make nearly a million bucks a year doing it.

Penthouse: But you're not a kid any longer. By the time your contract expires, you'll be more than forty-one years old. Do you really expect to play at your current level until then?

Rose: I don't know, but I'm not worried about what's going to happen when I'm forty or forty-one. Hell, I might never even *make* it to forty-one. I just worry about what's going to happen today, and I have to take advantage of what I can do now. You know, when Sparky Anderson first began managing the Reds, he told me that if I took care of myself, when the normal time came for me to retire I'd be able to play three or four extra years. So I didn't just start taking care of myself a few years ago; I've been doing this no smoking, no drinking shit since I was twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old.

Don't get me wrong, though. I'm not a prude, and I don't dislike people who drink or smoke. I just feel that in my situation, if I can play four years extra, they're worth over $3 million to me. Meanwhile, I've seen guys who had to quit when they were thirty, and I've seen guys playing when they're forty. Gaylord Perry is forty-one, and he just won the Cy Young Award as the best pitcher in the National League. If he can do it, why can't I?

Penthouse: You're not a pitcher, Pete. How many infielders can you name who were starters at age thirty-eight?

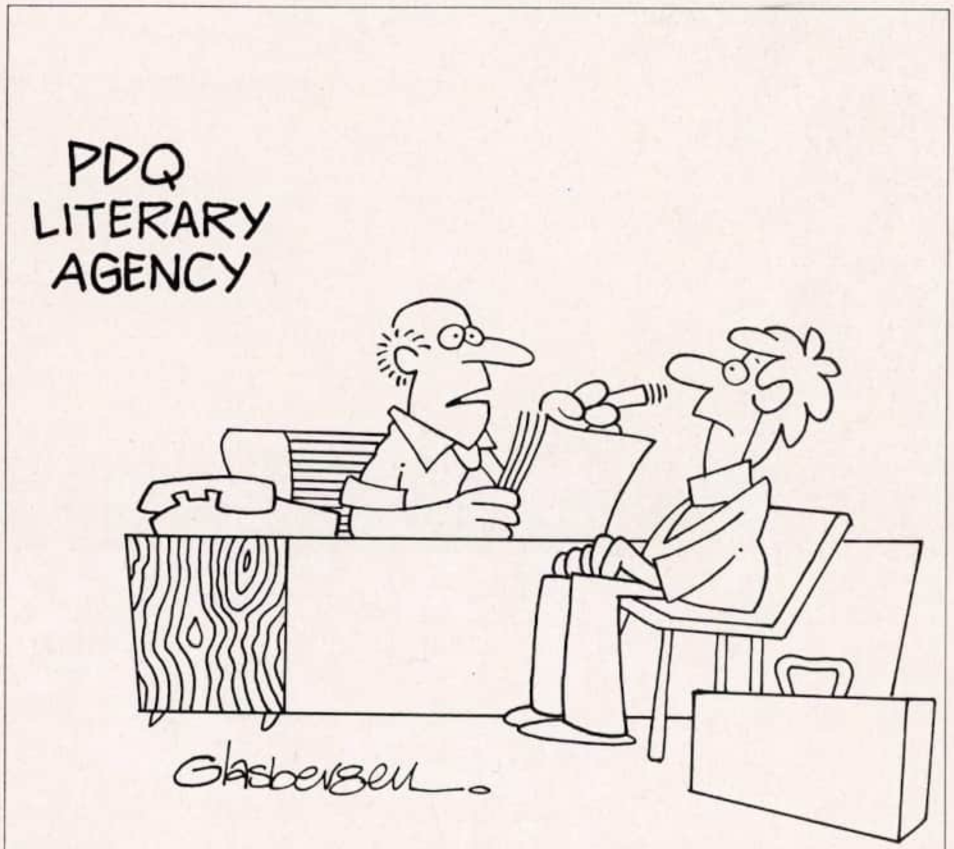
Rose: None, but when you have as much bubbling enthusiasm as I do, and when you work as hard as I do throughout the year, you stay in shape. And that's another secret to playing well: staying in shape.

Penthouse: Regardless of how much effort you put forth, however, there are some things that just don't come as easily when you're thirty-eight as when you were twenty-two. For instance, any number of excellent but aging hitters have talked about not seeing the ball as well as they did early in their careers.

Rose: I don't know about that. I thought people's eyes start going when they're fifty or sixty years old. Hell, I'm thirty-eight. I can't worry about my fuckin' eyes. If my eyes go, I'll get glasses.

Penthouse: *Nothing* in baseball has gotten more difficult for you?

Rose: The only thing I can think of is that I now have to watch myself the night before a



"It's got topicality, it's got pathos, it's got audience impact—but is the world *really ready for a TV game show based on the Jonestown Massacre?"*

doubleheader. I probably should skip playing second games of doubleheaders. But it seems that after every doubleheader, you've got the next day off—and I know that some of my best games have been the second games of doubleheaders. That's always in the back of my mind.

Penthouse: In recent years, have you felt yourself wearing down as the season wears on?

Rose: Well, in '77 I got forty-six hits in September, and last season, in July and August, I got hits in forty-four games in a row. Does that sound like a guy who's getting old?

Penthouse: Obviously not. What did that hitting streak mean to you?

Rose: I'd say that of all the awards I've won, of everything I've done in baseball, nothing ever created the kind of excitement that streak did. It brought my entire career to a head, and it's still amazing to me the way people followed the whole thing. Since then, it seems like everybody knows me *everywhere*. The exposure was really incredible. During the last weekend of the streak, I was on national television every time I came to bat.

If you want to know what kind of interest there was, listen to this: the night it ended, a friend of mine went to the Sarasota Kennel Club, and toward the end of the evening the public address announcer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that we'll have a matinee tomorrow and night races as usual. The bad news is that Pete Rose's hitting streak was stopped at forty-four games in Atlanta tonight." Now that was at a dog track in Florida, where there was a crowd of maybe 7,000 people.

Penthouse: Was there any point during the streak when the pressure and publicity became oppressive?

Rose: No, I enjoyed the whole thing. A lot of people didn't pick up on it until I reached thirty-one games, which is what Willie Davis had done twelve years or so ago. That's when the national coverage really began, and that's also when I started thinking about breaking Tommy Holmes's National League record. Not that it made me nervous or anything, but once I got within striking distance of Holmes's record—thirty-seven games—it was always on my mind. By then, I was being followed around the country.

During the weekend series in Montreal, I hit safely in my thirty-fourth, thirty-fifth, and thirty-sixth straight games, and then we went to New York, where Tommy Holmes works. I tied his record the first night we played the Mets, and I also got hits the next two nights—and the fans in Shea Stadium were really terrific.

The reason I had so much fun was that every game on the road turned into a home game. I mean, it was hard *not* to get a hit with 40,000 Mets fans cheering and rooting for me. I *wanted* to make those people happy. And then it was back to Cincinnati, where I got hits in games forty, forty-one, and forty-two, and after that I went to Atlanta and made it forty-three and forty-four.

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VAL

"It's the only way I can hold their attention!"

Penthouse: At that point, were you thinking about overtaking Joe Dimaggio's major league record—hitting safely in fifty-six consecutive games?

Rose: Oh yeah. I thought I had a shot at it. And I really had the fans on my side. San Diego had already sold more than 30,000 tickets for game number fifty-six, if I went that far. But I didn't. I was stopped in Atlanta after forty-four games.

Penthouse: At the conclusion of the game in which your streak was stopped, you were very angry with Atlanta pitcher Gene Garber, who struck you out to end the game. What did he do that annoyed you so?

Rose: I just thought the guy would challenge me, and he didn't. If I hadn't swung that bat, he'd have walked me. Now what the hell do I want to end a hitting streak with a walk for? I didn't want to *walk*. Garber had me in his hip pocket: two outs, top of the ninth, and we were losing 16-4. I thought he would come at me more instead of nibbling around and trying to *walk* me.

Garber is not a nibbler; he's one of the better relief pitchers in the National League. The time before that, I'd hit a rope off him right to the third baseman, a line drive that almost tore the guy's head off. And earlier in the game, I'd hit a line drive right back at the first pitcher, a kid named McWilliams, and I still don't know how he caught it. I was just very disappointed, because I was swinging the bat real good that night. But that's baseball. You'll hear that line about baseball being a game of inches, and I proved it that night by hitting two line drives for outs. All you can do is hit the ball—you can't guide it.

Penthouse: Is hitting the most pleasurable part of baseball for you?

Rose: Sometimes, but then sometimes there's nothing better than making a good defensive play. It's *all* fun, whatever I'm doing at the time. I've noticed that we all have a tendency to do what comes easy to us. The guys who can really hit are always around the batting cage, and the guys who can field are always taking ground balls. My philosophy is that there are two basic aspects of baseball, defense and offense, and I try to work equally hard on both.

Penthouse: Which of the two comes easier to *you*?

Rose: Hitting, which is why I work so hard on my fielding. People don't realize this, but hell, after I was thirty-four and moved from the outfield to third base, I became the league's best-fielding third baseman, percentage-wise, the first two years I played there. I also don't think people realize that for 1,000 or more games played, I hold the major league fielding record for an outfielder. I played a couple of years in a row without making an error in the outfield—and I'm not a guy who goes out there and stands around. I play aggressively. I take a *lot* of pride in my defense.

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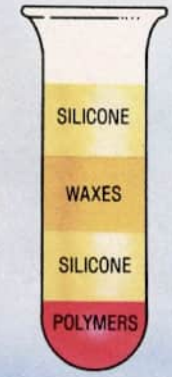
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which is why I bet I've taken more ground balls in practice during the last three years than any two third basemen you could name. I don't think anybody in baseball works harder than I do, but that's because I have to: I came up short on God-given ability.

Penthouse: What can't you do?

Rose: Baseball scouts look for three things: good speed, a strong arm, and power. Well, I'm a good base runner, but I don't really have speed, and I don't have a strong arm. I can hit with power, but I'm not a home run hitter, even though I have 150 home runs. The only thing nobody's ever said I can't do is hit.

Penthouse: We've heard there have been times you've taken so much batting practice that your hands began bleeding. Is that true?

Rose: I guess it is, but it ain't really my hands bleeding; it's my blisters bleeding. See, the hardest thing to do in spring training is to get the blisters and calluses on your hands toughened up without missing batting practice. If I go to spring training and take an hour of batting practice the first day, the blisters on my right hand will bleed; I wear a batting glove on my left hand. You know something? I can't remember ever missing a day of batting practice in my career.

Penthouse: What does a workout in the cage do for you?

Rose: Batting practice gives you timing and confidence. I'm very strict about my batting practice, because I usually hit in a game the same way I hit in practice. That's why I always bear down in batting practice, and I can usually tell if I'm going into a slump by the flight of the ball. You know, you can go into a slump or come out of one in a single at-bat. But unless you have a physical problem —like a bad wrist or a hand that stops you from swinging normally —slumps will be 75 percent mental.

Penthouse: Are there any special or surefire techniques you've developed to avoid a slump?

Rose: I clean my bat before the first time I go up to the plate. You can't hit the ball without making a mark on the bat; so I can see if I'm doing anything wrong by where the ball makes contact with my bat.

Penthouse: What does that bruise on the bat tell you?

Rose: Well, last season, when I got a hit in my thirty-eighth game in a row, Craig Swan was pitching for the Mets, and I fouled off the first pitch that I swung at. I stepped out of the batter's box and looked at my bat: I'd hit the ball on the opposite side of the trademark, which meant I'd swung late. I thought to myself, "Damn, he's throwing harder than I thought." So I choked up on the bat, stood a little closer to the plate — and on Swan's next pitch I hit a seed to left field to break the National League record.

Penthouse: Do most major leaguers make those kinds of adjustments?

Rose: A lot of hitters are hardheaded. You'll see a right-handed hitter smacking everything to the second baseman because he's using a bat that's too heavy for him —but because he feels strong, he won't pick up a lighter bat. I don't change bats myself, but I make my bat lighter or heavier by choking up or not choking up. There's a lot more to hitting a baseball than just going up and swinging at it. I mean, you have to hit the ball with the cock of the bat —the meat of the bat, which is probably all of about four inches long —and you always have to have total control of the bat to get it in front of a pitch.

I'm into all that shit, but I don't overthink it. I'm really not worried about 15,000 things when I get up to hit. I may know about them, but when I'm in the batter's box, I just think about seeing the ball and hitting it. And like I said before, I'm not having trouble seeing the ball *or* hitting it.

Penthouse: Unless you become the baseball equivalent of Bernard Baruch, you've signed your last major league contract. What do you want to accomplish in your final four seasons?

Rose: Well, goals keep me going, and I think at my age I *need* goals to keep me going. And I have one very big goal in mind: 3,630 hits. That's Stan Musial's all-time National League career record, and I've got four years to catch him. I'm starting this season with 3,164 hits, 466 hits away. I should be able to get them in four years. If I don't, a lot of people in Philadelphia are gonna hate me.

Penthouse: When Musial retired, St. Louis put up a statue of him in front of the Cardinals' stadium. Do you think that might be in store for you, in Cincinnati?

Rose: I used to think about that, about having a statue down at Riverfront Stadium, but I might have messed that up by playing out my option. If it ever does happen, though, it'll bring tears to my eyes.

Penthouse: Are we wrong in thinking there's a part of you that is still very sad about leaving the Reds?

Rose: If the people who wanted me to stay with the Reds —the fans, the other players, a lot of front office people —had anything to say about it, I'd still be in Cincinnati. But it just so happens that the man who runs the Reds' show is the one guy who *didn't* want me there. And because of the way he handled the situation, I have no regrets about leaving. I really think that the thought of proving that the Cincinnati Reds were wrong to let me go will inspire me to play well in Philadelphia. I may be more inspired by what I'm leaving than by what I'm going to —and I'm going to a helluva lot. I'm going to a team that I think can win the World Series this year.

Penthouse: Will you still have that Cincinnati statue in the back of your mind?

Rose: Oh yeah, but that kind of thing doesn't usually come until after you're in the Hall of Fame. And I'll make the Hall of Fame. I mean, if I keep going like I have been, if I don't make the Hall of Fame, there shouldn't *be* a Hall of Fame.

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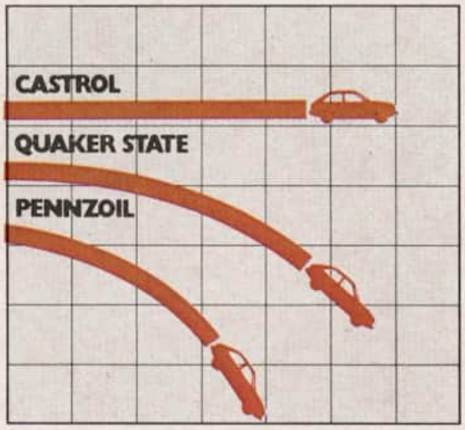

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With some easy, do-it-yourself
preventive maintenance, your car can mature
into graceful old age.

LOVE CONQUERS RUST

BY WADE HOYT

May, in case you haven't noticed, is Car Care Month. The car pictured here is a 1936 Packard convertible coupé with rumble seat, Model 1401—a magnificent piece of machinery that is, if possible, in better shape today than it was when it left Detroit forty-three years ago. Granted, they're not building cars like '36 Packards anymore, but there's no good reason why your car can't last up to twenty years, if you take the time to care for it properly.

Car care used to be a simple matter of finding a good mechanic and letting him do all the work. Because the car had to be greased every 2,000 miles, it was up on a lift every other month, and your good mechanic could walk around underneath, checking everything out. But those days are gone forever. In the 1950s, when cars were a lot simpler, there was one mechanic for every seventy-five vehicles on the road. Today there are 225 very complex vehicles per mechanic, and the National Institute for Automotive Service Excellence claims that half of the mechanics are incompetent.

Finding a good mechanic is harder than finding a good doctor. The only way to keep a car properly maintained is to do the easy jobs yourself.

If the heart of a car is its engine, then its lifeblood is motor oil. The owner's manuals in new cars tell you to change the oil every 7,500 miles and the filter every 15,000. People who get their cars to last a long time say that's too long—they change the oil every 3,000 to 4,000 miles, or every three months, whichever comes first. And they always change the oil filter at the same time, because it contains a quart of dirty oil.

Changing oil is so simple that half of all car owners do it themselves. It consists of jacking up the car, propping it up with safety stands (lest the jack collapse while you're under the car), and then using a wrench to remove the oil drain plug from the bottom of the engine. Let the oil drain into a two-gallon pan (foil roasting pans are fine) while you look for the oil filter. It's generally the cleanest thing under the hood—a gaily painted quart- or pint-sized can that screws into the side of the engine, nearer the bottom than the top. Use a two-dollar oil filter wrench to remove it, toss it out, and screw on a new one. Add three to five quarts of new oil (whichever your owner's manual says), and the job is complete.

The best grades of oil currently available are SE (for gasoline engines) and CD (for diesels). Don't use anything else. These oils have modern chemical additives to trap the corrosive by-products that escape from the cylinders of an engine—and would quickly clog it up if the additives didn't hold such contaminants in suspension. When you change the oil and filter, you remove the corrosive by-products.

Oil viscosity is another rating on the can, but it indicates only the thickness of the oil, not its quality. The higher the number, the thicker the oil. A "W" indicates oil thickness at 0° F. No "W" indicates thickness at 210° F. You need an oil thin enough to move around on cold mornings but thick enough to still do the job in hot summer driving. The best all-season oil you can buy is one marked 10W-50, SE. Only in the coldest areas will you need a 5W-30 oil in winter. (I'm personally fond of Castrol GTX 10W-50. I've used it for years and have found that it can stop even an old clunker from burning oil.)

Synthetic oils are the latest rage. They flow at lower temperatures than conventional oils, protect at higher temperatures, and cut fuel consumption by up to 5 percent because they are easier for the engine to push around. They also cost three to five times as much as regular oil. The market is flooded with synthetic oils from unheard-of companies that make all sorts of fantastic claims, such as 50,000-mile oil change intervals. Suffice it to say that a longer-than-prescribed oil change interval will void your new car engine warranty. The only synthetic I'd trust is Mobil 1, both because it comes from a company that wants to be in business next year and because Mobil makes no unreasonable longevity claims.

Oil additives, such as STP Oil Treatment, are mainly chemical packages that you put into the oil yourself. They can enhance the protection of low-cost, poorer-quality oils, stop oil burning in worn-out engines, and prevent wear in new engines used for hot, high-speed driving or trailer towing. Many of the STP additives are presumably in STP's 10W-50 SE motor oil, which claims to last 15,000 miles or twelve months between changes when used in "normal driving." CAM 2 is a premium oil from Sunmark Industries that, like Castrol and STP, has been tested extensively on the race track.

Other additives go in your gas tank. Some clean the carburetor, intake valves, combustion chambers, and certain pollution-control apparatuses. Others, such as gas line deicers, prevent (or cure) stalling caused when condensation in the gasoline freezes up inside the fuel lines or carburetor in the winter.

The engine tuneup is a ritual traditionally performed in the spring, although it makes more sense to do it in the fall. Cold weather can cut battery power in half, and you need a healthy electrical system to compensate for the loss. A new car tuneup has four simple steps: replace the spark plugs, air filter, and gas line filter; then check the ignition timing with a device called a timing light. On older cars without electronic ignition, you must also replace and adjust the breaker points and condenser inside the distributor.

Another mechanical chore that is relatively easy to perform is replacing worn-out shock absorbers (unless you have a car with MacPherson strut suspension, in which case the spring and half the suspension must be removed to get at the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 234

Photograph by Eric Meola. Car courtesy Vintage Car Store, 93 South Broadway, Nyack, NY 10960.

ROCK PUNK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

They started with a very long song that Billy kept cutting down, called "Italian Restaurant." They went into the studio with Billy's band. "The band was nervous at first," Billy says. "But Phil loved what they did. It brought out all this inspiration." The sessions began with two completed songs, and after five weeks in the studio they ended with a complete album, *The Stranger*. "I didn't start out with a concept of an album called *The Stranger*," Billy says. "It wasn't planned. We didn't know it was going to be a big commercial hit. It just all came together very quickly. . . . It was scary."

Billy Joel was a fighter, and he came up with the big combination when it counted, for without *The Stranger*'s success it would be hard to tell how long it would have taken him to climb out of the hole he was seemingly digging for himself. But now, at Boston Garden, there is the feeling that this is the brink: it is all finally coming together, and all that is left is that the world notice. A sense of nervousness and intimacy pervades this early concert. Billy's stage show is stunning. The formidable sound problems have been conquered, the lighting is precise and dramatic, and together with the shrewdly powerful staging of ramps and platforms, it excites and maintains the momentum of the crowd. For the first time in his career, Billy is getting up from the piano and moving around the stage, acting out songs and doing a sideways jump-and-shuffle, finally dancing across the amplifiers like an electrified James Cagney in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, 1978.

They bring him back for four encores; he has played for three continuous hours. The evening ends with "Souvenirs" ("Every year's a souvenir/That slowly fades away") and Billy's now-traditional parting words: "Goodnight, Boston: Don't take any shit from anybody." The closing phrase comes from a concert a few years before when security guards were restraining kids who wanted to move to the front, mostly by beating them senseless. Billy stopped the show. "I really got pissed off at the guards because the kids who paid for the tickets were paying their salaries, and they were treating them like garbage." Things cooled off, but Billy exited with that phrase for the first time. "I said, 'Don't take any shit from anybody'—I don't believe in turning the other cheek. If somebody punches you, I believe in punching him back."

An hour later Billy was in his Boston hotel's bar, drinking double Chivas and clowning with his band. Some tour personnel were still discussing in awestruck tones the T-shirt that had been thrown onto Billy's piano by several young women. The first concern was that Billy's drink had spilled on the keys; later somebody finally looked at the printing on the shirt: "We'll give you head till you're dead."

In the midst of semisentimental toasts for the lighting designer who was celebrating his fourth year with Joel's shows, Billy looked over at an adjacent table, where another tour member was quietly talking with a girl. Billy greeted him by name, which conferred a little status, before adding casually, "Still taking your antibiotics? By the way, your wife called." He paused. "It's your daughter's birthday . . . I had to wish her happy birthday for you." Another pause. "She's four." His timing was perfect; he and drummer-compatriot Liberty DeVitto, possessed of a wit almost as fast as his drumsticks, are big comedy fans.

This is Billy Joel's nocturnal existence: when he performs, when he gets to act out acting up . . . his public time, when he is the focus, the showman. It's how he lives—in halls and hotels, on planes and paperbacks, with an enormous expenditure of energy for three hours surrounded by blank movement and space—for eight to nine months of the year. His off-the-road life is a direct contrast, involving solitude and married life; he is not often the focus or the performer—much of the time he can just listen.

> "The point of my song 'Only the Good Die Young' isn't Catholicism," Billy said. "The point is lust."

"I am a very good listener," he says. "People say the most profound things—they just throw them away; they don't even know they're saying them. I don't mean people at Studio 54—I don't go to that place. I'm talking about just commonplace situations—bars, regular parties. Seeing somebody else's passion secondhand is something to write about. A lot of the ideas I get for songs are just from what other people say."

Joel's compositions aren't really in the rock mainstream of the moment. He pours jazz, soul, classical, and Broadway influences into efficient rock. Most consistent and individual are his songs of anger and independence—"Angry Young Man," "James," "Anthony's Song," "My Life," and so on. His portraits and love songs are also unique, in that they involve role playing and observing the permutations of love and identity. He is especially different from those composers who limit themselves to songs of pain over love lost or songs of joy for love discovered; Joel is more objective, more concerned with character, and he gets further into the complexities of relationships between hello and good-bye.

Joel's song smithing is most reminiscent of the heroes he acknowledges as his greatest influences: The Beatles, especially Paul McCartney. "I'm a student of Beatle albums," he says. "It goes back to that. I hate sameness, and I admire efficiency. All those Beatle songs—every one of them was different, and they were all good." The McCartney sound is evident on his biggest hit single so far, "My Life," but the attitude goes deeper. Like McCartney, who blended music hall melody and the imported rock beat and everything else he could hear, Joel puts a lot of influences at the service of rock music. He can spin a Tin Pan Alley melody even in the ripping dynamics of "Stiletto," a street-beat-backed song from *52nd Street*. Also like McCartney, Joel role-plays with his voice as well as his writing. His background is similar to the working-class Liverpudlians with one foot in the middle class; they, too, put raw energy and street smarts behind a sophistication that is both instinctual and hard-earned—the kind that comes from learning it all new.

The influence of The Beatles is particularly striking in *The Stranger*. Not only does it have a central concept like *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (the original record, not the new, semiretarded movie and soundtrack), but also it is virtually the same concept gathering the same elements into an array of everyday life with a cast of characters and street situations. Some of *The Stranger* could easily have been on *Sergeant Pepper*—"Movin' Out," "Vienna," and "Only the Good Die Young," which smacks of John Lennon's poetic poison, and "Italian Restaurant," which is Joel's "A Day in the Life." The difference is that The Beatles tried to rise above the street with sixties' transcendence, but *The Stranger*'s method is to look right at the street.

Although Billy Joel is grounded in the sixties, he speaks for the seventies. A major feature of the "Me Decade" has been the middle-income and working-class struggle for personal determination, which was forecast in fact by John Lennon in his prophetic first solo album, which both ended the sixties ("The Dream Is Over") and gave us a few themes for the seventies, including the working-class hero, who has turned out to be John Travolta. Billy's pivotal song is "Angry Young Man" ("with his fist in the air and his head in the sand"), which proclaims, "I've learned that surviving is a noble fight."

One of the reasons why *The Stranger* struck home is its flavor of such a revolt—insouciant but stylish, still rooted, still romantic, still in the flow of the sixties, but specific to the streets of struggle now. *The Stranger* moves from rejection of meaningless inherited roles through the attractions and fears that the thereby split personality unleashes, to sorting out reality from the detritus of the past and desperate searches of the present (featuring the definitive song about singles bars, "Get It Right the First Time") to the conciliation of a simple dream: "To be at home/And to be alone/ With you."

But whereas *The Stranger* straddles the decades, *52nd Street* comes down with both feet in the seventies. The sixties seemed to promise the possibility of a seamless life-style, a fully integrated and continuous merging of fact and fantasy, work and play, principle and compromise, day and night, and even me and you. Each element still existed, and individuality was prized, but the governing illusion of the sixties was that borders weren't dominant definitions of reality if one didn't pay attention to them. The governing illusion of the seventies, on the other hand, puts borders and duality back at the head of the list for our most careful attention.

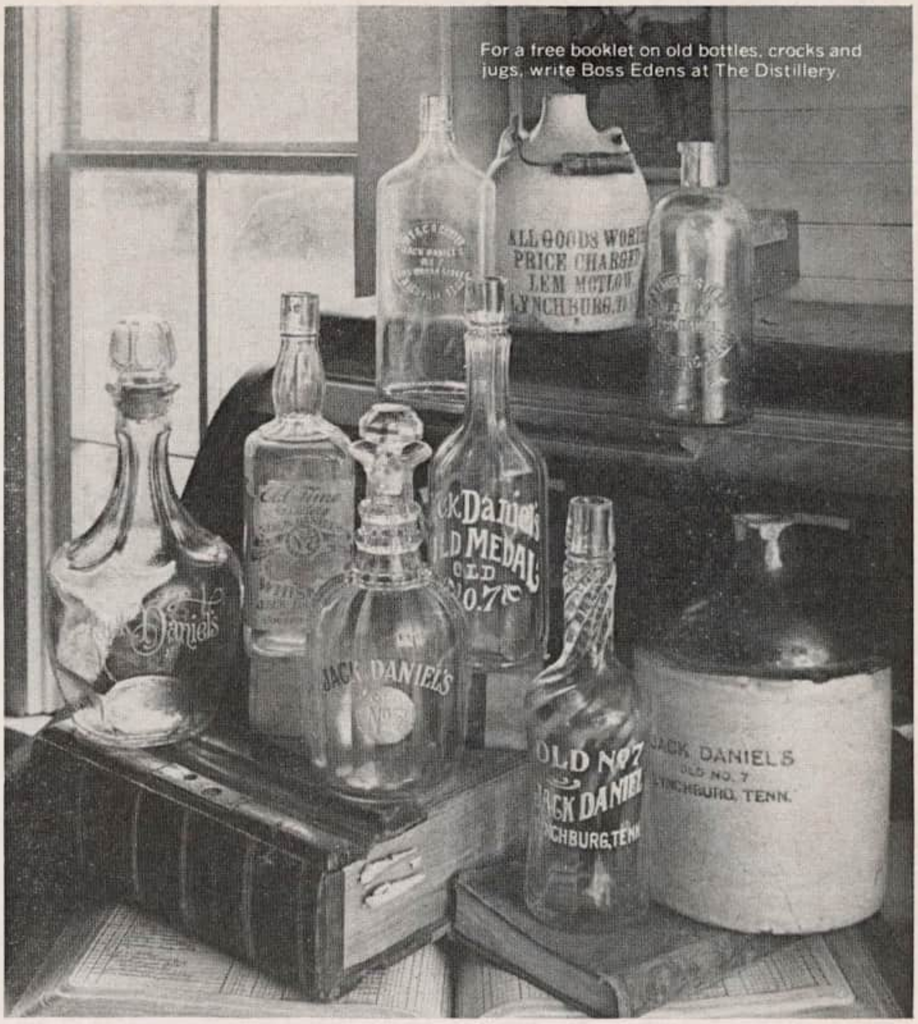
"Strike on the outside corner to Thurmon Munson," the announcer said.

"Bullshit, it was a ball," Billy Joel shouted. That's fair enough, except that he is in the back of a limousine—listening to the game on the radio. But then he's a Yankee fan from New York.

It was game six of the 1978 World Series, and Billy was just a little excited. On the plane from the Twin Cities he'd been talking calmly; he had decided to give up smoking the day after his thirtieth birthday in May. "It'll be easy," he said. "We'll be touring in Japan—they have lousy cigarettes there." But then the captain announced that the Yankees were ahead in the fourth inning, and he was a changed man.

What really hurt was that this game was held at Yankee stadium, and once again he wasn't there. He'd stayed in Boston an extra day in order to see the division playoff; he and the band formed a tight cluster of obnoxious rooters in Yankee caps, one that was getting increasingly unpopular. He'd missed the series last year, too, but at least he was onstage in New Orleans, where the Yankees had *some* fans, when they won; he announced the score and went right into a "New York State of Mind," with the Manhattan skyline projected on the backdrop.

It was a low point in the tour anyway. Minneapolis-St. Paul, poised for Bob Dylan's first appearance in more than a decade, was polite, appreciative, but relatively tepid. *Fifty-second Street* was just reaching the stores, and everyone on the tour was a little nervous. They talked a little about the upcoming date in St. Louis; all the city's radio stations had banned "Only the Good Die Young" for anti-Catholicism. ("The point of the song isn't Catholicism," Billy has said more than once. "The point is lust.") It was suggested that he not perform it there. "Nah," he said. "Maybe I'll do it *twice*." He had recently begun wearing a leather motorcycle jacket for just that song, which further increased the frenzy at the edge of the stage. "Ever notice the girls that come down there, especially for that song?" he said to someone. "Irish Catholic girls—you can almost see the school uni-



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forms on them."

But mostly they talked about New York. At his table in the St. Paul hotel bar Billy demonstrates the difference between giving a New York finger and a Los Angeles finger. The New York finger comes up fast, it is flung forward instead of just held, and it involves the wrist, hand, and arm and is accompanied by a facial challenge. In contrast, the Los Angeles finger seems to appear, halfheartedly. The Los Angeles finger is only a gesture; the New York finger is an act. Billy should know.

Turnstiles marked his return to New York City. It was a signal event in his life and music, an important turn of style. It was a personal reaffirmation, first of all. "When I was a kid, I didn't want to go to Disneyland," he says. "I wanted to go to Manhattan." It was also a return to controlling his own destiny; no longer would he be leaving his fate in others' hands.

His most brilliant songs on *Turnstiles* are about this return, which has since taken on the quality of a crusade. "Say Goodbye to Hollywood" begins the album *New York State of Mind*, which in concert becomes a smoky Ray Charles jazz-club song, anchors it, and ends with "Miami 2017," a unique and chillingly realistic speculation about New York's last days, inspired by the famous *Daily News* headline: FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD.

The limousine made it to the hotel on time for the end of the game. The members of Billy's band were already there, Yankee caps in place, around a television. The coastal differences they feel are evident in almost every comment they made the night the Yankees finished the Dodgers. Los Angeles is vague, fey, and faceless, full of spaceheads and cosmic crap; it's the difference between the Dodger chant for Reggie Smith (Reggie!) and the Yankee roar for Reggie Jackson (REGGIE!). New York has New Yorkers with definite characteristics and a kind of ideology of place. Billy practically had to invent the term "Los Angelenos" for a song, and the name didn't spread noticeably beyond it.

After the game the Joel tour celebrates hysterically in the Hilton Hotel bar. Billy and Liberty ask road manager Rick London how much it would cost to smash up one of their rooms in honor of the Yankees. He says, "$4,500." It turns out that he's got it figured down to the lampshade. "That's too much," Billy says. "Couldn't we rent a room at a Ramada and wreck that?"

The last gig before home was Pittsburgh, and things got a little loose. Feistiness and exhaustion collided onstage when Billy took one of the roses that was traditionally tossed to him and ate it. "New York State of Mind" became an extended, blurry jam, which was highlighted by Billy and Liberty's successful attempt to disrupt Richie Cannata's saxophone solo by standing beside him and sucking on lemons.

"The tour always ends with a whimper, never with a bang," Billy said the next morning. But an unsettling kind of bang had come just before the end. In Cincinnati two men with sawed-off shotguns were waiting in the tour manager's room after the show. Two of the Joel people were tied facedown on the beds while the robbers groused about their disappointing take.

With the robbery and the effects of a final week of five straight shows, the long-awaited first sight of the New York City skyline was met with glazed eyes and clotted expressions from the exhausted Joel tour. Billy could hardly walk. But after a few days' rest, there was still the Garden.

The white spot hit Billy Joel at his piano, whistling "The Stranger," and Madison Square Garden went mad. By now, *52nd Street* was the hottest album in the country, and "My Life" was at the top of the singles charts. The concert was appropriately of championship caliber—clean and classic, with no wasted moves and everything that had been learned on the long tour put to work, honed to the best. Cannata's horn solos were magnificent. Liberty DeVitto's drumming had its usual energy, taste, and inventiveness; his contribution to the concerts was clearest in the older songs, for the difference between the recorded "Piano Man" and the live version was all of his doing. Billy's singing and playing were crisp and full; the crowd responded enthusiastically to the new tunes, now well recognized, and held their fists aloft for "My Life." History repeated itself between the last song, "Italian Restaurant," and the first encore, "Only the Good Die Young": security personnel were pushing fans back from the stage's edge. Billy stared down as a young, blonde girl was being shoved and pulled away just below his piano. "Leave her alone!" he shouted, one hand leaving the piano. They left her alone. His strut from the wing onto center stage for the encore, the gesture of a knockout punch to the Garden, just wouldn't have meant the same thing if Virginia couldn't reach out to him when he sang her song.

"My goal hasn't been to be a pop star," he says, "not since I was a teenager. My goal has been to be a musician. I've been out of starvation and not into stardom for the eight years I've been touring. I don't go on the road to promote records—I put out records so that I can go on the road, because performing is the essence of it for me.

"So I've been kind of in the middle for a long time . . . You have to pace yourself and have an awareness of what's going on, but you gotta take it with a grain of salt, too. Robert Klein has a great saying: 'Kiss has 10 million groupies, and Jonas Salk can't get laid.' And here I am—I finish my job, and thousands of people stand up and applaud me. I remember my grandfather working real hard. Nobody stood up and applauded him, but he was really good at what he did. I like to remain cynical about it because it's the only way I'm gonna stay on top of it. The compensation is just being able to play. I remember working in a factory. This beats factory work."

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HOBOS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

without even wincing. When the weather gets below freezing, he does don a shirt and shoes, he admits.

Portland Gray is perhaps the youngest hobo in America to have ridden a steam train: "It's hard to hobo on steam when you're my age, but I was in Portland when that Bicentennial Freedom Train came through in '76. I went down to the depot late at night, and they hooked four piggybacks on the front of the train with concession stands on them. I crawled under one of the stands and rode that steam train down to Eugene.... So it's still possible to ride steam hobo-style, but it's rare."

He travels up and down the Tramp Mainline on the West Coast, where work is easier to find, the weather is mild, and trains run long distances through inspired scenery. "You can go up through a town called Keddie; it's the most beautiful place in the world. It's sort of a tramp resort area, right on the Feather River. There's good salmon fishing, and a lot of tar-paper shacks have been built up around there," says Portland.

Hoboing in the West has special dangers blended with its beauty. The desert is the most obvious hazard, but just as deadly is the Continental Divide—The Hump, which the bos regard with awe and fear. As Portland advises: "You've always got to have a warm bedroll and carry something to start a fire with, like those little ration heating tablets that GIs had. Every time the train stops, you break out two or three of those, heat up a can of water, and drink it.

"And you've got to be real careful not to drink alcohol when you're doing The Hump. That's been the death of many a tramp. They call it 'putting on a Tokay blanket.' It makes you feel real warm by increasing the blood flow in your skin, but actually you're losing heat a lot faster, and you eventually die of hypothermia. You need a good bedroll and something warm to put inside ya."

The hobos at this convention aren't teetotalers, nor are they heavy drinkers. They enjoy the juice, but they don't rely on it. As Portland said, the booze will get a man if nothing else does, by making him careless, accident-prone, or just crazy.

"I was heading east across the desert in a car with three or four other tramps," reminisced Portland, "and there was one guy who'd been drinking too much for too long. He pulled out this big knife and started jumping up and down in the middle of the car, not threatening anybody directly. He was just being crazy; so we all got off in one end of the car to let him have some space. We didn't want to mess with him.

"Well, the Santa Fe express runs pretty fast through the desert, doing sixty miles per hour, no stops. After a while the crazy calmed down. There was only one door open; so he squatted down with his back against the closed door, watching the desert go by really quiet, staring very intensely. Suddenly, he stood straight up and walked out the open door at sixty miles per hour!

"We ran to the door and looked back, and there he was rolling down the embankment, being skinned like a new potato. The train didn't stop; so I had no idea whether he lived through it or not. I'll tell you, if you drink too much muscadooty for too long it makes you do crazy things."

But the hobos who come to Britt aren't crazy. Each of them has chosen his vagabond life deliberately, and each one has found his own way of living without a roof or daily job. These bos are on the road because they want to be. They're not the wandering cowboy-lumberjack-gandydancer transient workers who built this country from east to west and, in doing so, built themselves into obsolescence; or the Wobbly organizers of the twenties, slugging it out with the Pinkertons; or the dispossessed Okies and other Depression migrants. These are reminders of those days, heirs to the old bo traditions but cast in a new mold. As the old-timers fade away, new and different feet will tread the road they put down.

Sometimes one of the bos can transform a life lived in a legendary way into a legendary death. The Hardrock Kid achieved this feat a year ago, and his presence is still felt by the surviving hobos.

The Hardrock Kid was a familyless Iowa bo who had built up his own network of friends across the state. He'd been King of the Hobos five times. In 1977 the Kid was beating his way overland to Britt and lay down to sleep in a park in Ogden, Iowa. That's where he was found later, stretched under a shade tree, taking the long sleep.

The Hardrock Kid's body was shipped to Britt; so he made it to the convention even though he didn't live to see it. Thousands of people attended his funeral, and the townsfolk chipped in a coffin, plot, and headstone. Although no family was ever discovered, more people mourned the Kid than at any other Iowa funeral in memory.

In 1978 Hardrock's legend began. Early in the morning Steam Train, Sparky, Frypan Jack, and Mountain Dew headed out to the old cemetery to honor their friend. They stood around his grave, and Steam Train fished out a bottle of whiskey from his pocket.

"A lot of guys say, 'Come pour me one after I'm gone,'" said Steam Train. He sprinkled Hardrock's grave with the whiskey. "That's what we'll do today." The four survivors passed around the bottle, and Steam Train said a brief eulogy.

"He was a well-liked and honored man ... with hundreds of homes he stayed at in Iowa. A lot of the engineers over at Mason City tell me that whenever they pass this way"—he gestured across the road to the railroad tracks—"they blow their whistle for the Kid. And we all wish that when our time comes, we could lay down under a shade tree and slip away peacefully."

The four waved their canes over Hardrock's grave and spread a red bandanna out on top of his gravestone, a last hobo sign marking the spot where a rolling stone finally put down the Road for good.

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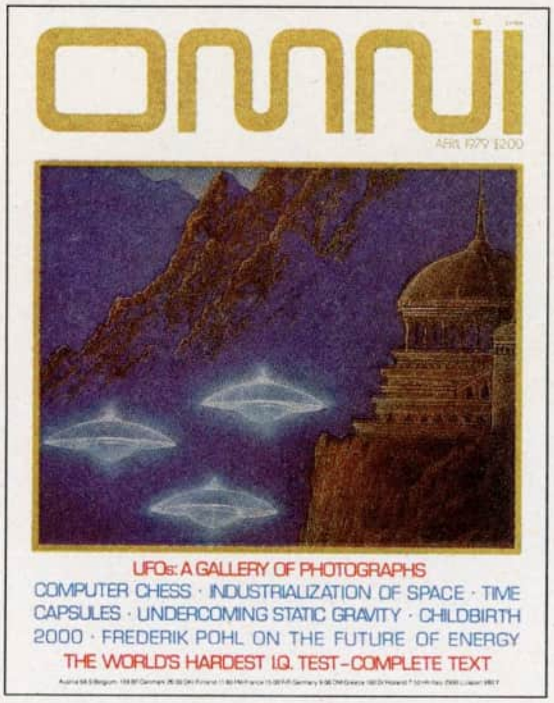
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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

was really moving . . . in and out, faster and faster. Finally, she screamed, "Fuck me! Fuck me! It's been so long!" I jumped on top of her and started pumping away. Fred got up and put his still-erect rod in her rear. After she came for about the fourth time, her secretary, Nancy, walked in. This was really too much! "Come on in and join us," I shouted, carried away by all the excitement. As Fred and I were kind of tired and my cock was as limp as a dishrag, Nancy started to go down on Ms. Smith. Watching this scene revived me in a hurry, and soon the four of us were screwing ourselves silly.

We have repeated this scene many times since then, but recently I have found out that Alice (the dean) is married to a man who is a paraplegic. That really scared me—I had had no idea she was married. I confronted her about this, and she said she'd expel me if I ever said anything to her husband. Fred is a senior—he doesn't have to worry about it—but since I'll be returning next semester, I'd appreciate some advice. Should I stay here and keep my sexual pleasures going, or should I transfer to another college where I can start over with women my own age?—L.T.

I don't know about starting over with women your own age, but if I were you, I'd transfer to a school that offers a degree in Sexual Fantasy. Homework would be a breeze.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

Recently, I've been working extremely long hours, and as a result my sex drive has diminished. Until this point, my wife, Carol, and I had had a very good sex life, making it three or four times a week. Then I really felt unable to perform the way I wanted to, and I felt that I would be cheating Carol if I made a half-baked attempt.

One night, after we went to bed, Carol slipped out and went upstairs. After about an hour, she returned to bed and went to sleep. I thought nothing of it. Not wanting to disturb me, she had probably gone up to the guest room to read, or so I thought.

The next night she went upstairs again. This time I quietly climbed the steps, expecting to find her reading. There was Carol, lying on the bed, nightgown pulled up. She had the handle of a brush inserted in her and was rapidly fucking herself. My whole body trembled, and I was really angry that I had neglected my wife's needs to the point where she had to resort to masturbation. Watching her play with herself, though, so filled me with excitement that I quickly ran down the stairs so I could get off before she came down.

The next day, all I could think of was last night's scene. I didn't know if she had masturbated before, but I thought it was the most exciting thing I'd ever seen. I wanted to see more. I also knew she needed something better than that brush, and so I purchased a twelve-inch flexible vibrator for *her. That evening I showed her the vibrator and told her that once I "slowed down," the vibrator would add to her pleasure. I could see she was getting excited just looking at the thing. After about an hour she pulled the vibrator out of the dresser and went upstairs. About five minutes later I followed. I could already hear the sound of the vibrator as I went up the steps. Completely naked, she was lying on her back, legs up, spread, and bent at the knees. I was amazed, because she had the whole twelve inches shoved up her. She was driving herself nuts with that machine, and she had her other hand rubbing her clitoris.*

Removing my penis from my shorts, I began to masturbate. Her juices were flowing freely, and when I couldn't hold back any longer, I came all over the carpet. Even after I'd finished wiping my mess off the rug, Carol was still thrusting the vibrator faster and deeper into her pussy, her hips meeting every thrust. With a scream, she erupted into what was probably the strongest orgasm she'd ever had. I hurried downstairs and waited for her return. Just thinking of what I'd seen upstairs made me hard again. When Carol arrived back in our bed, I reached over and placed my hand between her legs. Her pussy was still dripping wet, and she was more than ready for me. It turned out to be the best love session we'd ever had.

My problem is that I want to tell Carol that I know about her secret nights. I'd like to watch her masturbate in front of me, but I'm afraid she'll be embarrassed if I ask. She might feel that masturbation is an individual's private affair. How can I go about asking her? Or should I continue to spy on her from the landing?—R.B.

So she's embarrassed! It's not an unusual request for a husband to want to see his wife masturbate. And after all, the landing does not afford the best view in the world.

PACKAGE DEAL

I'm a professional photographer, and after a long Friday a friend and I were relaxing and having a few drinks at a local night spot. We had danced with a few girls and continued to drink when, suddenly, all the liquor hit me at once. I told my friend that I was going to take a hotel room at the place next door rather than drive the thirty miles to my house.

When I checked in and discovered that I couldn't sleep, I wandered back to the club. I hadn't been sitting there long when a gorgeous young black lady came in and sat down next to me. We struck up a conversation and soon were laughing and chatting like old friends. Jean had a low-cut cocktail dress on that was made out of a silky material, and every time she laughed, her beautifully shaped, braless breasts jiggled around. Her free-swinging boobs had to be at least 38 D cups, and you can imagine the effect they had. I could feel my pants starting to bulge and found myself asking Jean if she would pose for me.

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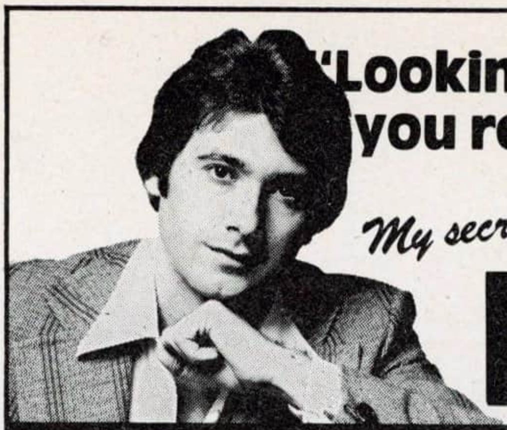

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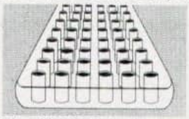

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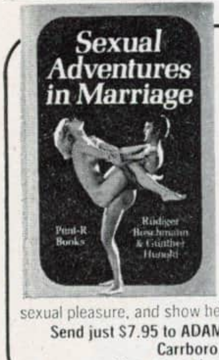

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some new items that I thought would look fantastic around her neck and dangling between her breasts. Her skin was as smooth as silk and of a tone that would really enhance the jewelry. Of course, the thought uppermost in my mind was that I might get my sweaty hands on that far-out body of hers. I told her I had a room in the hotel and my camera with me, and that if she was agreeable we could shoot a roll of her as a test before she came to the studio. This sounds like something out of a James Bond flick, but it worked—she was agreeable.

Just as we were about to leave, another beautiful lady (blonde and blue-eyed) came in and sat down about three seats away from us. Jean and I both ogled her, and then Jean said that the two of them would really make a nice picture because of the skin contrast.

By that time the drinks had really gone to my head, and I was amenable to anything. I told Jean my room number and said that I would go to the liquor store and pick up some booze while she talked to the blonde.

About ten minutes later the two arrived at my hotel room. The blonde's name was Isabel. I mixed some drinks, and we sat around and talked. The girls had their legs crossed and gave me an occasional glimpse of thigh. I saw them eying my crotch and thought I had a dream come true when Isabel said, "Let's get down to business. Do you want us for the night or just one trick?"

They were both hookers! I would have gladly paid them, but I only had about fifty dollars in my jeans, and they wanted much more. About then Jean asked me to dance and slid into my arms, pushing her pussy right up against my cock. She was making fucking motions with her ass, and my cock just about burst through my pants. About this time, Isabel got up and joined us, but to my surprise, instead of playing with me, she started running her hands all over Jean, massaging her tits and ass. Soon Jean was moaning and cooing, and I broke away from them and sat in an easy chair, watching this scene with amazement.

They were kissing and caressing each other into a frenzy. When the music stopped for a minute, they broke apart with dazed, lust-crazed expressions on their faces and faced me. Jean asked me if it would be all right if she and Isabel used the bed. I just nodded dumbly, and they proceeded to strip and make love to each other. What fantastic bodies! As Jean was coming to a shuddering climax, I couldn't stand it any longer. I stripped my clothes off and took my cock in hand. I was mindlessly jacking myself off when Isabel turned and said, "Join us." By this time Isabel was lying on her back with her legs spread, and Jean was bending over, tonguing her pussy. I stood up and buried my eight inches up to the hilt in Jean's steaming pussy, grabbed her heaving tits, and hung on for dear life.

What followed was the most incredible night of plain, unadulterated lust I have ever and probably will ever experience. We fucked and sucked each other to countless orgasms. At some point—long before these young girls did—I passed out. When I woke up the next morning, the room looked like the eye of a hurricane had passed through it. On the dresser, propped up against the liquor bottle, was a note that read, "We should have paid you for the evening." About all I could think was, "At least once in my life, I was in the right place at the right time."—B.G.

Your fleeting, one-night affair reminds me of one night I spent at a friend's villa near my summer home in the south of Spain. He owned a huge estate, with many small guest cottages around one of his large outdoor pools. On this particular evening, there was disco dancing by the pool. I was with one older gentleman, whom I found to be very nice company but not exactly the most sexually attractive man. Couple by couple, the pool and dance floor emptied as everyone paired off for the evening and went into their respective, or not-so-respective, cottages. There I was with this older man, not exactly the guy I'd wanted for the evening. Still, I thought, I've had worse, and he was a decent enough chap.

We went to his guest house, stripped off our clothes, and then I mounted him, sitting right down on his hard cock. I knew it wasn't going to be the greatest sex in the world, and I was right. As they say, 10 percent of sex is between your legs; the other 90 percent is between your ears. And let's face it, this particular night I wasn't all that hot for this particular man.

We were pumping away, without much passion, when I heard someone else enter the bedroom. The older man wasn't at all alarmed, but I was rather frightened and turned around abruptly, making sure not to let his cock slip out of my vagina. Well, what stood in front of me was a young, hot Spanish man, stripping off his clothes. The look of lust was in his eyes, and there was a seductive gleam to his teeth. I began pumping harder, hardly able to contain my own anticipation of bigger and better things to come. He took me from behind, sticking his rock-hard cock up into my anus. It hurt like hell at first, but after a second or two it was absolute bliss. After a few minutes of this—I practically forgot about the cock up my twat—the older gentleman dislodged himself from me and let the younger Spanish man have me alone, while he jerked off, watching both of us go to it.

Can you believe it? That young man came, put his clothes back on, left the room, and I never even got his name! Some things are best left unsaid.

A WASTED FATE

I was dating a secretary named Phoebe, and on our second date I drove to a secluded spot. After a few kisses she began making suggestive motions with her body. I slid down on the seat so I could press her shapely body against mine. My cock was very stiff and bulging in my pants leg. Phoebe rolled on top of me, straddling my *right leg, and positioned herself so that her pussy was pressing directly on the lump in my pants. She began moving her whole body up and down, grinding her pussy hard against my imprisoned shaft. She was moaning and panting a little, and I put a hand on each of her breasts and began rubbing them through her shirt and bra.*

At this point Phoebe said, "What do you want?" I said I wanted whatever she wanted. Then she said, "You're not the type who would force yourself on a girl, are you?" I told her I wouldn't enjoy myself if I didn't think she was enjoying what we were doing.

With that, Phoebe went back to grinding her crotch against my cock, and after about ten minutes of this charade she raised herself up. I didn't sense any indication that she might have had an orgasm. Then she rubbed my chest and opened my shirt, running her tongue around my belly button. "What does it take to turn you on?" she asked. I told her I'd been turned on since we stopped the car, and as I was saying this, I moved her hand down and placed it right on the lump in my pants. She rubbed my erection and began once again to moan in my ear. I unzipped my fly and pulled my cock out. She immediately grabbed it and began to stroke me. At this point I slid my hands up under her blouse and began playing with her tits. As she didn't stop me, I tried to undo her bra, wanting to suck and kiss her breasts. "Oh no," Phoebe said, "I can't let you do that." However, she didn't stop stroking my shaft. For almost an hour, she continued to play with me while I tried to talk her into making love. I couldn't get her to take off one single piece of clothing!

When I knew I'd be coming any second, I slipped a condom over myself so I wouldn't mess up the upholstery. I had a tremendous orgasm, and Phoebe continued to milk it until I stopped her. I then took her home without discussing the evening's weird turn of events.

The next week it all began again in the same way. After maybe ten or fifteen minutes of this, when I placed her hand on my erection, she said she really didn't want to go through all that again. Needless to say, that was the last time we went out.

I have thought about this encounter many times since. I often wonder if Phoebe had one or more orgasms while she was grinding her pussy against me. I also wonder what she would have done if I had tried to remove her bra and panty girdle, instead of trying to talk her into removing them herself. Do you think she is the type of girl who can't tell a man she wants it but really wants to be taken with some force? I know she said she didn't want to be forced, but maybe she suggested it because that was what she really wanted. I'd like to know your impressions of Phoebe and what you think she was really after.—R.T.

I think you made the right decision; that is, you never asked her out again. Women who don't want to fuck are one thing, but cock teasers are quite another. Phoebe, most

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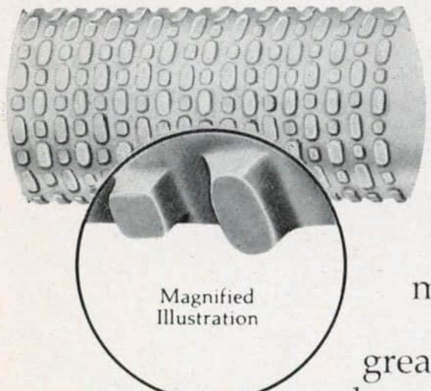

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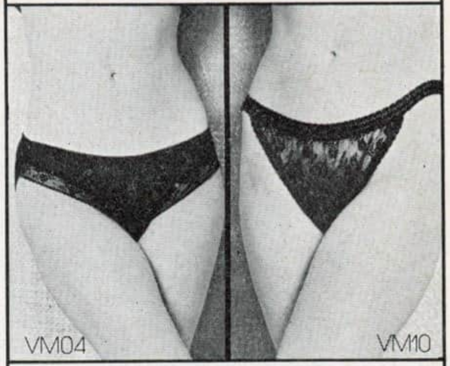

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definitely belongs to the latter group of women. And I really don't have much time for such creatures. Don't get me wrong, though. I've teased many men, but when I tease, I also put out in the end. Otherwise, why bother to go through all the trouble of teasing and turning a man on? It just doesn't make any sense.

Should you have tried forcing Phoebe into having sex? While I don't think there's anything wrong with a little coaxing, I don't feel that people should be forced into doing anything, especially sex. You discussed the subject with her. You tried to unbutton her bra. To go beyond *this* point might be considered rape.

There are other women. I suggest you go find them.

THE FATHER OF THE BRIDE-TO-BE

I work in movie production and was at a gala dinner in Rome two months ago, with my boss, when a beautiful woman came up to him and said, "Dad, do you have the keys to my car?" She had black hair, was tall, and measured about 35-23-35. Lucia was obviously braless and was wearing a red, low-cut blouse, a black skirt, and a pair of seamed black silk stockings. Definitely a turn-on!

I was staring at her for so long that I finally had to say something. "Excuse me, Lucia, but your father and I came in my car." I offered her a ride home, and we said goodnight to her father, my boss. It turned out that she didn't live with her parents but lived by herself in her own house. There she asked me inside for a drink, and once inside she turned on the stereo and began to strip. I was in shock and immediately felt hard. When she was nude, she said, "Don't be embarrassed—come on and fuck me."

I didn't know what to do—I was really in shock. But Lucia took matters in her own hands and began to give me the best blow in all of Italy. Later I turned her over and wildly screwed her in the ass until she screamed for me to stop. I turned her over again and for the coup de grace started plunging wildly into her pussy while she wrapped her long legs around my neck. I fell asleep with my exhausted cock in her soft mouth. The next morning we were lying in bed, remembering the night before, when her father called. Luckily for me, he didn't suspect that I was there.

We have since decided to marry, except that Lucia is engaged to a rich man—something that her father arranged. I think that we belong together and want to know if you have any suggestions on how to break the news to her father. A hasty decision could cost me my livelihood. —S.V.L.

Lucia should first tell her father that she will not marry this rich man. Your name should not, of course, be mentioned in connection with this decision of hers. Lucia need only say that she must love a man before she is able to marry him. When Lucia is secure that her father has accepted this fact, perhaps then you can begin dating, casually, with his knowledge. Your announcements of love and marriage can follow, when you feel Lucia's father is amenable to the idea.

He may not accept the idea of Lucia marrying another man. In that case, keep a low profile and start looking for another job.

SOLITARY PLAY

Even though my husband has become more liberal since we've been married, he still doesn't seem to accept the fact that I need and enjoy masturbating as much as my lovemaking with him.

When I masturbate, I enjoy using two penis-shaped vibrators. While I read erotic experiences in your column, I thrust one of the vibrators into me, and I either rub my clitoris with the other or push it in and out of my anus. My question is this: how can I best approach my husband with my need and desire for masturbation without upsetting him? —E.Z.

You might try having him read this letter with my response attached. If literary persuasion fails, be a bit more coy and switch positions on your husband; if he won't masturbate you, try masturbating him. Once he discovers what a great bit of foreplay it is, you won't have as difficult a time convincing him that you, too, could use some beating around the bush.

Marilyn Chambers

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MOANS & GROANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Your January 1979 issue contains one of the most repulsive pictorials ever published: "Fur-give and Fur-Get."

It is easy to think of furs as soft, cuddly, warm, luxurious, sensuous, and glamorous articles of apparel—once they get the blood off. Behind every fur lies a mutilated carcass, which had its life stolen from it by trap or by gun or by club, only because it was born with a fuzzy coat.

There is absolutely no justification for this barbaric custom, but as long as magazines like *Penthouse* continue to dupe the public into thinking that furs are just another form of clothing, the abuse of animals will remain profitable. As long as there is a market for vanity, the furriers will continue their double-talking, illogical lines of defense. Their most recent proud claim is that they never use the fur of an endangered species. They fail to mention that they can't legally use pelts from endangered animals anyway, that *they* are responsible for the endangerment of the species that they are no longer allowed to butcher, and that at every corner they fight the addition of other animals to the endangered list.

It's about time the general public woke up and saw past the surface of those "glamorous" fur coats to the hypocrisy and sadistic bloodbath that produces them.—*John Abert, Lansing, New York*

As you say, these furs are not those of endangered species. While many people may agree with your point of view, many others subscribe to the scientific opinion that hunting is necessary to keep certain animal populations within natural limits. In any case, animal furs are, and always have been, "another form of clothing," and while we certainly do not encourage the indiscriminate butchering of animals, we recognize the fact that fur coats are universally accepted as warm and luxurious articles of apparel.

I really don't mean to criticize your "Penthouse Forum" section too much, as I thoroughly enjoy reading it (and your entire magazine), but there is one point I'd like to bring to your attention. If the letters in that column are written and submitted by people all across the United States and abroad, how come they all sound as if they were written by a professor of English composition who likes to use the same phrases and adjectives over and over?

If these letters are submitted by people of all levels of intelligence and writing skill, why are they all so perfectly structured with all the correct grammar and punctuation? If they are edited, then I have answered my own question. But why not publish them just as they are written, instead of making them so uniformly predictable in style and content?

I have also noticed in the letters many repetitious and familiar terms such as "rock hard" and "throbbing" in letters that are supposedly submitted from people all over the country. How come every person who writes to "Forum" seems to use the same adjectives? Please don't insult my intelligence and my understanding and tell me that I'm wrong in regards to my observations. I mean, I did get A's in English Composition in college. I sure would like to hear your explanation.—*J. Keith, Hackettstown, N.J.*

For what we hope is the last time, we will attempt to put to rest the raging "Forum" letters controversy.

We repeat that all letters published in "Forum" are received via the United States Post Office, with return addresses representing large cities and small towns, east west, north, and south. Yes, the letters are edited according to the basic rules of correct grammar and punctuation because, in many cases, if these letters were printed "as they are written," your thorough enjoyment in reading them might be severely hindered. We do not alter them in any other way; we do not change the content or the adjectives used to describe sexual experiences, organs, and fantasies. Congratulations on your scholastic record, but we sincerely doubt that the contributing writers of "Forum" are vying for top grades in English composition.

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Most men do. And it's amazing that so many men actually think they can get anywhere with girls using such colorless, flat, ordinary expressions.

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You probably don't even realize you are making so many serious mistakes. So you go right on making them ... and find yourself with fewer and fewer girls.

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You will learn why many girls refuse to date you (it has nothing to do with your looks).

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Once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will quickly begin to meet and date great-looking girls. Girls with pretty faces and tempting bodies. Girls who wear the newest, sexiest styles in clothes. Girls who you only looked at and dreamed about up until now.

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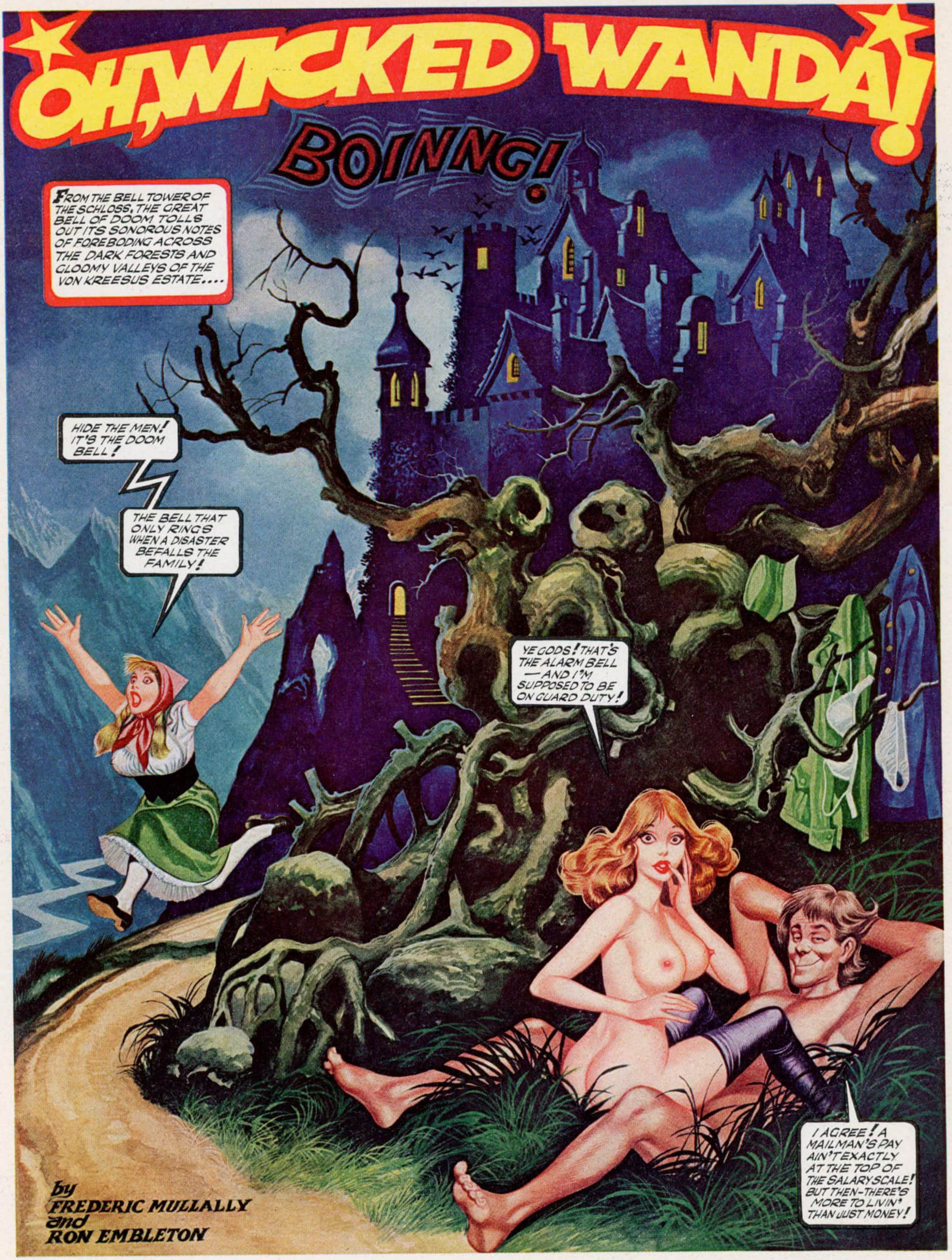
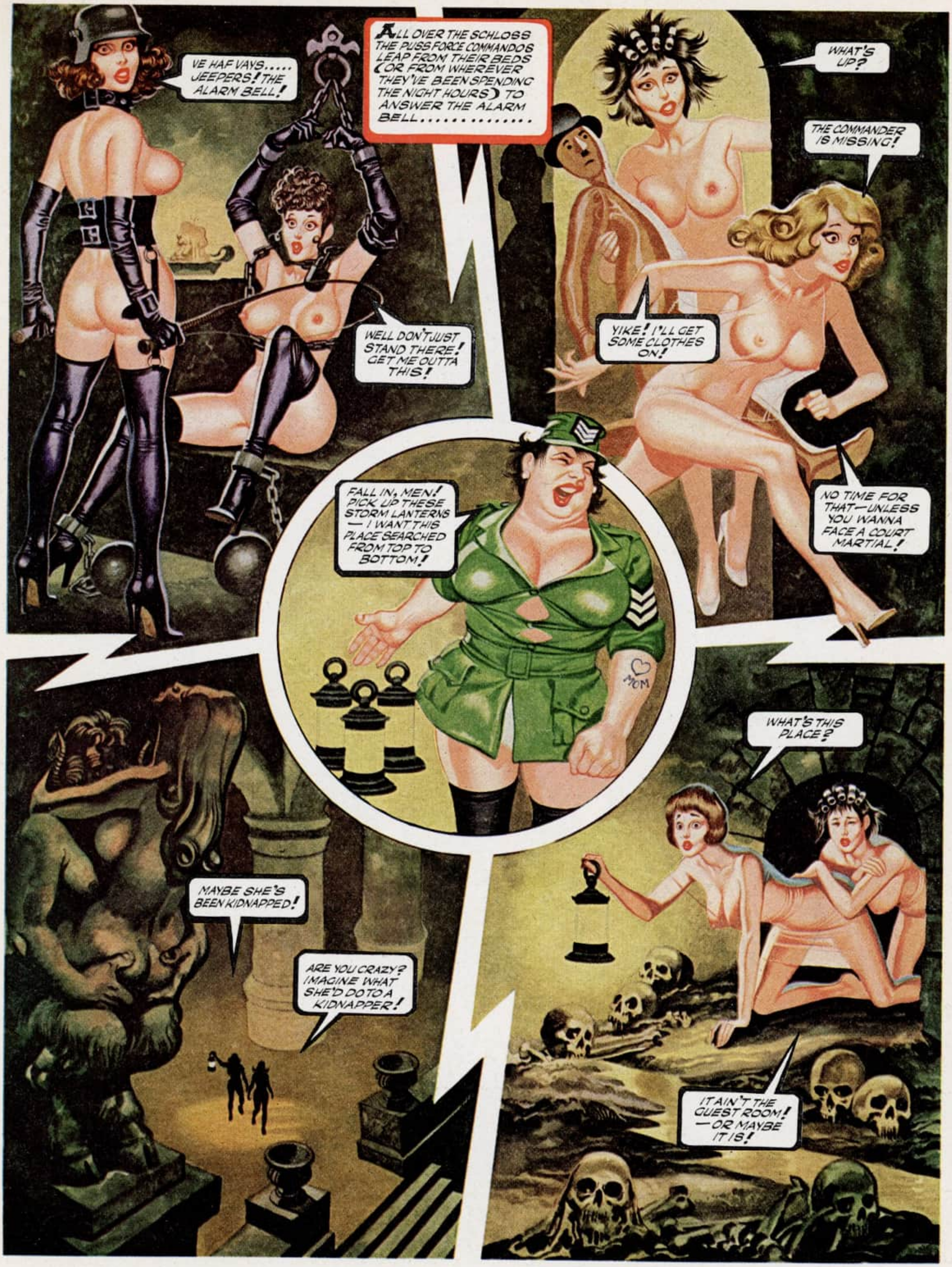
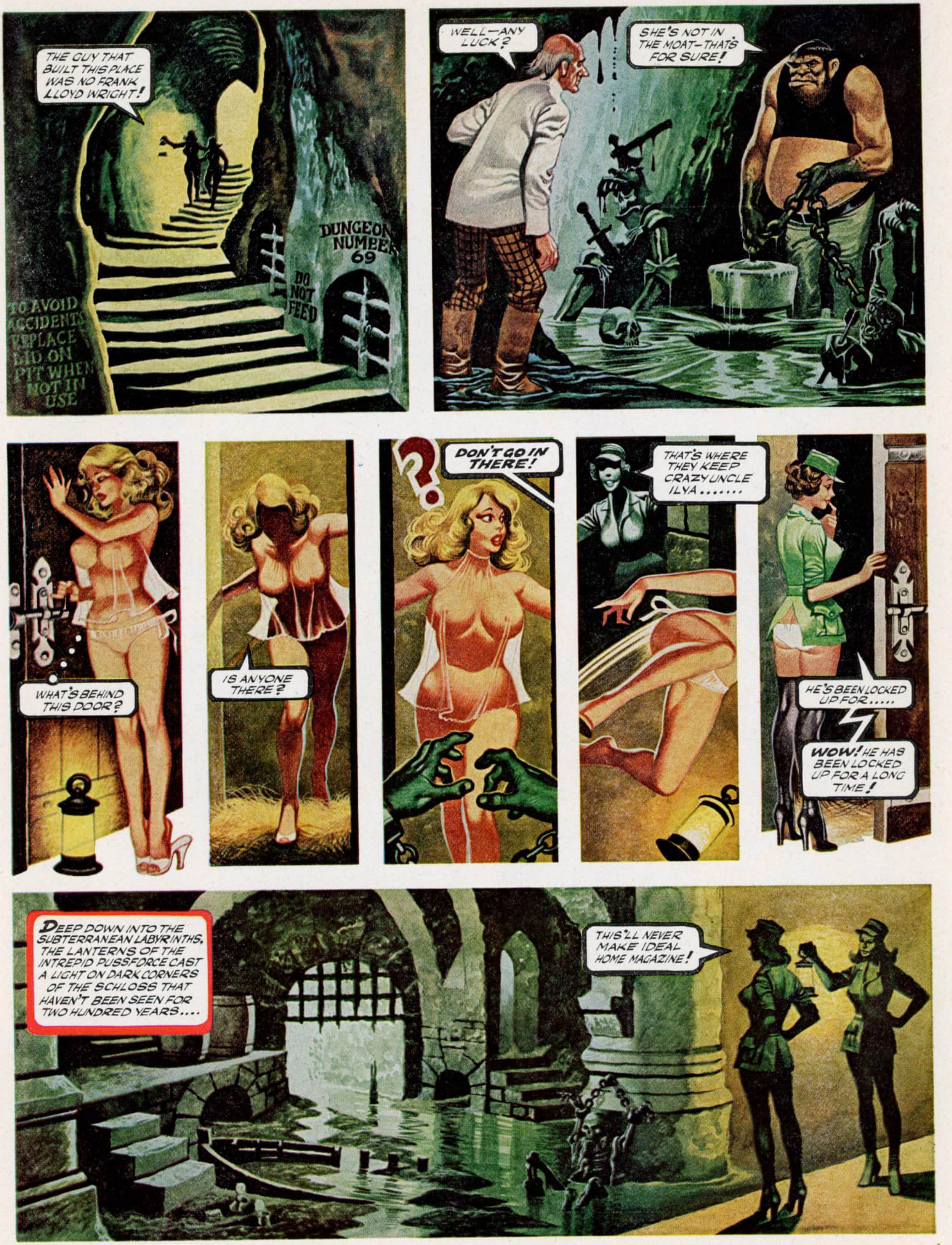
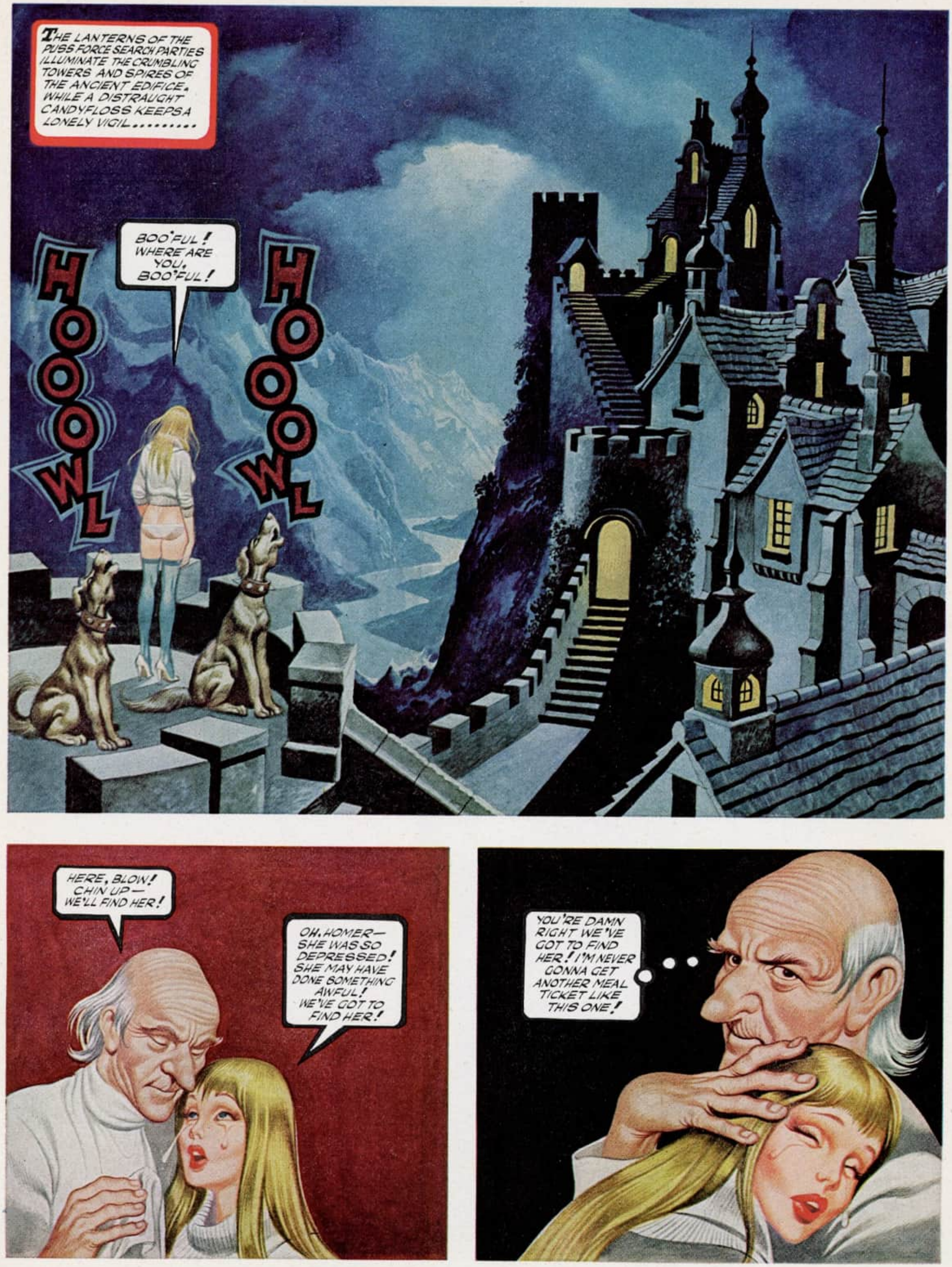
FREDERIC MULLALLY
and
RON EMBLETON


BOINNG!
FROM THE BELL TOWER OF THE SCHLOSS, THE GREAT BELL OF DOOM TOLLS OUT ITS SONOROUS NOTES OF FOREBODING ACROSS THE DARK FORESTS AND GLOOMY VALLEYS OF THE VON KREESUS ESTATE....
HIDE THE MEN! IT'S THE DOOM BELL!
THE BELL THAT ONLY RINGS WHEN A DISASTER BEFALLS THE FAMILY!
YE GODS! THAT'S THE ALARM BELL — AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ON GUARD DUTY!
I AGREE! A MAILMAN'S PAY AIN'T EXACTLY AT THE TOP OF THE SALARY SCALE! BUT THEN—THERE'S MORE TO LIVIN' THAN JUST MONEY!

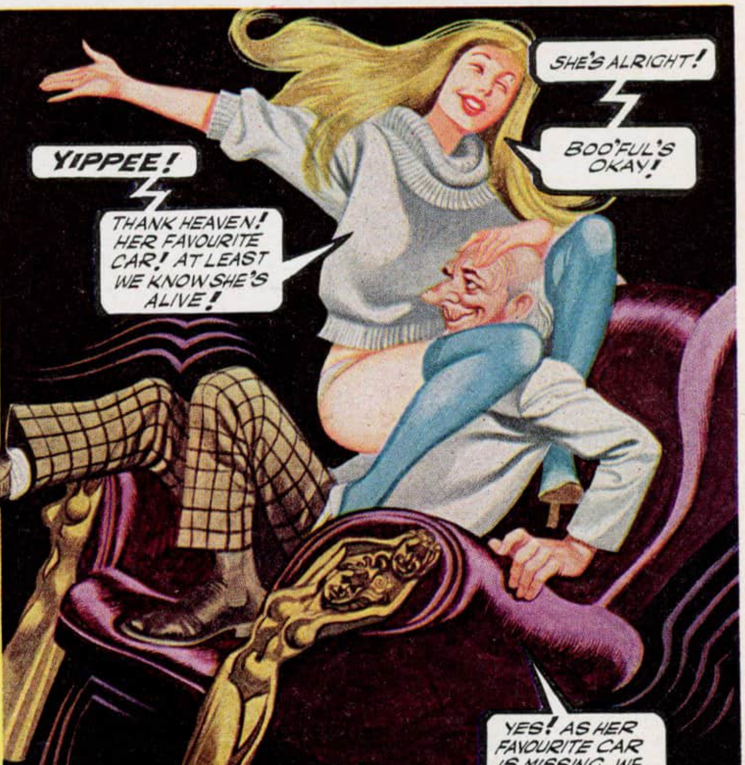

ALL OVER THE SCHLOSS THE PUSS FORCE COMMANDOS LEAP FROM THEIR BEDS (OR FROM WHEREVER THEY'VE BEEN SPENDING THE NIGHT HOURS) TO ANSWER THE ALARM BELL..............
VE HAF VAYS..... JEEPERS! THE ALARM BELL!
WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GET ME OUTTA THIS!
WHAT'S UP?
THE COMMANDER IS MISSING!
YIKE! I'LL GET SOME CLOTHES ON!
NO TIME FOR THAT—UNLESS YOU WANNA FACE A COURT MARTIAL!
FALL IN, MEN! PICK UP THESE STORM LANTERNS — I WANT THIS PLACE SEARCHED FROM TOP TO BOTTOM!
MOM
MAYBE SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!
ARE YOU CRAZY? IMAGINE WHAT SHE'D DO TO A KIDNAPPER!
WHAT'S THIS PLACE?
IT AIN'T THE GUEST ROOM! —OR MAYBE IT IS!

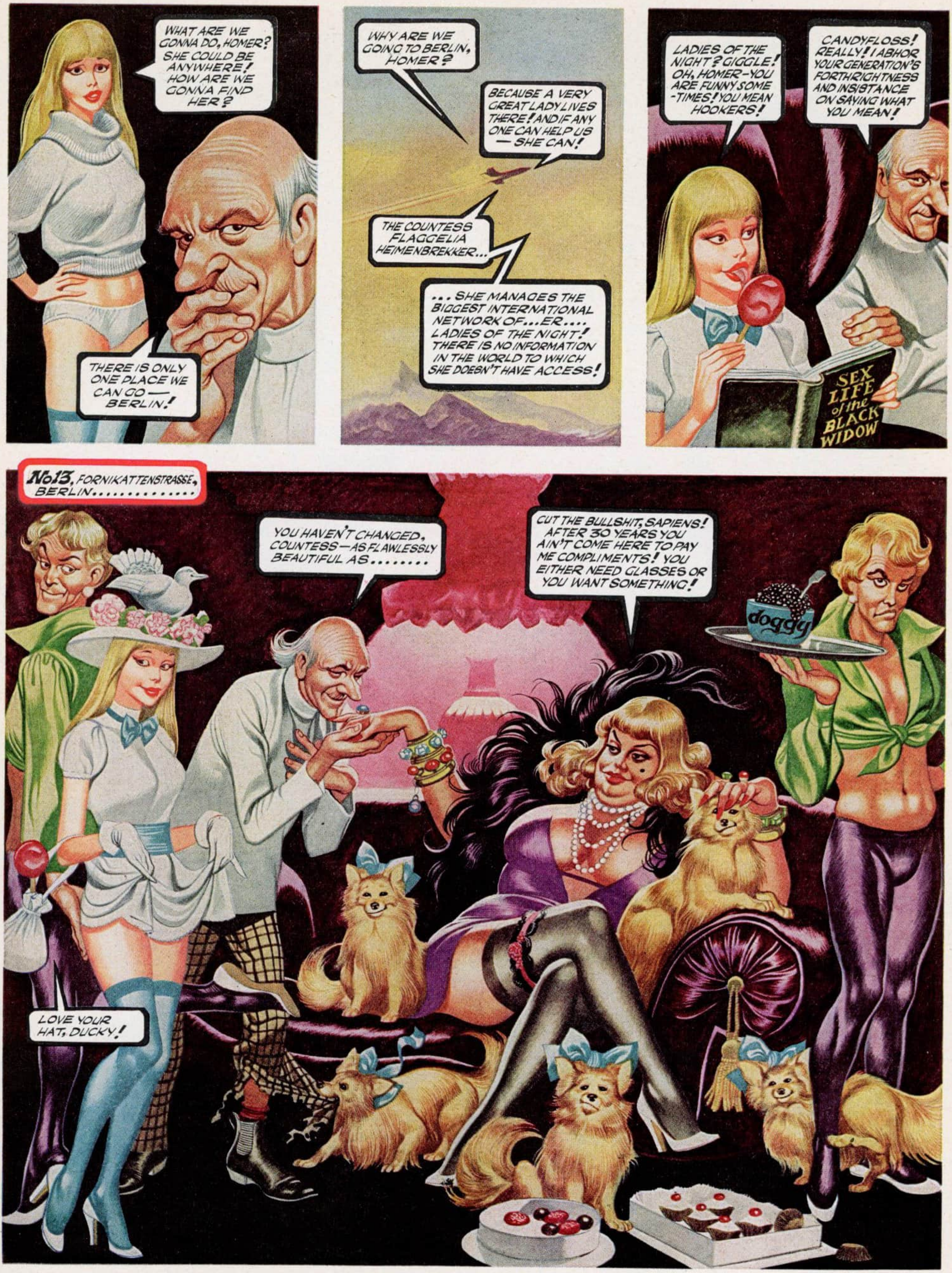

THE GUY THAT BUILT THIS PLACE WAS NO FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT!
DUNGEON NUMBER 69
DO NOT FEED
TO AVOID ACCIDENTS REPLACE LID ON PIT WHEN NOT IN USE
WELL—ANY LUCK?
SHE'S NOT IN THE MOAT—THAT'S FOR SURE!
WHAT'S BEHIND THIS DOOR?
IS ANYONE THERE?
?
DON'T GO IN THERE!
THAT'S WHERE THEY KEEP CRAZY UNCLE ILYA.......
HE'S BEEN LOCKED UP FOR.....
WOW! HE HAS BEEN LOCKED UP FOR A LONG TIME!
DEEP DOWN INTO THE SUBTERRANEAN LABYRINTHS, THE LANTERNS OF THE INTREPID PUSSFORCE CAST A LIGHT ON DARK CORNERS OF THE SCHLOSS THAT HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS....
THIS'LL NEVER MAKE IDEAL HOME MAGAZINE!


THE LANTERNS OF THE PUSS FORCE SEARCH PARTIES ILLUMINATE THE CRUMBLING TOWERS AND SPIRES OF THE ANCIENT EDIFICE. WHILE A DISTRAUGHT CANDYFLOSS KEEPS A LONELY VIGIL.........
HOOOOWL
BOO'FUL! WHERE ARE YOU, BOO'FUL!
HOOOOWL
HERE, BLOW! CHIN UP— WE'LL FIND HER!
OH, HOMER— SHE WAS SO DEPRESSED! SHE MAY HAVE DONE SOMETHING AWFUL! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER!
YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER! I'M NEVER GONNA GET ANOTHER MEAL TICKET LIKE THIS ONE!

IT'S NO GOOD, PROFESSOR SAPIENS. WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY KNOWN INCH OF THE SCHLOSS.........
....BUT WE DON'T KNOW HALF THE SECRET PASSAGES, PRIEST'S HOLES, HIDDEN CHAMBERS AND WALLED UP SECTIONS!
I'M SO AFRAID THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO HER, HOMER!
THERE-THERE! WE MUSTN'T GIVE UP HOPE!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, WHEN ALL SEEMED LOST....
THE SUPO DE PENISO FLAGRANTE HAS GONE FROM THE GARAGE!


SHE'S ALRIGHT!
BOO'FUL'S OKAY!
YIPPEE!
THANK HEAVEN! HER FAVOURITE CAR! AT LEAST WE KNOW SHE'S ALIVE!
YES! AS HER FAVOURITE CAR IS MISSING, WE CAN SAFELY ASSUME THAT SHE HAS TAKEN IT! NO ONE ELSE WOULD DARE!


WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, HOMER? SHE COULD BE ANYWHERE! HOW ARE WE GONNA FIND HER?
THERE IS ONLY ONE PLACE WE CAN GO — BERLIN!
WHY ARE WE GOING TO BERLIN, HOMER?
BECAUSE A VERY GREAT LADY LIVES THERE! AND IF ANY ONE CAN HELP US — SHE CAN!
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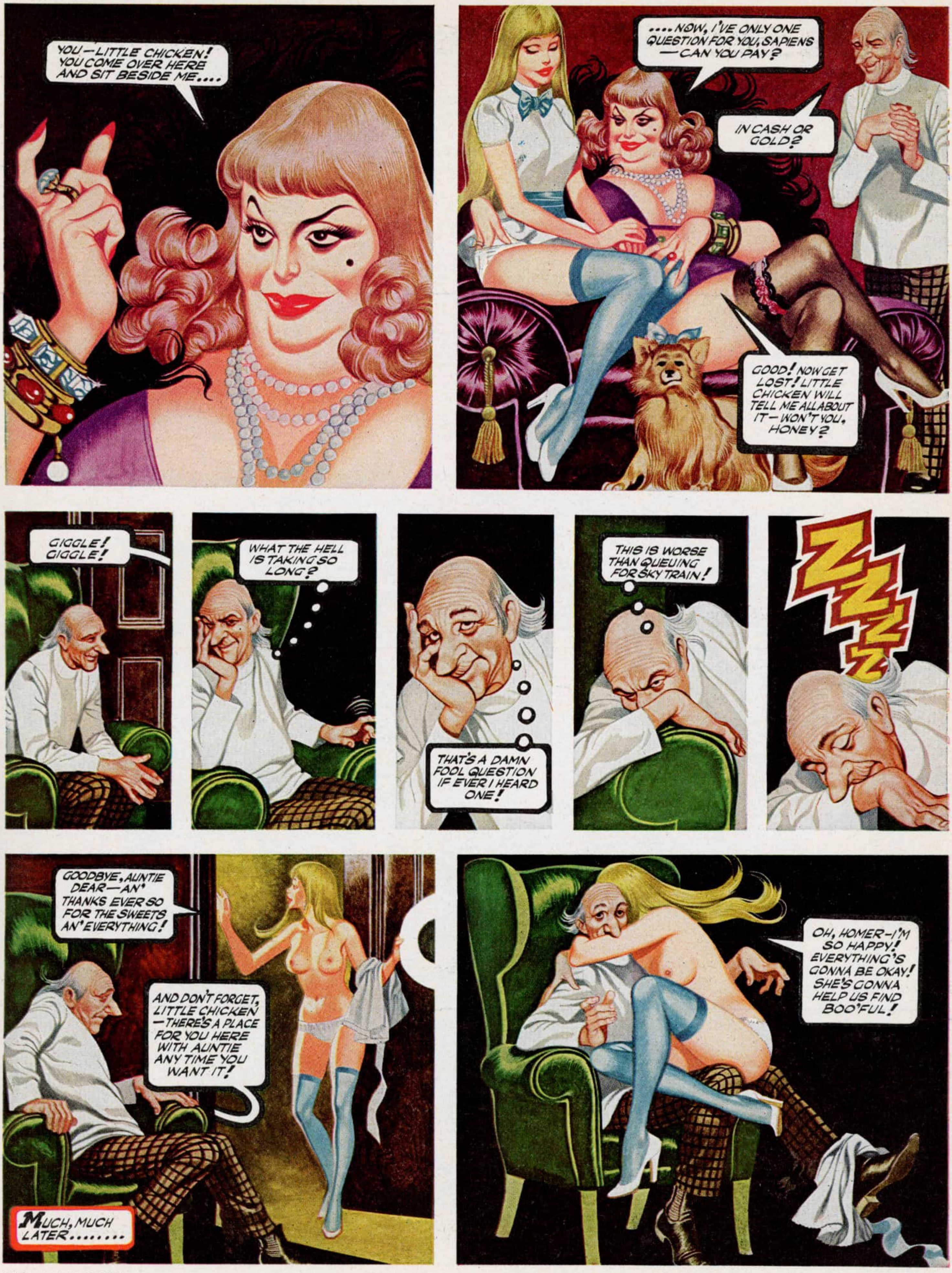
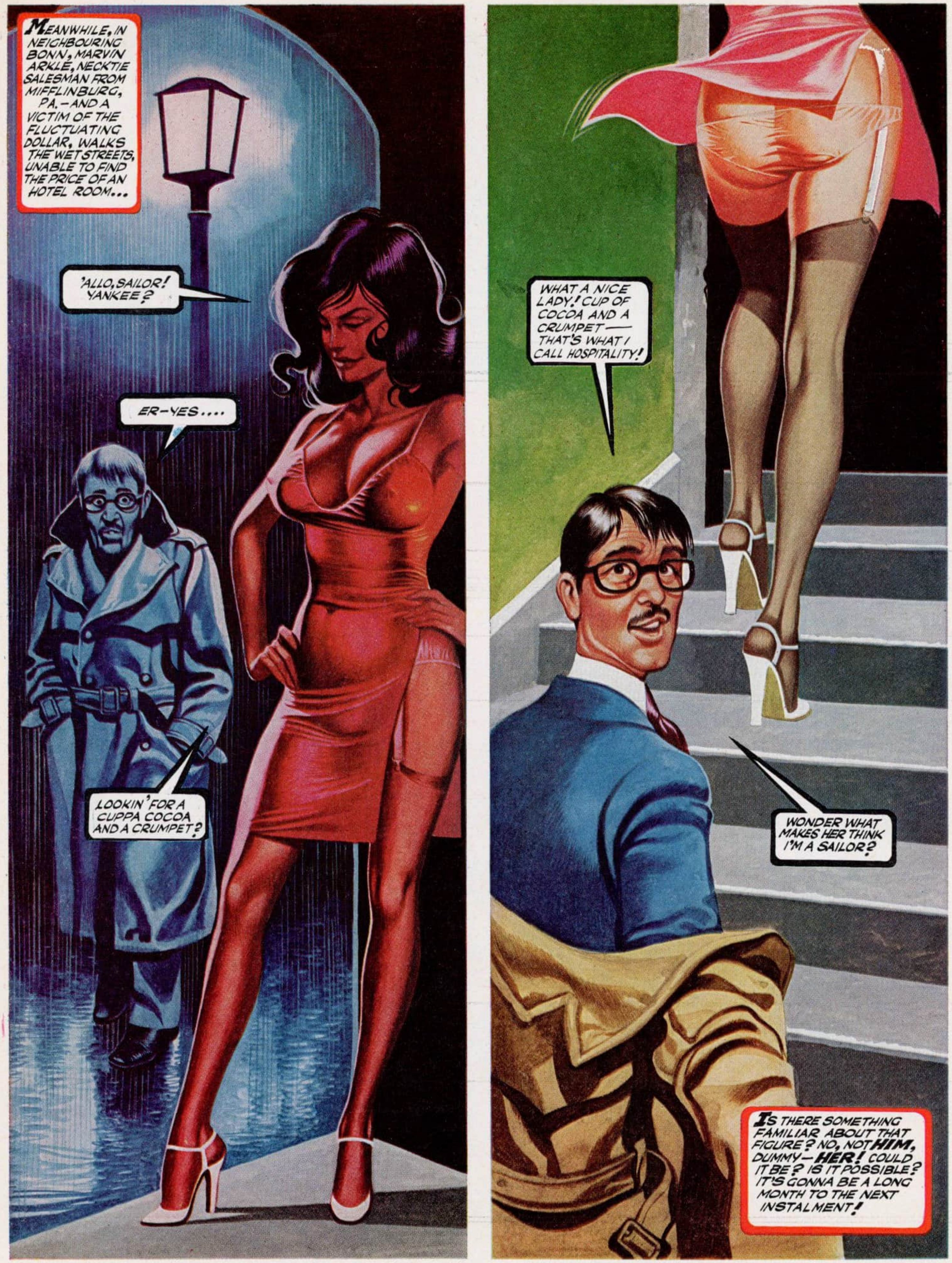
... SHE MANAGES THE BIGGEST INTERNATIONAL NETWORK OF... ER.... LADIES OF THE NIGHT! THERE IS NO INFORMATION IN THE WORLD TO WHICH SHE DOESN'T HAVE ACCESS!
LADIES OF THE NIGHT? GIGGLE! OH, HOMER—YOU ARE FUNNY SOMETIMES! YOU MEAN HOOKERS!
CANDYFLOSS! REALLY! I ABHOR YOUR GENERATION'S FORTHRIGHTNESS AND INSISTANCE ON SAYING WHAT YOU MEAN!
SEX LIFE of the BLACK WIDOW
No13, FORNIKATTENSTRASSE, BERLIN...............
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED, COUNTESS—AS FLAWLESSLY BEAUTIFUL AS........
CUT THE BULLSHIT, SAPIENS! AFTER 30 YEARS YOU AIN'T COME HERE TO PAY ME COMPLIMENTS! YOU EITHER NEED GLASSES OR YOU WANT SOMETHING!
doggy
LOVE YOUR HAT, DUCKY!


YOU—LITTLE CHICKEN! YOU COME OVER HERE AND SIT BESIDE ME....
....NOW, I'VE ONLY ONE QUESTION FOR YOU, SAPIENS —CAN YOU PAY?
IN CASH OR GOLD?
GOOD! NOW GET LOST! LITTLE CHICKEN WILL TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT—WON'T YOU, HONEY?
GIGGLE! GIGGLE!
WHAT THE HELL IS TAKING SO LONG?
THAT'S A DAMN FOOL QUESTION IF EVER I HEARD ONE!
THIS IS WORSE THAN QUEUING FOR SKY TRAIN!
ZZZZ
GOODBYE, AUNTIE DEAR—AN' THANKS EVER SO FOR THE SWEETS AN' EVERYTHING!
AND DON'T FORGET, LITTLE CHICKEN—THERE'S A PLACE FOR YOU HERE WITH AUNTIE ANY TIME YOU WANT IT!
MUCH, MUCH LATER........
OH, HOMER—I'M SO HAPPY! EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE OKAY! SHE'S GONNA HELP US FIND BOO'FUL!


MEANWHILE, IN NEIGHBOURING BONN, MARVIN ARKLE, NECKTIE SALESMAN FROM MIFFLINBURG, PA.—AND A VICTIM OF THE FLUCTUATING DOLLAR, WALKS THE WET STREETS, UNABLE TO FIND THE PRICE OF AN HOTEL ROOM...
'ALLO, SAILOR! YANKEE?
ER—YES....
LOOKIN' FOR A CUPPA COCOA AND A CRUMPET?
WHAT A NICE LADY! CUP OF COCOA AND A CRUMPET— THAT'S WHAT I CALL HOSPITALITY!
WONDER WHAT MAKES HER THINK I'M A SAILOR?
IS THERE SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT FIGURE? NO, NOT HIM, DUMMY—HER! COULD IT BE? IS IT POSSIBLE? IT'S GONNA BE A LONG MONTH TO THE NEXT INSTALMENT!

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

faster and faster, and she cried, "Fuck me . . . harder, faster. .uhh . . . ohhhh . . ." Soon I had Ann screaming for more as her love juices flowed down my face, chest, and arms. I've had each girl again, separate and together. Athletes now seem to stimulate me. My latest adventure involves another female athlete, Delia, who rows crew. —*E. L., Berkeley, Calif.*

Mixed vegetables

I am a freshwoman at a large Ivy League school in New England. Given my Long Island upbringing, I soon became bored with the paltry "night life" in this tiny hick town. I was a virgin when I left home, but four days after I got here that situation was remedied. I enjoyed it, but I'm not really attracted to the man. I've gone through about four or five guys since then, but most of them weren't that cute. I have very high standards, and I refuse to go to bed with anyone who doesn't seem attractive to me. Most of the guys around here consider my attitude snobbish, but the other day they did me a favor.

I came back to the dorm after a hard evening of fighting off the advances of Leo, a guy I've been seeing lately. He's more of an alternative to boredom than a "real" man. He has a slim, muscular body and a really tight ass that drives me wild, but he has a very hairy chest, and body hair just turns me off. He's been trying to screw me since our first encounter, a heavy grope session that was cut short by the arrival of his girl friend, my ex-best friend. He has since left her for me, but I don't think I want to go out with him because of his hairy chest. But—back to the story.

When I got back to my room, a cramped single in one of the older dorms, I found fastened to my doorknob a large carrot with a condom on it and a note attached that read, "The man of your dreams." Surprised and not overly amused, I took the carrot into my room and put it on my dresser. I looked at the picture of a guy named Gary that was on my dresser. The picture was one I had taken when I was going out with him. It showed him completely nude except for bikini underwear, which clearly showed his mammoth bulge.

My thoughts turned to Leo, and I sat on my bed and remembered the heavy action of an hour earlier. His hands had felt good on me, especially when he slipped his middle finger into my pussy and rubbed my clit with his thumb, but when I reached inside his shirt, I was grossed out by his hairy chest. I tried to stay away from his chest, concentrating instead on his cock, which seemed to want to split his zipper. Again, when he took off his shirt (mine was already off) and pants, I couldn't put up with all that hair. I pretended to be worried about his roommate coming back and made an excuse to leave.

All this thinking had made me pretty

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horny. I had been absentmindedly running my fingernails over my shirt, and my braless condition would have been apparent from the size and hardness of my nipples. I slowly got undressed for bed, removing my now-soaked panties last, and settled into bed, wearing nothing but my baby-doll pajamas (from Saks Fifth Avenue). I couldn't stop thinking about Leo, and right then I certainly would have given in to his wanton lust despite his hairiness. My hand dropped to my stomach and inched lower and lower. It felt good to strum the hair on my groin and to tap my love button.

Then a strange thought came to me: I could get my revenge on the guys who gave me the carrot and fulfill my desires at the same time.

I got up and got the carrot. The lubricant from the rubber smelled erotic, and its sensual stickiness reminded me of my own love juices. I settled into the "plow," a really kinky yoga position. Lying on my back with my legs above me, my toes touching the pillow above my head, I gently ran my fingers over my crotch and shivered as my ring finger hit my hot spot. After a little more of this, I was ready. I positioned the carrot at my love nest, and, with a firm, twisting motion, I put about five inches in. The carrot was over nine inches long and about two inches wide. It fit tightly, and waves of ecstasy flooded my body as I twirled and twisted the carrot with my fingers. I pushed harder, and more of it disappeared beneath my dirty-blonde curls. My legs waved helplessly as I twisted and pushed on the carrot. I was really soaring. "Oooh, damn! I wish I could find someone like this!" I whispered, riding the waves of passion from my vegetarian delight.

Suddenly, I felt an urge welling up inside me. Pushing hard on my orange friend, I sank all nine inches into my ecstatically throbbing pussy and sighed as an orgasm consumed my conscious mind. I furiously fucked the carrot for what seemed like days and then gradually lightened my pace to allow my pounding heart to slow its breakneck speed.

I had been barely aware of the voices outside my door, but now I heard them clearly: "God, she's got that carrot we left" and "Sounds like a whole goddamned orgy in there!" and "Quick, somebody paint my cock orange!" and "What's up, dick?" and other scattered remarks. I quietly put away my vegetable friend and dropped off into a peaceful, satisfied slumber.

Next week, maybe a cucumber?—*Name and address withheld*

Bell bottom blows

Two years ago I stopped by a friend's house, and he came to the door, wearing his navy sailor pants. They had been skintight when he was in the navy, but five years later they looked just unreal. He said that he had expected his wife and was a little embarrassed. But we hit a little grass and started to talk about the vicissitudes of life.

Then he told me he had met his wife during the service and every so often he put on his uniform, which meant a night of very heavy fucking. He showed me a drawer of sexy clothes that was far out! There were small bikinis that hardly covered his balls when he put them on for me to see. He had cock rings of all kinds, leather ball stretchers, a pair of chaps, a holster, a leather vest, and a leather jockstrap.

I guess it was the grass and beer that did it: I started to try on his collection. The nylon was soft, and it made me bulge out like a *Pumping Iron* stud. We both started to get hard-ons when his wife walked in and admired our posing. She put on a string bikini without the top and lit up another joint for the three of us. By that time my dick was sticking inches up over the top of the trunks I had on, and so was Ted's. She said she wouldn't touch us for forty-five minutes and set a timer and said that we couldn't stroke ourselves but should try to come. Well, we squirmed, moved our hips, tried to do everything possible to come, talked raunchy, and tried to fuck with her.

Finally, she gave in and said that we could untie the drawstrings on the bikinis and, holding our hands behind us, rub our cocks together. So we stood up in front of her and tried to get friction enough to come. The timer bell went off, and she grabbed both our cocks together. With a few rubs, Ted and I shot off on her tits.

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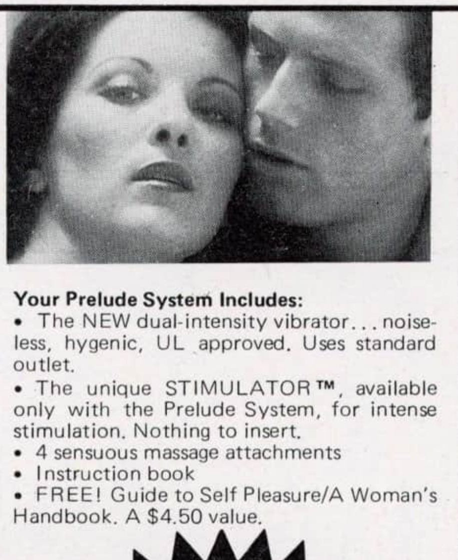

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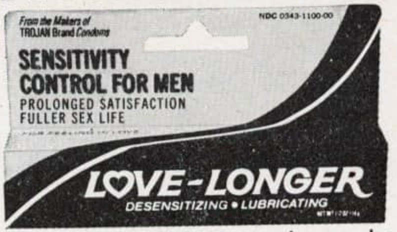

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I got dressed, went home, and started a collection of my own—and one for my wife. We now have our fuck drawer, as we call it, full of goodies. Every so often Ted and I compare our newest merchandise and usually end up jacking off together. We're hoping the four of us will get together for a fashion show and fuck-in.—*J.S., Anaheim, Calif.*

Good fishing

We are three students attending a university in a small, midwestern town of a rather conservative nature. Since we are the outdoors type, we frequently fish and hunt for reasons of recreation and also for putting food on our table, which helps our meager incomes.

One bright Saturday afternoon in December, we decided to do some ice-fishing at a local spot called McDill Pond. After we had been out on the ice for some time and our jiggling sticks were not getting much action, as true fishermen we were waiting for something to happen. Then Tim noticed three cross-country skiers coming toward us across the ice. As they came nearer, we noticed that they were females. Two were blondes; the other was a brunette, and they looked quite sexy in their skiing outfits. After the usual small talk, we noticed that they were obviously getting cold. Dave suggested that we should continue our talk over some hot chocolate in the warmth of my pickup camper, parked nearby on the shore. The three looked at each other, and then Sue, the short-haired blonde, said "Sure, sounds good."

After downing a cup of hot chocolate, Tim suggested something a little stronger to take the chill off. He then produced a quart of brandy. After a few sips things really started to "warm up." Conversation turned more toward sex, the girls were growing more friendly, and our "jiggling poles" steadily grew by the minute.

Kathy, the quiet one with the long, dark hair, made the first move. She kissed Tim and slowly slid her hand down his throbbing pole. After this moment of breaking the ice, Sue and Karen followed suit. Zippers were unzipping, and snaps were snapping in the warmth of the camper. I lost awareness of what was happening around me as Karen went down on me. Her mouth worked my cock in long, slow strokes as she fondled my balls and her long, blonde hair flowed over my thighs. My hands roamed all over her silky skin, and then I began to suck her firm, delicious breasts.

Then she repositioned herself over me as we went to the floor. There I stared into her sweet, juicy pussy, and my tongue went to work. My hands grasped her tight ass, and my tongue probed into every deep, inviting crevice. She moaned and moved in ecstasy. All the while she was reaching behind me and working my cock with her hand. Just before she worked me to climax, she grabbed my cock tight, moved backward, and positioned her hot cunt on my erect muscle. She rode me expertly until I exploded. Later, after everyone had cooled down, we got dressed, talked, and laughed for a while over some more hot chocolate. As the shadows began to lengthen, the girls decided that they should be moving on. Sadly, we bid them good-bye. We will never forget the day when the big ones did not get away!—*A.A., Stevens Point, Wis.*

Play it again, Ma'am!

When I was in my late teens, I took piano lessons from the woman who lived next door. Mrs. T. was about twelve years older than I, and I was just at the right age to appreciate the fact that she was an attractive woman: slim but rounded, of medium height, with rather sharp features on an oval face, which was crowned with chestnut hair. She was tanned in the summer from assiduous sunbathing. I used to watch her in the backyard, gazing wistfully as she undid the strap of her bikini bra. Once I was watching while hidden in the bushes, and overcome with adolescent lust, I discreetly opened my pants and lovingly masturbated my bulging erect manhood in her honor.

Toward the end of that summer, I reported for what was to be my last piano lesson before school began. As usual, I just went in the back door and crossed into the living room, where the piano was. I didn't hear anyone around, which was not odd, because it was during a weekday and Mrs. T.'s husband was at work. (They had no children.)

After a couple of minutes of looking over my week's lesson, I realized that Mrs. T. had not yet appeared, and that I could hear water running somewhere down the hall. It struck me that it was an odd time of day for her to be taking a shower, especially since she was expecting me for my lesson, but that was what it sounded like.

I walked down the hall toward the bathroom, knowing that she might be angry if I saw her in the nude but thinking that the prospect was too tantalizing to resist. I heard the shower door open, and she spoke. "Is that you?" she called, saying my name. I coughed and said that it was. "Sorry to keep you waiting," she said, "but I had to take a shower to cool off. Go ahead and open the door."

I opened the bathroom door slowly, and the fog of the shower steam filtered out. There she was, not naked but nearly so, drying her hair with one towel while another was wrapped around the torso of her dripping body. Mrs. T. gave me a broad smile. "Guess I'm not what some people would call 'decent,'" she said, "but I'm covered." She went on drying her hair. The sight of her like that aroused me powerfully. I began to get hard, and my cock started angling away from my leg and pressing against my Bermuda shorts.

Mrs. T. took her time, and I noticed that the towel that covered her from her nipples to her ass was not securely held in place. In fact, with every movement she made, it slipped further down. I said nothing as she chatted idly and daubed herself with perfume. The scent made me even hornier, if such a thing were possible.

In another moment it happened: the towel fell, and instead of quickly covering herself, Mrs. T. just turned and looked at me. She smiled knowingly. "It's a good thing we're friends," she said, "or I might be embarrassed. Anyway, that's what you wanted to see anyway, isn't it?" I didn't say a thing—my throat was closed with lust. "I don't even mind," she added, coming closer, "if you jerk off while watching me sunbathe. Oh, yes, I saw you. I was flattered. But that really didn't satisfy you, did it? It certainly doesn't satisfy me—not when there's a handsome young boy around and all I can see of him is his stiff prick inside his pants."

I was amazed and ashamed, but still very, very hard. She was only inches away, and she was more beautiful than I had ever known before. Her hand came to the snap of my shorts, undid it, unzipped me, and quickly pulled my shorts and underwear off. "Ah, now that's more like it," she said, breathing deeply, and knelt in front of me. I couldn't believe it, but I loved it. She kissed the circumcised head of my cock and then cradled it between her breasts. I couldn't hold back, and I shot off a big load.

But that wasn't the end of it. Mrs. T. soon pulled off my shirt and sneakers and led me naked into the living room. There, be-

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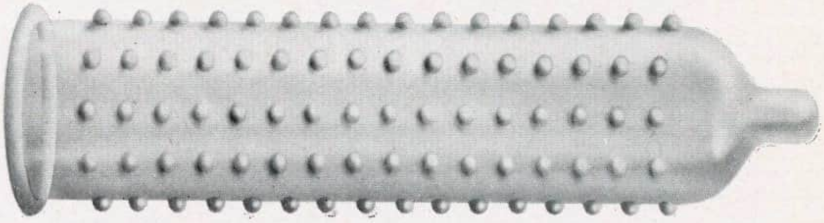

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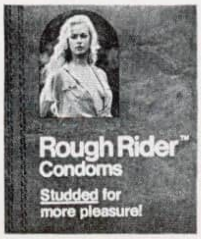

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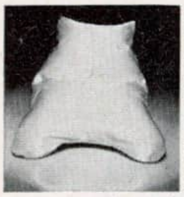

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fore the piano, she threw a few cushions onto the floor and pulled me down on my back. In practically no time she had sucked and caressed my penis into a new erection, which she praised for its size and stiffness.

"That's a big one," she said. "Bigger than my husband's." I felt very pleased, especially when she stood up and kissed me deeply with her tongue and then straddled me and lowered her moist and waiting cunt onto my hard prick. "Ooh, I love it," she groaned, moving up and down. I moved inside her and thrust as best I could in this position, and we came at almost the same time.

We fucked twice more before we left off, and I went home. The piano lesson was forgotten, of course, but I went back the next day and the day after for more "lessons." I loved it, especially the delicious sensation of sliding into her belly, fondling her dark nipples as her breasts danced over me, and shooting my sperm as she told me how satisfying to her my big cock was.

It was so enjoyable that in the remaining two weeks before school started, I visited her every day. We never made love less than twice and often three or four times. After school started, things got a little less hot and heavy, but I never hear a piano playing without thinking of the playing around we did. That was one lady who seemed in real need of a tune-up!—*Name and address withheld*

Shutter-buggery

I'm twenty-six years old and have been married for three years. My wife, Sandy, is twenty-three years old and has a body that has never failed to keep my attention or give me an erection. She has straight blonde hair that flows down her back. Her five-feet-three frame is endowed with firm breasts and large, pink nipples to go along with her very shapely legs and round, firm ass. People tell me that she looks like Cheryl Ladd, and I have to agree. Being a gymnast helps keep her body in great shape and makes for some exciting positions.

However, Sandy enjoys giving me head more than the average woman does. Our favorite way is for her to dress up in a pair of panty hose and high heels. Then she kneels in front of me, kissing my thighs and stomach, occasionally letting her chin rub against my cock until it's hard. She then begins to suck me very slowly with tight lips. Since we've been married, she has learned to swallow my whole cock, right down to my balls. She continues this until I tell her I'm about to come, and then she swallows my whole cock until I stop coming. She then keeps sucking until I'm totally limp and drained. We then wait until I can get it up again and repeat the procedure two or three times. (You can see why I say she likes it more than most women.)

Just recently, though, the marriage I thought was perfect took a turn for the worst. My job as a photographer takes me out of town for days at a time, and one day I suddenly wondered if she was being faithful to me with all that free time on her hands.

Well, two weeks ago, when I came home a day early, my worst fears were confirmed. I decided to go in the back door to surprise Sandy. As I passed the bedroom window, I heard voices. I looked in, and my heart almost jumped out of my chest when I saw Sandy on her knees, giving some guy a blowjob. I crept away from the window, pulled my car around the block, and came back with my camera to get some pictures. I looked in the window again, and she was still sucking the guy, who I now realized was Sam, her gym teacher. He's in his early thirties and has a great body. Sandy was eating him, using slow, hard sucking strokes, which consumed his whole cock. I was heartbroken to see my wife enjoying another man's cock in her mouth, but I was also very excited, I must admit.

Sandy must have been sucking him for a long time, because I could see saliva dripping from his balls. I was wondering how long he could last, because I know how hard Sandy sucks me. Soon he started moaning louder and grabbed her head, pulling it back and forth real hard, while she was holding his hips. He then let out a groan as she swallowed him to the balls and grabbed his ass with both hands. After he came, she sucked him until he went limp. Sam then lay on my bed, and Sandy

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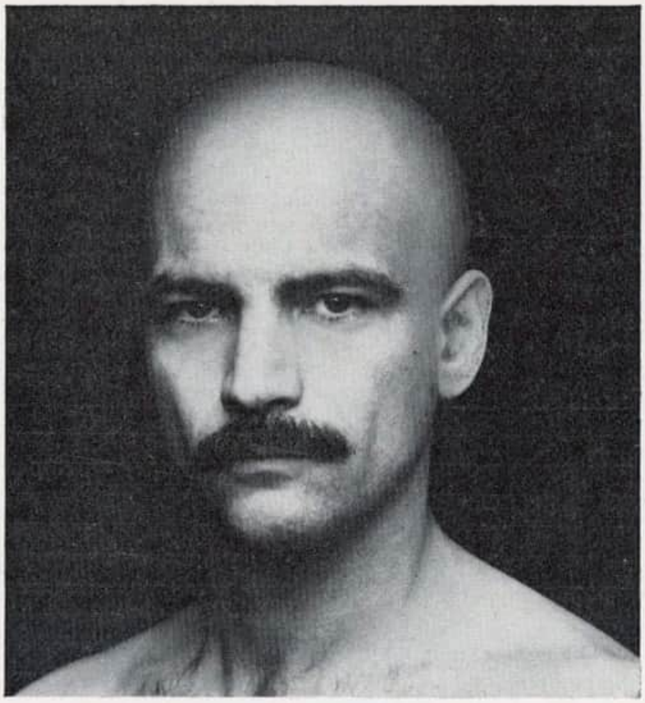

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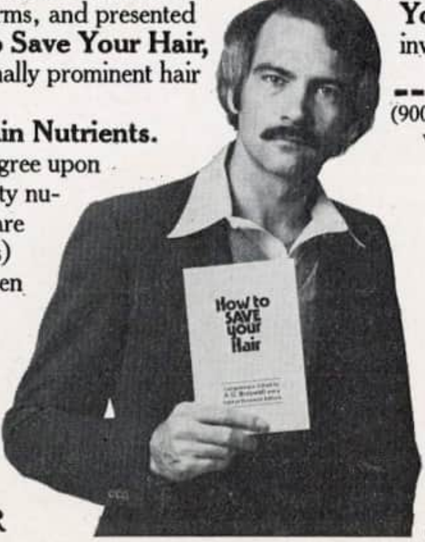
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came in with a few beers. They watched television for a while, and then he started stroking her nipples. He reached around and grabbed her bottom, squeezing her cheeks until she squealed with delight. Suddenly, he pulled her over onto his lap and started carefully fingering her behind, after wetting his fingers in his mouth.

She immediately started wriggling around and begged him to fuck her there. He placed her on her knees on the bed and then stood up so as to have the proper angle of insertion, because the little cocksucker's backside was propped up so high. They started fucking furiously, like two dogs in heat, his cock slapping against her cheeks, while her hand furiously rubbed her own steamy clit. I couldn't believe she was so shameless. After what seemed like hours, he screamed that he was about to come, held her around the waist, and shoved himself even further into her. She let out a low moan herself and trembled a little as he pulled out of her.

At this point I went to the nearest gin mill for a few drinks. Then I called Sandy to tell her that I'd be home soon. Although I've decided not to mention the episode to her, I have the pictures hidden away for a rainy day. I'll never again turn down a piece of ass myself, but I don't want to confront her with what she did, because she's still the best piece of ass I've ever had—even if it isn't an entirely faithful one!—*Name and address withheld*

Much ado about nothing

The experience that I would like to relate happened while I was cramming for an exam. I am a college student at a small midwestern college, and my major is English. Anyway, it was about 10:30 P.M., and I was in the top level of the library. I had been studying most of the afternoon for a Shakespeare test and was preparing to call it a night. Glancing across the room, I caught a glimpse of this leg not very far from my table. Looking closer, I noticed that it was rocking back and forth, back and forth. Not thinking more, I continued gathering my books. But then I noticed heavy breathing and sighing mixed with an occasional whimper. Curiosity got the best of me; so I went to have a look. Not wishing to disturb whoever was behind that shelf, I approached the person from the back. As I headed toward the opposite end of the aisle, I made out many sounds. Finally, I reached the aisle, and there I found one of the assistant librarians squatting. She had her skirt pulled up over her thighs, and around one of those luscious white appendages was a pair of red panties trimmed with black lace. Looking closer, I could also see a stain vertically down the center of them. It was black and wet, and the aroma rose from her snatch like sweet perfume. By this time I was almost breathing down her neck, but she didn't even realize that I was there. She had both her hands down between her legs, and she was jamming come-soaked fingers in and out of a hairy, brown cunt that was running with her juices.

I could hear squishing noises her pussy made every time she would finger-fuck to the very depth of her open love box. Every once and a while she would close her thighs and make a lunging motion; then she would slide her fingers out of her cunt and lick them. She seemed to be having some trouble with keeping her skirt high enough up her thighs; so I reached down and slid the crisp material back for her. At first, she seemed startled, but then she just leaned back into me so that I could take over. Well, I pulled her thighs further apart and then reached into her slick pussy and found her clitoris. With my left hand I pulled those silky lips up and toward her stomach until that love button stuck out like a three-legged racehorse. With my right hand I started stroking her slippery little bud. She began clapping her legs again and throwing her head back and began licking my neck and ears. This caused me to lean to my work more studiously; so I started cramming one, two, and finally three fingers into her cunt, which was open and gushing like a stream. As I peeped down between her gaping legs, I saw how the chestnut pussy hair was parted, and on the ends of those cunt strands were drops of come. Her slick lips were spread apart, and where there used to be a slit, now there was a wet, slimy, musky hole. When I finally managed to get three fingers into her bush, she started squirming and twisting about. Since I had been concentrating so hard on getting my fingers up into her channel, I had neglected her protruding clitoris. So, with three fingers still inside her, I circled her love button with my thumb. This started her moaning and whimpering even more; so I kept it up until she came. I could feel the juice easing down my fingers into my palm, and it caused my cock to surge and throb.

Having had just about enough of this position, I fell back onto the cold tiles. By doing this, I lost contact with her streaming box. She didn't like that at all; so she turned and climbed up my chest until that soaked gash was poised at my chin. Anxiously, I gazed up at her hole, which seemed to be opening and closing, and I could see where the come had run down to her anus. Suddenly, she began lunging and rocking her pussy in the air; then she grabbed the back of my head and pulled it into her juiciness. She was rubbing her open hole over my nose, and I was sticking my tongue far into her bush when, all of a sudden, she reached down and pulled her wet pussy lips far apart and gasped, "Suck it! Suck it!" Sliding my tongue from her hole, I wrapped my lips around the top of her cunt, where her clitoris was rising out from soft, wet, pussy-soft skin. While I sucked, I flipped my tongue across and around that starter button of hers. She held my head in that position until I heard one low, deep moan, and then the juices really started to flow. Her come was running down my cheeks, and it was all that I could do to swallow what was in my mouth.

As I had had no relief since the whole episode started, I jerked my zipper open, pulled out my straining cock, and slid her back down my torso until I could feel the heat from her muff. Slowly, she eased down on me until just my throbbing cock head was covered. She knew that she was tantalizing me; so she kept it up awhile. My cock became so hard that it hurt, and it felt as if it were going to explode. Finally, I reached behind her and grabbed her by the ass, forcing my rod deep into her tight, succulent pleasure hole. Immediately, she began bouncing and riding me. After two or three minutes of this, I felt the come starting to build in my prick. She was already having her third orgasm when my load erupted into the flow of her own pussy juices.

Because we were not in a position to lie back and enjoy ourselves, I pulled my rock-hard cock from her frothing cunt. She was still grinding and making fucking motions and begging me to keep going. I would have loved to oblige her, but the library closed at 11:00, and we must have been balling for fifteen minutes already; so there was no time. But she insisted; so I started stroking my prick to let her know that I was willing to make a concession. She stood and led me into an old exit that entered a fire escape. After she closed the door to the exit, it became almost totally dark. The next thing that I knew, she had me on my back and was straddling my head

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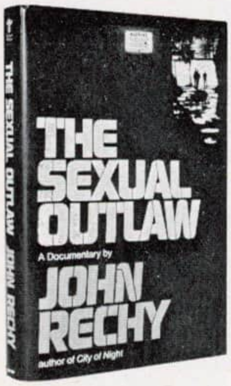

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again. I went to my work with great fervor. With quick, fluid motions, I began to give her pussy a line job. I started by licking the silky cunt hair that sprouted around her beautiful cock pit; then I let my tongue run the length of her hole.

When I reached the bottom of that delicious slit, I worked my tongue back and forth, while my nose began to dig into her behind. She really loved this, because then she squatted further down on my face. That tight little anus of hers began to open up, and suddenly I found the tip of my nose buried in her hairy back door. All the while she was sucking my rod with her wet mouth. She was making slurping noises, and every once and a while her lips would smack. She was tonguing my dick head as if it were a sucker. She licked and deep-throated me in such a way that it seemed that her mouth was grateful. I became so engrossed in her cock-sucking expertise that I forgot that her streaming bush was suspended above my face. No sooner had this thought entered my mind than she had that sodden pussy down on my face again. Once again I stuck my nose into her gaping hole and flipped her cunt-button with my tongue. Every time I inhaled in her cunt it would make a slurping noise, and she would keep this up until her cunt was tight and narrow. Soon she was sucking and sliding like some kind of fucking machine. All of a sudden I felt my juices start to rise, and then I was shooting my load into her mouth, and she was drinking it all down, just as I was drinking her flow down.

Slowly, we rose and began to fix our clothes. Then she noticed that she had left her come-stained panties on the floor outside, behind the bookcase. When we went to retrieve them, they were gone. She just laughed and said that whoever had them would enjoy them. I just smiled and agreed, and then we left. As we were walking out of the lobby, I saw my Shakespeare professor, but he didn't notice me; so I made no effort to greet him. The next day in class I passed the exam with flying colors. Incidentally, the test happened to cover two of Shakespeare's more famous plays, *As You Like It* and *Much Ado about Nothing*. Later, when my professor asked why I had done so well on the test, I simply told him that I had found application to be the best way to remember something. He just smiled as if he knew what I was talking about. That was when I noticed something red and black sticking out from the corner of his desk. We both just laughed and walked away.—*Name and address withheld*

Toss-up

In your January 1979 issue you included an article on tossing. Well, I think you ought to set off a section for tossing letters in your "Forum" because I know there are a lot of people out there who toss like hell. I'm one.

I'm a nineteen-year-old freshman at an eastern college, and I've been into tossing ever since I got down here. The first taste I got of it was when I was trying to pick up a really foxy chick at one of the drinking spots

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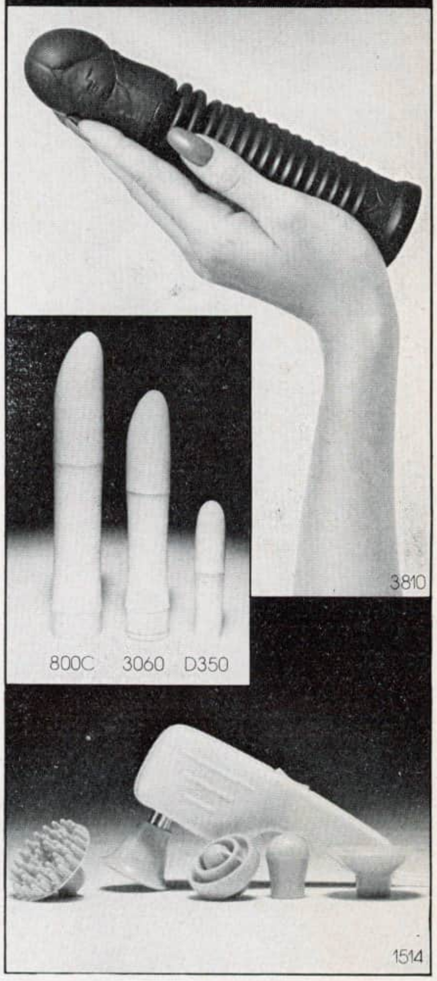

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downtown; and before I knew it, she had her hand unzipping my fly right under the table. We were in a dark booth; so no one saw us, and she was at my side. In a minute flat she was trying to suck my life's blood out of me. After I lost my load, I told her that I'd like her to come back to my room, but she just laughed and said, "Come on, what do you think I am?" and she got up and left, laughing, without even zipping me back up. That really blew my mind! A couple of weeks later I was walking to my dorm from one of my classes when I heard a girl yell, "Hey! You! Come up here!" It was the same girl, hanging out her window.

So I went on up there, and there she was, in the hallway; and when she saw me, she threw me into her room. She stood there and took off her jeans (she wasn't wearing any panties) and reached for mine. I took her hands to draw her near me, but she threw me down on the bed and said, "I'm in charge here." I could have smacked her, but the whole thing was so crazy that I just laughed. She took off my jeans and straddled my crotch while I still had my shorts on. She rubbed back and forth, getting my shorts all wet with her beautiful love juice and risking getting them even wetter with mine. She slid down and removed them with one hand and massaged my balls with the other. Then she sat back up and squatted down on my prick, slipping on down it until her swollen clit was grinding into my pelvis. She rode up and down with some kind of rhythm while I just lay there getting laid. With her talent I shot off a gallon into her. I thought I'd try to talk her into letting me get her off, but I realized what the game was; so I left. Then I decided that it was my turn to be the tosser.

We had a keg party on my hall, and it turned out pretty well. A lot of girls showed up, and there were plenty of guys to keep them there. I picked out this one brunette with a really shapely ass and brought her into my room. I've got this really funky setup for my room; and while she was standing there admiring it, I stuck my hand right in her crotch. She jumped back and said that she wasn't like that, but I persisted and gave her a kiss, sticking my tongue down her throat. She kissed me right back; but when I slipped my hand inside her sweater, she resisted. I just pulled it up halfway off, pinning her arms and blocking her sight. I unsnapped her bra and lifted it to her neck and started massaging the two nicely shaped tits that were there waiting for me.

She was wiggling around, but she obviously was not trying to get out of my clutches, because it wouldn't have been hard at all for her to do so. I laid her down on the bed and licked and kissed those great tits while she began to moan. I worked my way to her pants; and when I unsnapped them, she started fighting again. I just straddled her and pulled them off her kicking legs. She had gotten out of the sweater now and was hitting me, but I swung around and planted another kiss on her, and she calmed down again. I slipped off her panties and moved down to that beautiful triangle. When my tongue touched her pussy lips, she started wiggling around again, but I just kept my head right there, and soon she had her hands on the back of my head, with her legs spread wide, and was wiggling with quite a bit more rhythm. I licked and sucked each of her lips and then penetrated her with my tongue, and she started moaning like crazy! After a while she got to the verge of orgasm, and I gave her all I had. When she started coming, she was moaning and groaning and bucking so hard that I thought she'd throw me right off the bed. She started begging me to fuck her, but all I wanted to do was to keep my tongue right there inside those glistening and pulsating lips of hers. She was really going nuts now, and so I pulled away to see what her reaction would be. She looked up at me and pleaded for me to put my rod up inside her; but when I told her I didn't have any intention of doing so, she started working herself with her own hand. She was writhing and sighing as she worked her finger in and out of her cunt and massaged her clit. Just about then my roommate, Fred, walked in with a chick. He was surprised when he saw us there but shut the door behind him anyway. The girl I was with, Kim, was so hot that she ran over to him, dropped to her knees, yanked down his pants, and started sucking him hard. The

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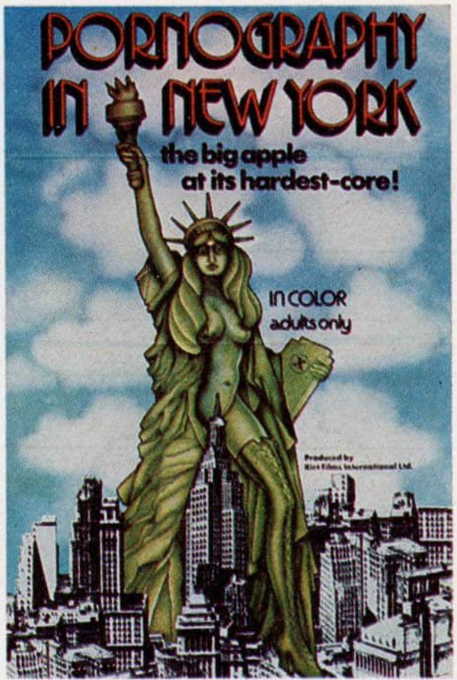
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girl Fred was with was shocked at first, and I wasn't sure what she was going to do, but when she saw Fred with a hold on Kim's head, pumping back and forth, and me lying there on the bed, she came over and said, "I guess it's a good party, huh?" She hopped onto the bed and gave me a good, hard kiss and grabbed my rock-hard crotch. She pulled down my jeans and slid her head down to my pecker.

She gave me the best blowjob I've ever had! She licked her way up and down my shaft, the whole time massaging each testicle with her hand, and then she slipped each one into her mouth and sucked very slightly until I could feel them swell to fill her mouth. Then she grabbed my rod with a tight grip and started moving up and down its length, getting faster and faster until I could feel that I was ready to come, and then she let go. She waited a few seconds and did it again and again stopped just before I was ready to come. She waited and did it a third time, and I was the one going nuts now. Then she licked the tip of my cock in little circles that got smaller and smaller until it seemed as if she were trying to get her tongue inside the little hole at the tip, and slowly she placed her lips over the swollen glans. She would run her tongue somewhat down my shaft and then catch up with the rest of her mouth. She moved on down like this in increments until she had my whole cock in her warm, wet mouth. She was moaning as loud as I was, and listening to that and seeing Fred, who was humping away on Kim, and feeling her mouth wrapped around my cock drove me wild. Just then she lifted her mouth a little, placed two fingers at the base of my shaft, which somehow cut off the flow of come, and started moving her mouth up and down my prick. She increased her moaning just as I did, and she started moving her head faster and faster until she was bobbing up and down just as Kim had been doing on Fred.

The sensation of her sucking and bobbing while holding back my come was unbelievable!! I had totally lost control. After about four minutes I thought that every inch of my body was going to disintegrate, and she was groaning like mad. All at once she slowed a bit, went all the way down, and let go with her fingers, and I let out a yell as I lost what seemed like a keg of come. I was worn out, but I wanted her. But when I reached for her smiling face, she pulled up and said, "Sorry, thanks for a great time," and left. I couldn't believe it. There I was, planning on tossing about ten gals that night, and I had just been tossed. I laughed again and fell asleep with Fred and Kim still humping away. When I woke up the next morning, Fred had left to go out of town but Kim was still there. She said that she wanted to thank me for a good time, and so I pulled her up on the bed, and we fucked like crazy. I told her to leave, and she did.

Since then Fred and I have tossed and been tossed by who knows how many girls. I think you should invite all tossers to write in and relate their experiences. You'd be surprised at the number of letters you'd get. Come on, everybody. Let us in on it. And more power to us all! —*Name and address withheld*

Semitough!

I am a twenty-year-old girl, and I have had an experience similar to one I read about in *Penthouse* last month. I met a twenty-three-year-old guy I'll call Gary. I work at a diesel gas station, and one night he was filling his truck up and spoke to me. He was good-looking, sexy, and very muscular. He left, saying he'd see me again, and I have to admit I didn't quite believe him. But later that night he came back and asked me to ride with him on his run. I couldn't resist it; so I left work on short notice, and the next thing I knew we were on the highway. I couldn't quit staring at his biceps as he shifted gears. He'd push in the clutch, and every muscle in his body would tense up. It made me so hot: muscles always do!

We didn't speak much for the first part of the trip because the engine was too loud. All I was wearing was a lacy tank top over my jeans, which I'd pulled down enough to expose my cleavage a little. I just lay back in the seat and craved to see the rest of that beautiful body of his. I knew that he felt the same about me because I could see by the outline of his cock inside his jeans that he was getting larger. Finally, I couldn't stand it any more. I asked him if we could move the radio and folders off the console so that I could sit next to him. We did, and then I slid right up next to him and kissed and caressed his hairy chest and baby face.

Then I slowly moved my hand down to his bulge. He reached over and held my breast with one hand while he drove with the other, rubbing my nipple between his fingertips. It made me so excited that I pulled off my shirt without saying a word and began to unzip his jeans. His rock-hard cock sprang up at me, and I immediately went down on him and kissed and licked it. It was so warm that I took almost all of it into my mouth and throat. I moved on it for just a few minutes before he came with a deep groan and made me swallow all his come, holding my head against his groin.

I'm not shy at all; so I pulled off the rest of my clothes and spread my very long legs so wide that my cunt was practically staring him in the face. He fingered my hot pussy so much that I nearly went crazy. When he finally got around to rubbing my clit, I had one of the greatest orgasms of all time. He was looking out on the highway and still driving, but he kept making me feel good, with one finger in my anus and another massaging my insatiable clit. My naked body sprawled out in front of him was ecstasy for both of us. We pulled into a rest stop and climbed into the sleeper. He let me undress him and let me enjoy every inch of his hard, firm body. Then he kissed my small but very horny breasts and chewed on them for what seemed like an hour. He went down to my cunt and spread my lips and licked it practically dry. Then he started sucking on my clit until I came three or four more times.

Finally, he turned me over on my hands and knees and entered me with such force that I thought I'd rip open. We fucked doggie style till he came and shot out all over my ass. I rubbed his come over my body, and I licked his prick clean. It was one experience that I'll probably never have again. But maybe that's best, because it could never be as good as it was that first time. Take my advice: fuck in a truck. It's great!—*M.C.M. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

Rachel, Rachel!

I would like to share with you an experience I had recently. Engineering students must concentrate on learning the week's calculus lesson, and Saturday nights are often spent by us future shapers of technology in the solitude of the library. We don't often have time to spend on socializing. However, a "study break" can be very refreshing, as I have learned.

It was about 11:30 one cold Saturday night. I was in the library, grinding out problems and so absorbed in my studies that I failed to notice the girl who had been leaning against the back of my chair, looking over my shoulder. She spoke. "What could anyone be doing here this late?" I was startled and turned around so quickly that the pencil slipped from my hand and rolled across the table. She had a bright face, and a smile slipped across her lips when she noted my surprise at finding a casual observer. I stammered a few words, and she soon swung herself into the chair next to me. We chatted, and my gaze slipped down to her tight sweater containing two large, well-shaped breasts. She said it was a shame I was grinding on Saturday night, and asked me to come by to her dorm room with her for a drink and to party with her and her boyfriend. At the word *boyfriend*, my heart sank, but I had finished my work, and her boobs shook like Jell-O beneath that thin sweater. She squirmed in her chair, and I had a feeling that this night would be exceptional.

We got to her dorm room, and her boyfriend was there waiting, reading the new copy of *Penthouse*. He was a jock, the one type of student most *real* students love to hate. He was well built, and his muscles seemed to bulge out of his shirt. He had blond hair and a sunburned face. Rachel handed me my drink, and we talked for a while. They were intelligent, and the drink was relaxing. Soon we were all happily chatting away, when, suddenly, to my shock, her boyfriend, Rick, stood up and unzipped his pants! As if on cue, Rachel started sucking him off right there in front of

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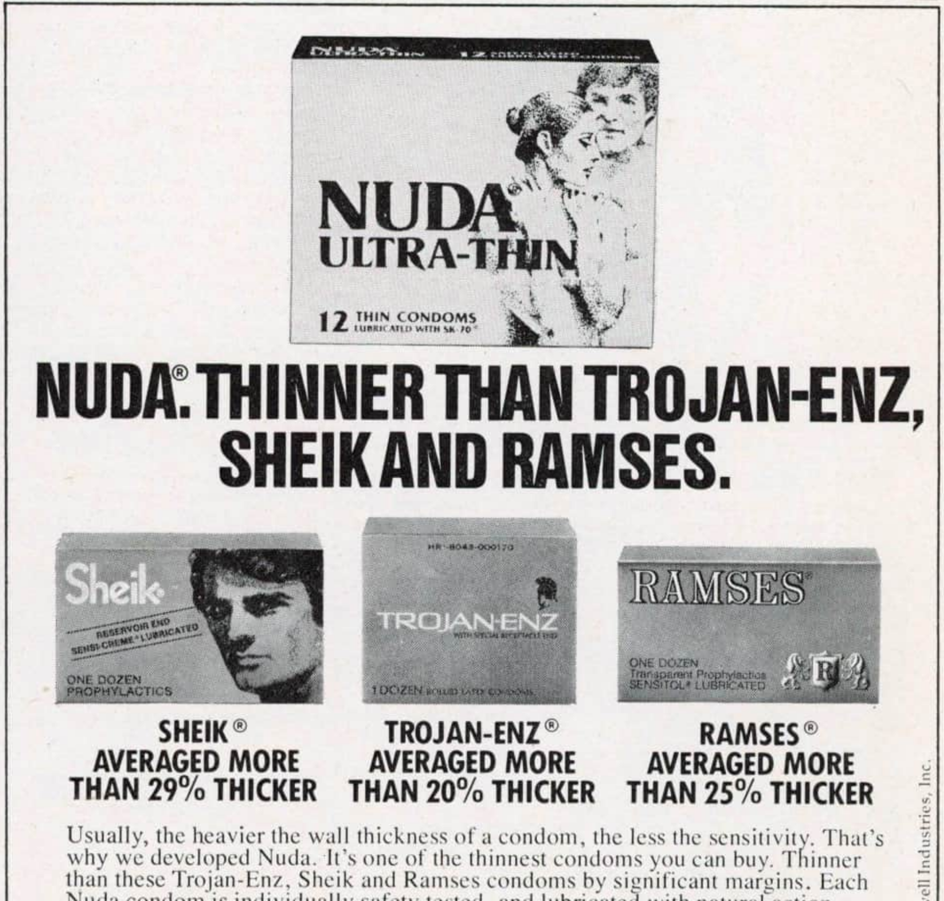

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me! I couldn't believe it! He quickly became erect, and using some quick trigonometry from where I was sitting, I calculated his cock to be about ten and a half inches long, give or take a centimeter. I have a small dick, barely six inches, but it started bulging with all its might against my pants. I felt too uncomfortable and awkward to whip it out right there and pound in tune to Rachel's sucking and slurping of Rick's monstrous meat and just pressed my knees together and watched. Rick came all over Rachel's face, and the two sat down, Rick stuffing his now limp dong back into his pants, and Rachel cleaning her face with a handy Kleenex. Soon they resumed conversation with me.

The situation went back to normal so quickly that I blinked. Had I just dreamed it? Did Rachel suck Rick off right there in front of me? I had been studying hard lately but have a strong mind and am able to reason clearly. My 3.95 GPA attests to that (that includes a C I got in an ancient history course that I had to take last semester because it was required). I decided the best course of action would be to ignore the strange previous event and to continue the conversation.

Rachel was dynamic. When she spoke, she waved her arms and jumped in her seat. Her tits bounced around in that damned sweater like cantaloupes on tight springs. I wondered what those jugs looked like exposed. I felt like a piece of lead, sitting there in that chair, the alcohol slowly working on my brain.

Rachel mentioned that her roommate would be by soon. She giggled and said that her roommate often came home early Friday nights, sexually frustrated after an evening of dinner and symphony, nothing more, with her celibate law student boyfriend. Just then the door opened a crack, and her roommate arrived and peered in. "You two aren't going at it, are you? Can I come in?" she said, giggling from the hallway. She meant Rachel and Rick.

Her roommate stepped into the room, and I gazed at an incredibly beautiful woman. She was small but had two jugs that would need about four hands altogether to handle. Her pants were so tight that I could see the shape of her cunt. "Who's this?" she wondered aloud, looking at me. Rachel introduced us and explained to her roommate where she had found me. "How dreary, dear boy," she said, eyeing me. "You should have some fun sometime." Rachel gave her roommate, Gail, a drink, and Gail and I started a conversation. Gail was a medical student, and we discussed scientific principles and biology labs.

Suddenly, Rachel jumped up. "Hey!" she exclaimed, "now that there are four of us, we can really have some fun!" I couldn't believe my ears. Rachel pulled her sweater over her head, and two enormous tits bounced out, which Rick immediately began to fondle. Gail pulled my cock out of my pants and began to jerk it off. Rick plunged his meat deep into Rachel as she moaned appreciatively. Gail took off all her clothes and stood in front of me, in all her naked glory. She began to play with her clit right there, head back, breasts bouncing with her movements. All I could keep thinking was "I am really going to have this woman." I dropped to my knees and began to suck on her cunt, lapping away at this beautiful creature, my penis aching with apprehension as she rubbed her toes against my crotch. Soon her warm juices began running down my chin. I stood, and she jumped up, wrapping her legs around me and seizing my cock, which she shoved deep inside her soft, warm cunt. I came immediately but remained hard and came again and again as her cunt squirmed around my dick like an oyster with palsy.

We tried many combinations that night. I fucked Rachel while Rick fucked Gail, and Rick and I together fucked Rachel, and Gail and Rachel made love while Rick and I watched.

I have never seen these people again but am still trying to catch up on the studying I lost that night. If they are out there and happen to read this letter, I would like to thank them for giving me a short relief from my busywork.—*Name and address withheld*

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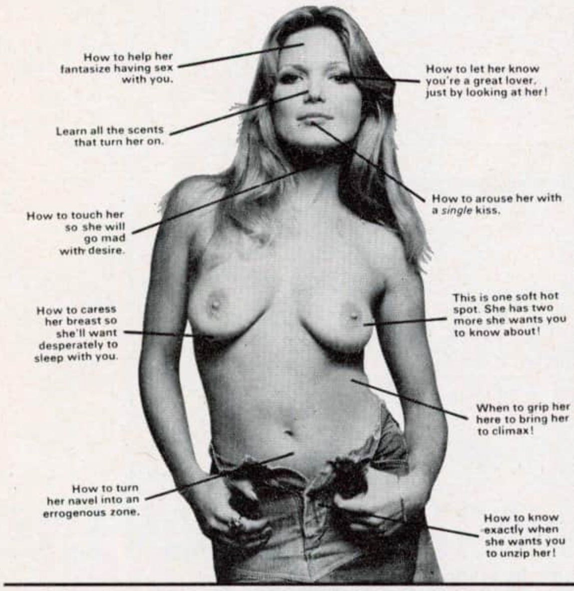
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Terror, Inc.—A secret hemisphere-wide network of Cuban exiles and right-wing terrorists is committing dozens of murders, shootings, and kidnappings in Latin America that no one seems able to stop; the irony is that many of those implicated were originally trained by the U. S. government. When President Johnson dismantled the band of highly trained CIA guerrillas originally formed to eliminate Castro and other left-wing dictators, they became mercenary terrorists—assassinating, kidnapping, torturing, and extorting for whichever right-wing power mongers were willing to pay the price. As one candid CIA man puts it: "We created the monster; we created those secret police forces. Now the monster has broken his shackles and is running wild. I don't have any bright ideas how to stop it. . . ." A staggering exclusive report by Ernest Volkman.

Mommy Bitch—When all those bitter and battered Hollywood offspring tell all those terrible truths about their parents in best-selling sob stories, most of America weeps. But not humorist Tom Eyen, who laughs—all the way to his typewriter. You will, too, when you read "Mommy Bitch," a satire of the self-serving tattletale genre that has become America's newest form of gossip.

Save the Children—Although the United Nations has declared 1979 "the year of the child," more than a million defenseless youngsters are imprisoned in America each year—in *adult* jails—without the due processes of law that are guaranteed to adults. Another half-million children are sentenced to equally horrible reform schools, often for such "crimes" as running away from home or truancy. Neglect, brutality, sexual abuse, and cruelty are the rule rather than the exception in these so-called corrective institutions, reports Nat Hentoff in a shocking article about our voiceless children, a real silent minority.

Paul Erdman—Eight years ago Erdman, president of a successful Swiss bank, was thrown into a Swiss jail because of the shady activities of some other bank officials. During his ten months in prison, Erdman, who is a graduate of Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service and holds a Ph.D. from the University of Basel, put his economic and banking expertise to good use by writing *The Billion Dollar Sure Thing*, his first novel, which became the first of three international best-sellers he was to write over an eight-year period. Needless to say, Erdman, who is one of America's most successful novelists, is no longer in the banking business, but his knowledge of the international money markets and his inside information about world politics make the author of *The Silver Bears* and *The Crash of '79* a leading financial expert. In this exclusive interview Erdman explains why we're in the middle of runaway inflation, offers controversial views on the energy problem ("Solar is a big joke . . . the most immediate solution is nuclear power"), and laments America's failure of world leadership in this crucial time.

Daredevil Dealer—"The Kid" is a tall, blond All-American boy who wears Adidas, chain-smokes joints, and goes through girls like a pack of Kleenex. He is also a wild young dope dealer whose harrowing adventures are dramatized in this exclusive *Penthouse* excerpt from Albert Goldman's upcoming nonfiction novel, *Flying High*. "The Kid" is the astonishing tale of this young dope smuggler's skirmishes with death and his numerous narrow brushes with the long (if bribable) arm of the law. It reads like a thriller and ends with a twist worthy of Roald Dahl at his best.

RUST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 197

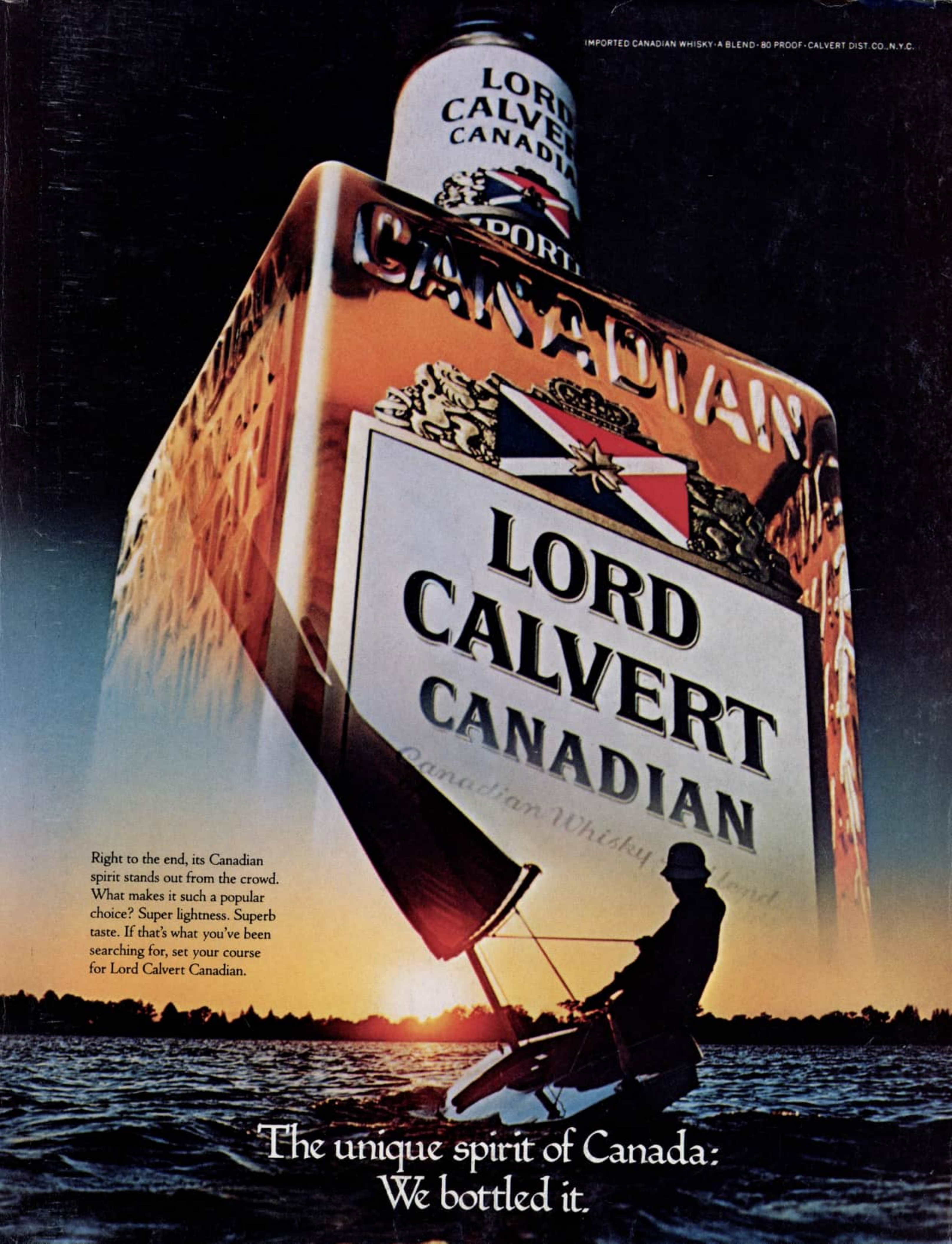
shocks—a job best left to a pro). The standard shocks on most American cars cost the manufacturer less than two dollars each and probably haven't got 10,000 good miles in them. When your car starts to wallow and float after hitting a bump, it's time to replace the shocks. First, buy a set of shocks to fit your car. Shocks should always be replaced in pairs (both fronts, both rears, or all four), never one at a time. Jack up the car, put it on safety stands, remove the wheels, and use a big wrench plus lots of rust-penetrating oil to remove the old shocks. The new ones bolt in the same way the old units did.

The quality of the shocks you buy should depend on how long you intend to keep the car. Shocks (mufflers and batteries, too) guaranteed "for as long as you own the car" are a good investment if you keep the car—and the sales slip—long enough. There's no way these parts will last forever, but if the manufacturer wants to keep replacing them, let him. One shock that will last is the Koni adjustable model. Expensive, because it's made to aircraft tolerances, it can be removed and adjusted periodically for degree of firmness to compensate for wear.

While you're keeping your car in great mechanical shape, the body and frame that hold it together will be trying to self-destruct owing to rust and corrosion. Your best protection is a professional rust-proofing job, done when the car is new. This takes care of the underside and insides, and all you have to worry about are the parts you can see. Wash your car once a month (more often in winter), and be sure to hose off road salts from under the body and inside the wheel wells. Apply a good wax (such as Turtle Wax) that contains silicone—the car-care wonder product—whenever water won't "bead" on the paint.

Silicone protects almost anything—metal, plastic, leather, cloth, wood, vinyl, rubber, paint, chrome—from moisture, corrosion, and rot in general. My favorite is Armor-All, which I've also used on leather furniture, boots, and a shoulder bag. Another wonder product is Chalfont Industries' Safety Clear, a window glass treatment that is customarily applied by new car dealers. It lasts six months, and it makes the glass so slippery that moisture, snow, ice, and bugs can't stick to it. What's more, when used on both sides of the glass, it almost eliminates the need for wipers and defrosters.

Once you've protected your car against the cruel world—inside, outside, and underneath—you'll only have to find a professional mechanic for the big jobs, not for the nagging, month-by-month maintenance chores. In many cases, the pro doesn't have time for these little jobs, and he'd *rather* you do it yourself.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